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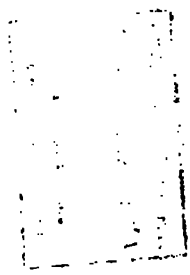

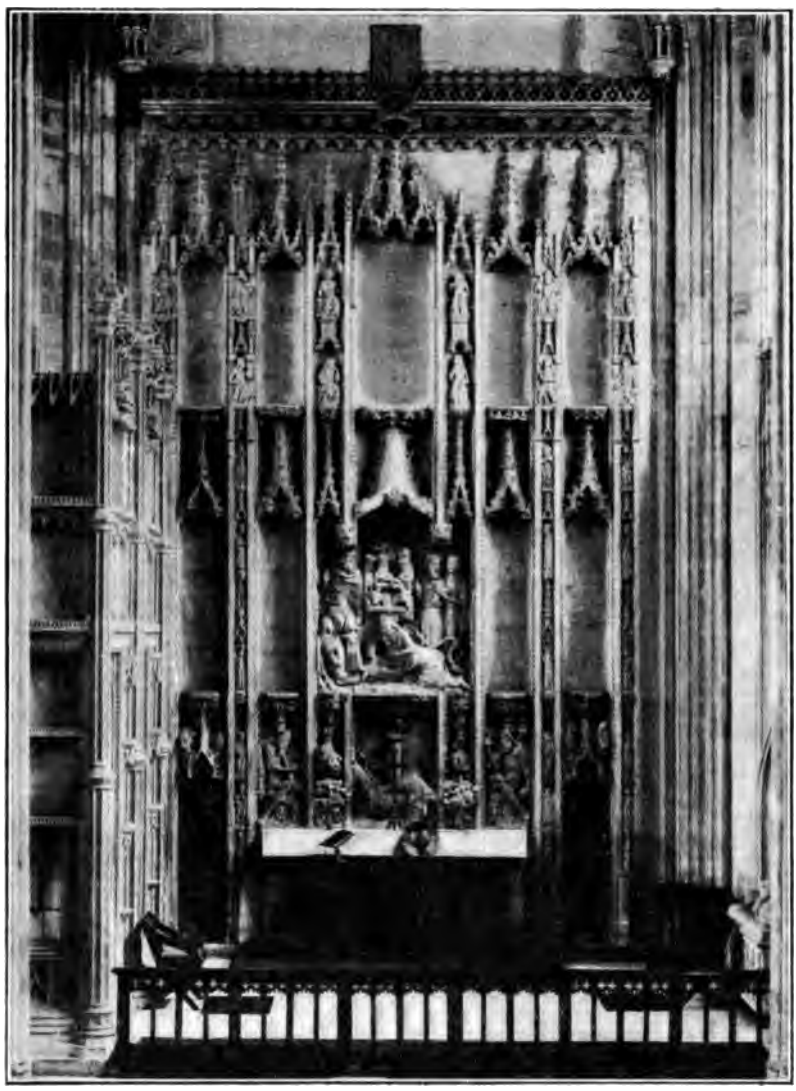

CHRISTCHURCH, REREDOS. XIII CENTURY WORK.

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THE MESSENGER

VOL. XLVIII JULY, 1907. NO. 1

CHRISTCHURCH.

AN OLD ENGLISH PRIORY.

THE gleam of Southampton Water becomes as a fringe of blue bells on the velvety garment of pine trees, as the train plunges into the depth of the New Forest and follows a picturesque and mysterious route through its beautiful and fragrant heart. It does not hurry—nothing hurries much in Hampshire—and the traveller, if he is not the rankest Philistine alive, is glad of it, for the New Forest is oldest England at its sweetest and best, with its pine trees massed in solemn grandeur, their boughs adorned with a fine tracery of dull silver, the filigree work of a dainty and beautiful lichen—the complement, with their perennial greenery, in nature's scheme of beauty.

Lynhurst is passed, and Brockenhurst, two delightful old English villages embowered amongst trees; and then, as the train emerges from the woody depths, and winds its way among heather and gorse and solitary clumps of pines on the outskirts of the forest, there, on a gracious stretch of green meadows, among rich pastures and quiet waters, stands the old world town of Christchurch, with the pinnacles of its church tower silhouetted against the blue waters of the Channel.

An old town is Christchurch, guarding in its midst the ruins of an old Norman keep which was built in the twelfth century by one Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon, passing later to the Nevills—Earls of Warwick—and in this way associating with Christchurch for all time the tragic memory of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, granddaughter of Warwick, the king maker, who, in that most grievous year of 1580, joined the noble army of English martyrs who suffered on Tower Hill.

But the traveller goes to Christchurch to see the venerable priory; to see the Norman tower with its rich decipher work, which is one of the most perfect examples of Norman architecture in the whole kingdom; and if, before inspecting it, he fain would loiter awhile among the green meadows, to absorb the atmosphere of the sleepy old Hampshire spot, and study the geography of its rather unusual site, why, no one will blame him, and his time will have been well spent. Perhaps he will accept the services of a not very importunate boatman, and glide for an hour on the twin streams that meet here and flow into the sea—described by the poet Cowper as "a congregation of rivers the clearest one ever saw." The waters run level with the meadows, and the ripples from the oars set the king cups nodding among the green "flags" at the river's edge and

> "Move the sweet forget-me-nots
> That grow for happy lovers."

The meadows lie level with the sea, and one seems to rest here on the lap of nature, to be lulled to peace. If there are hills to climb and rough roads to travel in the world beyond—well, they are not visible from Christchurch, and "to-morrow for business," as Montaigne says. Your boatman, if you have selected one of the right sort, will have a good deal of quaint information to place at your disposal, when once you have set him going and have mastered the intricacies of the Hampshire dialect. One item of local tradition you are sure to hear: It was on the banks of one of these very rivers, the Hampshire Avon, that the little blue flower that grows by the water's edge received its name, forget-me-not. A fair maiden named Gwendolen, as she walked with her lover by the stream, stooped to gather these, and slipped into the water and was drowned; but before she sank she flung the flowers to her lover, crying, "Forget me not!" History is silent, discreetly silent, as to the part played by the gentleman in this little tragedy. Why he did not rescue her from the shallow river, or "die in the attempt," has not been recorded. In these hard, matter-of-fact days he would have been "severely censured" by some brutal, hard-headed coroner, with no poetry in his soul; but perhaps, unfortunately for the lady, he had never learned to swim.

From very early Saxon times, a town and church graced this green expanse of fen-land between the two rivers, the Avon and the Stour. In Doomsday Book there is mention of it under its

EXTERIOR, NORMAN WORK.

AVENUE TO NORMAN DOOR.

ancient name of Twynham (from the twin streams); and the priory is described as a splendid house for Secular Canons of St. Augustine, founded by King Athelstane. When it was rebuilt later by Bishop Flambord, it was given over to the Canons Regular of that order in 1150, by Baldwin de Redvers, and these possessed it till the Reformation. More than eight centuries of traditions, therefore, hover over the old world place; it must have known some stirring times, and it would have been a busy place, no doubt, when the old town of Winchester was the centre of Wessex life and stress; it would have felt the back wash of the tide of affairs, as its important neighbor was busy for Church and State, and its cathedral was the seat of a powerful ecclesiastical government. For three hundred years the Danes harried England, and five times their fleets sailed up the estuary of Poole and took the town of Wareham. The brown sails of the invading host passing over the quiet bay, a dark and ominous blot on its fair waters, would have drawn the terrified inhabitants of Christchurch to the nearest headland to watch the awful sight. The marauding armies would not miss the little town, round which many fat kine and sheep wander luxuriously among the lush grass in the meadows. But the boatman is talking—he is pointing out the beautiful view of the priory from a bend in the river, and he will tell you the story of its founding.

The site on which the present edifice stands is not the one originally selected by the founders. They had decided to build their church on a hill, where all might see it, and they choose St. Catherine's Hill—a spot some distance away in the direction of Bournemouth, and the builders set to work there, according to direction. But, as tradition has it, the building materials, which with much labor were daily deported to the hill-top, were nightly removed to the place where the priory now stands, and where the old church had stood for centuries. From this the people understood that it was the will of God to honor the hallowed spot, so they abandoned the new site and built up the new church on the foundations of the old Saxon work. Of these builders it may truly be said that

> "They builded better than they knew,
> And stone to conscious beauty grew."

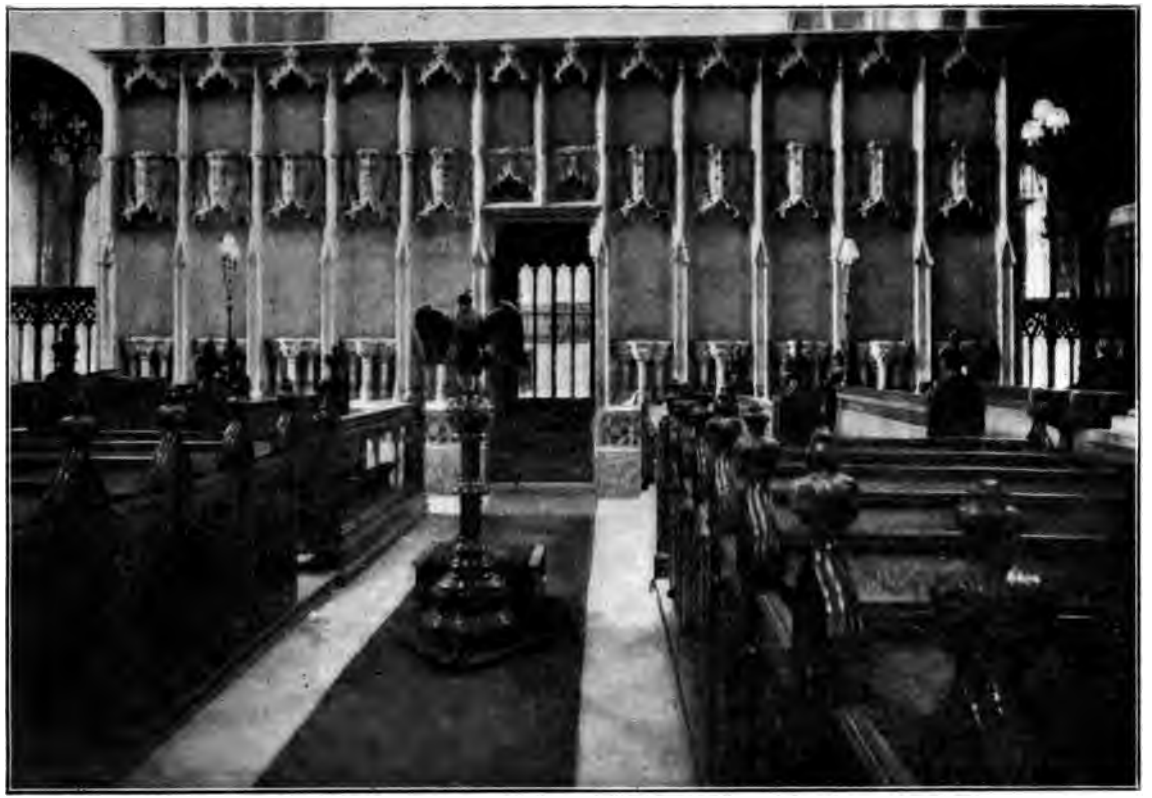
And in Christchurch Priory they have left an example of the later and more decorated Norman, which is not to be matched in the country. But tradition goes on to tell us that as the fabric arose

and took on a semblance of beauty, the builders began to ask, one of another, who was the strange workman who was always laboring in their midst; the man whom no one knew; who worked all day, but who was never seen to take his meals with them, or to present himself for payment after the burden and the heat of the day. Later, when a huge beam of oak had been prepared to rest over the arched entrance to the south aisle, it was found, on fitting, to be too short, and another was ordered to be made ready. Next morning, however, when the workmen assembled for their work, the beam was found fitted into its place, miraculously lengthened, and raised to its appointed space; but the strange workman was missing, and then they knew that Christ Himself had been their fellow-worker; so it was resolved that the church should be called Christchurch, and not only that, but the town itself should bear that name, in honor of that Gracious Presence. So its old name of Twynham was abandoned forever.

The miraculous beam was left unevened at one end, and it is still shown in the rough hole of the masonry in the processional aisle, behind the reredos.

"Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," but while tradition dwells lovingly on the work of the Master Builder, history justly immortalizes the name of the man who designed the priory church, and writes him down as one of the finest architects the world has ever seen. This was Roger Flambord, a man who rose from a very humble position in life to be the chancellor and chosen friend of William Rufus. He died in 1120, and he lies buried in Durham Cathedral, which he also planned and founded—a pile glorious enough to perpetuate any man's memory, were he a pope or an emperor. In Christchurch only the nave, the transepts, and the apsidal chapels are of his time, and it is mainly the splendid Norman work that stands to his glory. The clerestory, the nave aisles, and the north porch are later and in the early English style; the choir and the Lady Chapel are in the perpendicular, while in the south aisle the windows are in the more fully developed Decorated; these, with the Renaissance of its chantries, and the Saxon work in the crypt, represent all the various styles of architecture, and make Christchurch a perfect Eldorado for students of this glorious art.

The church is entered through an avenue of old, weather-beaten trees, and the fine Norman doorway leads into the north porch,



THE ROOD SCREEN.

THE TRIFORIUM.

which is nearly as high as the clerestory; it strikes the keynote, one might say, of this harmony in stone, in its beautiful proportions, and splendid thirteenth century arch. There are eight bells in the belfry overhead of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The nave is eight hundred and fifteen feet in length, and consists of eight bays. Here, in the wall space over the semi-circular arches, is the fine hatchet work, set off by rich arcading. The richly wrought triforium has two arches in each bay, supported by a central pillar. The Rood Screen is fourteenth century work; it is quite perfect, except for its empty niches. There is no sign of violence or damage here, not a single portion of the fine stone carving is missing, and yet the Rood Screen, like the reredos, has never been restored, never been touched through the long lapse of centuries. In the choir one might linger many an hour examining the quaint carving on the ancient oak stalls, which date from the thirteenth century. There are thirty-six of them, fifteen on each side, and six with their backs to the Rood Screen, and north and south of these is a lower range of stalls, all carved on the backs and on the arms and ends of the seats with an extraordinary richness of detail, and with what might be thought an irreverent and even ludicrous selection of subjects. The projecting brackets on the under sides of the seats—the Misereres—share the same lavish treatment, which would not improve them for resting purposes during the long periods of standing during office. On the elbow of one stall there is the curious figure of a fox in a monk's cowl, preaching to a flock of geese, a cock behind him mimicking him the while; on another stall an acrobat is going through his antics; another has a dog eating out of a porridge pot; devils tempting an angel appear on another, a more appropriate subject; as is also one representing two strong, lean faces, with a chalice between them, which, it is said, commemorates some bygone dispute about giving the cup to the laity. A man with his dress torn, and fastened at the back with a pin, is another very quaint device, and all the details in these carvings are clear and bold, and very little worn. It is difficult to account for the grotesque element in the carving in ancient churches, but perhaps the subjects only seem grotesque to us, and in those far-off times each served its purpose to "point a moral," or adorn a mediæval "tale" long since forgotten.

The reredos is said to be, without exception, the finest in England. Time has touched it lightly, and the pure atmosphere has

preserved it from discoloration; all the figures are perfect, and the delicate tracery is unbroken, although, as has been already mentioned, it is thirteenth century work, and has never been restored. It consists of three tiers, with five compartments, and the design represents the genealogy of Christ. The recumbent figure—Iesse—is quite colossal in its proportions, and from behind it springs the great tree or root, which passes to David with his harp on one side, and to King Solomon on the other, and then on through the tiers of smaller figures, which represent the rest of the descendants of David, to our Lord. The central group represents the Nativity, our Lady with the Divine Infant—the Flower of that noble stem; St. Joseph beside her, and the three kings offering their gifts, one prostrate before the Child in a rather impossible attitude, but with a face full of adoring wonder under his big crown. Over his head the ox and the ass look down benignly on the scene, and behind them a company of little shepherds, with their sheep about their knees, complete the touching and familiar picture. The great rood, with the figure of our Saviour, which filled the niche over this group, was made of wood covered with silver, as were also the statues which filled the other niches here, on the Rood Screen, and elsewhere in the church. It is on record that one hundred and fifty pounds weight in silver was taken from the priory during the visit of Henry VIII's commissioners. The beautiful Lady Chapel must have furnished a large proportion of this valuable haul, for there is evidence here of that lavish display of wealth and ornamentation which enriched these chapels everywhere in England in pre-Reformation days. There are many empty niches here which were once worthily filled, and the stone work is more damaged than anywhere else in the building. The beautiful reredos is much broken, and large fragments of it lie on the great altar-stone, of Purbeck marble, on which the consecration crosses are still shown. A fine but headless figure of the Angel Gabriel offers the annunciation lily, with graceful hand, on bended knee; and pieces of cherubim, which erstwhile bore him company before some gracious statue of Christ's Mother, lie all about, it may be, where destroying hands flung them; for the chapel looks as if the vandals had just left it, and no one had as yet tried to set it in order or cover up the traces of their evil work. One looks around the bare shrine, and mentally fills in the wealth of color that must have glowed here from all the beautiful things that adorned it in the days of its glory; the gleam of gold

THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

and silver and precious stones, the silken hangings, and the warm radiance of the lamps. Here, in two tiny chantries, on each side of the altar, lie the bodies of the founders.

North of the choir, and looking out on the high altar, is the exquisite Salisbury chantry, with its dainty and delicate carving as fresh and perfect as if the workmen had just finished it. It is built of Caen stone in the Renaissance style, and it is said to have been designed by Torregione; and when a stray beam of sunshine comes in from a high window in the choir and lights it up, its tracery looks as white and delicate as a piece of lace. It was never used. Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, had it erected to be her own last resting-place after her suffering life, but this was not to be. She was the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV, who was murdered by his own brother, Richard III, in the days when the Hunchback waded "through slaughter to a throne." Her brother and her eldest son were executed for high treason, and another of her sons was the famous Cardinal Pole, who was Dean of Winborne at the age of seventeen, and afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury. While abroad during the Reformation, he published an attack on Henry VIII, and thus brought down dire vengeance on all the members of the Pole family within reach of the tyrannical king. Some were promptly tried and executed; some were attainted without trial; and the royal fury did not even spare the aged countess, then over seventy years of age. Of her it is told that, at her execution, she refused to put her head on the block, saying that "traitors only should do so," and that the headsman might "get it off as best he could." Her head was struck off as she stood upright, and so great was the king's anger against her family that he refused to let her be buried in her own lovely chantry, and she found a tomb in the dingy St. Peter's chapel, in the precincts of the Tower, where she lies amongst a goodly company in this "cemetery of traitors," martyrs like herself for the cause of Christ's Church.

In the south aisle is another little chantry of interest, the Draper chantry, where John Draper, the last of the Priors of Christchurch, sleeps the sleep of the just. When the storm broke, and the despoilers were turned loose on ecclesiastical property, this good Prior sent to Henry VIII and begged him "spare this splendid structure." He pleaded the desolation and the poverty of the country around, and dwelt on the good work done by the clergy in relieving the

THE SALISBURY CHANTRY.

necessities of the poor; but the king had heard too much of the richness of the priory; he had no intention of sparing anything he could get hold of that was of any value. The report of the commissioners of December 15, 1539, said: "We found the Prior a very honest and conformable man, and the house well furnished with jewels and plate whereof some be meet for the King's Majesty's use." The king's majesty, therefore took all; the priory adjuncts were destroyed, the church given to the parish to be served by vicars. It is said that special orders were given by Henry to destroy and deface the Salisbury chantry, and to remove all badges and coats-of-arms from the same. Of the latter nothing is left but a few patches of bright blue and red still adhering to the roof. But

THE PRIORY CHURCH.

why the chapel was not otherwise harmed after such express commands is not known. Perhaps the Prior, being a "conformable man," was able to save it, interceding for it as well as for the splendid reredos. There are no more pathetic figures in history than these last priors and abbots of religious houses, who had to stand by and see the labors of centuries undone and stately churches given over to ruin, their homes laid low, and their companions scattered. One is glad to think that this holy man found a last resting-place in the church he loved.

The light of day begins to fail as one turns away from this little chantry for a last look at the reredos; and then slips behind into the wide aisle, to kneel a moment before the miraculous beam and

offer a prayer to Christ, our Fellow Worker, and to thank Him for the sweet remembrance that He is always working with us out in the world where the labor is hard and dreary enough at times, and often unavailing.

Before leaving the church a group of statuary in the north porch claims attention. It is executed in white marble, and is a memorial to the poet Shelley, who was a native of Boscombe, a few miles distant from Christchurch. Except for the tags of seaweed clinging about the body, and the overturned boat beside it, it might be an Italian Pieta—a representation of the Dolorous Mother and her Sweet Son. But is not this the type, for all time, for all human sorrow—the Woman mourning her dead—Rachael weeping for her children—the spouse for the beloved filling up with her tears the chalice of atonement, of suffering humanity? And the Church, who gathers all to her breast—the mourner and the dead, the sinner as well as the saint—offers this to Him who wills us to fill up the measure of His sufferings for the resurrection and the life eternal. According to some critics, this group is faulty in art, inasmuch as it is not true.

Shelley's body was greatly decomposed when, after some days, it was recovered from the water; but to Mary Godwin, who loved him "not wisely, but too well," he would be always as fair and as comely in form as the sculptured image represents him. A verse from his own "Adonais" is engraved at the base.

> "He hath outsoared the shadow of our night:
> Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
> And that unrest which men miscall delight
> Can touch him not, and torture not again;
> From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> He is secure, and now can never mourn
> A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
> Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
> With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

Outside on the green sward of the churchyard, the dew is beginning to fall, and "the shadows of our night" are settling down over the priory and filling up the empty niches round the old gray pile, where crowds of fluttering, twittering birds are settling down in their newly built nests. The sun is setting behind the Purbeck hills, and the mists are stealing across from the Isle of Wight and

blurring the sea and the shore and muffling all things to silence as, one by one, with a flash of white wings, the sea birds seek their nests among the soft sandstone of the cliff. Peace lies upon the quiet town. Against the red glow lingering in the west some brown sails flit over the dim sea. These bring no fierce invading foe to the quiet shore; no northern pirates threaten the smiling country-side in these peaceful times: these are fishing boats gliding up the beautiful Poole estuary to the shelter of its wooded shores.

But the old priory has seen many changes; it may see many more. "The One remains, the many change and pass," and for a good few centuries yet it will pass on the history of the past, written on its stones; pass on the tradition of its founding and the record of godly and useful lives lived within its walls. It draws the veils of the night closer round its head and settles down to keep its night watch over the little town.

The verger has locked the door and gone home with the key in his pocket; you look very lonely and dark, old church, for your lamps were all put out when the black-robed men who loved you were driven forth. Will they ever return again? Christ's Church must wait and watch, and so you also will wait and watch, until some day—who knows?—the King comes to His own again.

JESSIE READER.

See Editor's Notice, page 110.

TAUROMAQUIA PORTUGUEZA.

BEFORE these revived impressions get into print it is probable that a Great Expectation will have been fulfilled one way or other in the Iberian Peninsula. If all goes well at the Spanish Court great will be the rejoicings there, and all whom it may concern will gauge the sincerity and intensity of those rejoicings (if they know a little about the heart of Spain) by the splendor of the bull-fights that are sure to be held at Madrid and at Seville. According to American newspapers, baseball is our "national game," but in exact truth there is no national game of this country in the same sense as bull-fighting is the national game of Spain. This, I take it, ought to be almost a truism for those who have given the subject any thought. At any rate, the Spanish *corrida* has certainly been heard of, and something, in a vague, blundering way, has been learnt about it by every one who had read the most superficial guide-book account of Spain; and, thanks to Prosper Merimée and Bizet, most Americans know what a Spanish bull-fighter looks like, as by no means every hundredth Spaniard would know the meaning of an American baseball player's costume. But the strange thing to me, ever since my summer in Lisbon, has been that nobody outside of Portugal seems to be even aware that there is such a thing as a distinct Portuguese *Tauromaquia.* Which is my excuse for setting down these notes of a series of pleasant Sunday afternoons rather more than twenty years ago.

It is a very general opinion among foreigners that the national Spanish blood-thirst is manifested in the national bull-fight, just as much as in the national heavy jaw and square chin. Of this I can say nothing except from hearsay. But from my frequent and deeply interested study of the Portuguese *tauromaquia,* together with what I saw of *Antonio e Maria* in their daily life, my belief is that one side at least of the Portuguese character is exhibited in the national sport. To be quite frank about it, all that I saw of the people made me like them; and for this very liking it has always seemed to me a pity that foreigners who visit Lisbon prefer winter for their visits, for summer is the season of bull-fights, and it is then that the foreigner would have his best opportunity of studying from life the nature of *Antonio e Maria.*

Antonio e Maria is colloquial Lisbonese for a composite conception of the average Portuguese and his wife. For England the world has chosen John Bull as a representative; for France it is Jacques Bonhomme; for America, Uncle Sam. Portugal has made her choice of Antonio *and* Maria—rebuking the masculine arrogance of bigger nations. This extremely interesting couple I used to study with sympathetic interest on Sunday afternoons as they came out in force from the Chiado church after the last Mass. The Chiado church stands in a thoroughfare which about corresponds in Lisbon city life to the New York value of Broadway between Twenty-third and Thirty-third streets, and I know nothing remarkable about it except that it has—or had—the singular privilege of beginning its last Mass at 1 p. m. This had a great deal to do with my setting down that congregation as typical. The fairly typical Lisbonese would not miss Sunday Mass; at the same time he hates early rising. This was why, as I always believed, the dark-clad, decorous, unexceptionally courteous crowd that used to come down the broad stone steps at about 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoons was fundamentally *Antonio e Maria.* Externally, the frock coat and Paris costume made these Chiado people unlike the pictorial *Antonio e Maria* on the cover of the comic weekly that was named in their honor. One saw much more of the truly national costumes in the crowds on the sidewalks and on the street cars (flatteringly known as *Americanos*), all going, half-an-hour later, to the Plaça de Santa Anna, where the bull-ring was: both Antonio and his lady in black or in sombre tints; he in his wide-brimmed black felt hat, black jacket of the shape which American dressmakers call "bolero," with silver buttons and trimmings, and black trousers made tight at the hips and flaring over the insteps; she with nothing very distinctive except the big solid-gold beads and earrings and the bright headkerchief tied so as to be as unlike a Spanish mantilla as possible.

The broad-brimmed hat of Antonio never serves him better than when he goes to the bull-fight on a Sunday afternoon in summer. The two main entrances to the Santa Anna amphitheatre were marked respectively "Sol" and "Sombra"—"Sun" and "Shade" —and the prices were according. It is in Lisbon that one learns the whole force of that American colloquialism, "bleachers." Two hours and a half of those Sol benches on a fine summer afternoon would bleach the black felt of Antonio's hat if the dye were not extra fast. But the Sol side—even as the American bleachers—

always seemed to enjoy the show just as much as the luxurious Sombra, or the tiers of boxes above.

And as to the game itself—in poster Portuguese, *tauromaquia Portugueza,* or, in plain Portuguese, *curso de touros*—it involves no evisceration of horses, nor even slaughter of bulls. It may not be a tender, gentle game, but it is not very cruel. The *banderilhas* have points so made that they cannot possibly pierce more than an inch deep, which is scarcely more than enough to pass through the thick skin on the bull's neck, the only part of his whole anatomy that may lawfully be wounded at any stage of the game. Severe penalties are enforced against any one who wounds a bull behind the shoulder-blades, and still more severe if the bull is killed or crippled by the wound. If any *cabalheiro* allows his horse to be touched by a bull's horns, he must dismount and finish his performance on foot, with all the hamper of big jackboots and long spurs—risky for the *cabalheiro,* to say the least. Indeed, to the true sportsman's conscience, one recommendation of the Portuguese bull-fight is that its only life-and-death risk is taken by the men, and the men go into it of their own free will.

Now and then, to be candid, a man did get mauled rather severely. For instance, the reason why I could never persuade my friend W———, who was Secretary of the American Legation, to go with me to a *curso* was that, many years before my time, when he first came to Lisbon, he had been to one gala performance, and it so happened that on that particular afternoon two *banderilheiros* were killed. To be sure, the bull cannot bore holes in his human antagonists, because the sharp points of his horns are guarded with wooden balls held in place by leather cases; but he can toss—oh, what a magnificent twirler is the bull of the Tagus lowlands!—I have seen him do things with chairs—— But this would be to anticipate.

If the king—namely, Dom Luis, father of the present king, Dom Carlos, who in my time was a good-natured, blond Principe Real—if Dom Luis or the Queen Donna Maria Pia would only have encouraged the national sport, the *cortesias,* with which every *curso* must begin, would no doubt have been much more imposing. But no royalty ever was there, and the long, glittering array of *toureiros*—*cabalheiros* in the middle, then, to the right and left, *banderilheiros* on foot, with *capinhas* on the extreme flanks of the line—all had to advance and make their first obeisance to an appointed, or

elected, patron who occupied what should have been the royal box. But, maimed rites as they were, the *cortesias* were very pretty. The *cabalheiros* were always dressed, from *tricorne* hats to polished jackboots, like French huntsmen of Louis XV, and their mounts were high-spirited, beautiful to look at, and astonishingly clever. The *banderilheiros* and the *capinhas,* on foot, were just like *Don Jose* in "Carmen," for that costume is only an elaboration in velvet, gold lace, silk lace, and other expensive materials of what used to be, and still is to some extent, the walking costume of a country gentleman all through the south of the Peninsula. The *capinhas* are so called because their whole business is to puzzle, enrage, and tire the bull with their big, fluttering, gaudy *capas;* but in the *cortesias* the *banderilheiros,* who have to stick short darts into his neck, also carry *capas,* draped about them like Roman togas. The bugle sounds a flourish, and the whole line of toureiros uncover to the *Presidente da Festa*—recalling the "Ave Cæsar, Imperator! Morituri te salutant"—then they all salute the people at large, bleachers included, and retire.

Except in getting up to give a seat in a crowded street car to a woman, or to a man who, like me, had the appearance of a foreigner, I never saw the Lisbonese in a hurry. After the cortesias there was always a wait, and *aguadeiros* with trays of tumblers and big jars had plenty of time to walk round the arena, selling glasses of cold water over the barriers. There were also other men selling paper fans or cigarettes, but the water-sellers were always the most numerous and most noticeable; they had a queer, shrill cry that sounded like:

"Kehyehkehkeh *row* gwofresh KEEN yah!"

It reminded you of a startled guinea-hen, and really signified, "Who is there that wants nice little cool water?" (*Quem e quem quer agua fresquinha?*) Only, being Lisbonese men of the people, the aguadeiros always said *augua* for *agua.* The bleachers and the barrier-guards used to have fun with them. One very hot afternoon, when the water business was booming, a barrier-guard was trying to persuade one particularly hustling aguadeiro to get out when word had been passed that the first bull was impatiently waiting to make his entry—in fact, we could plainly hear him kicking and butting at the gate. But this aguadeiro would not go until he had gathered in just one more copper *vintem.* His guinea-hen screech was cut

off in the middle by the bugle call. Then there was the bellowing challenge, and in rushed a magnificent black bull, stopped short and stared for one moment, then shot himself straight at the aguadeiro. Glass tumblers flew in all directions, but the aguadeiro and his big Estremoz bottle were hauled over the barrier just in time.

My neighbor on the bench remarked, " Voilà une entrée vraiment éclatante "—using French, like most Lisbonese, as the natural means of communication with a foreigner.

That bull was about the angriest I ever saw—except the white-faced terror of the great Corpus Christi *festa,* of whom more anon. The whole concourse was in a roar of laughter, but the joke had not been explained to the bull, so he must have thought they were all laughing at him. After crashing against the barrier a few inches below the disappearing heels of the aguadeiro, he spurned the deserted metal tray, then wheeled about, glaring and bellowing for blood. Now, it is an important fact in natural history that *touro* will never attack anything that lies still, whether metal tea-tray or flesh-and-blood man. This bull saw the two capinhas shaking gaudy cloaks at him in the middle of the arena, and he made for them. One of them flung a capa over touro's head, slapped him on the snout with the open hand, and got away, while the capa was being torn into shreds and scattered to the winds; the other was chased right to the barrier on the Sol side and skipped over it like an acrobat. But touro was too close to his quarry, and too keen, to stop for such a trifle as a six-foot barrier; he drew his forelegs well under him, and in that very first round made such a leap as only the most agile bulls ever make, and they only when the experience of several attacks has taught them dangerous tricks. The flying capinha was not killed, but the bull might have consoled himself for that disappointment with the repeated volleys of applause that greeted him as he trotted back into the arena by way of the cunningly contrived double gates which left him no other way out of the narrow passage on the other side of the barrier.

This flying leap of a bull over a six-foot barrier need not surprise any one who will consider the long-horned, deep-chested, thin-flanked type of beast that comes down from the *arroyos* of the Tagus for these Lisbon exhibitions. They pass most of their lives wandering about and grazing where they see and hear nothing human except the few mounted herdsmen who watch them. On the whole, they resemble the lumbering short-horned bull of our thickly-

settled bucolic districts no more than Mowgli's foster brothers resembled so many collies at a bench show. It may always be taken for granted that the thirteen bulls (it was always thirteen, for some reason which I never fathomed) which make up the quadruped part of the troupe in one of these performances have been grazing in one bunch for at least a year. They have been associating with no other animals except the horses ridden by the herdsmen, and, now and then, with a herd of comparatively tame oxen. When needed for a curso, the thirteen bulls are driven into Lisbon with about as many oxen to act as persuaders and general monitors. They tramp over hard roads that are a daily trial to them, accustomed as they are to the tread of the *arroyo* grass. They see strange and puzzling sights, and hear distracting noises, such as the jarring bark of a dog, a sound which will get on the nerves of even a tame bull. When they enter the city on the Saturday afternoon before the curso a crowd of city people come to meet them and stare at them; and city people, and their chattering noises, and the queer wheeled things in which they are dragged about, are all so many distinct annoyances to a well-bred bull of the arroyos.

With all this it is no wonder that the bulls are fairly "fighting mad" when they enter the stuffy, cramped stalls under the sloping platform of the amphitheatre; and next day their tempers are fairly at boiling point, which, for purposes of *tauromaquia,* is a very desirable condition. The object of all the teasing with the *capas* is to exasperate the bull and so to enhance the daring and cleverness of the banderilheiros who come next, and still more of whatever artistic toureiro may have the honor of the final tête-à-tête. It is true, at the same time, that while his rage is developing his vigor is being exhausted to some degree; but against this there are two compensations on the side of the bull: first, an animal altogether unaccustomed to a stall needs a litle exercise to limber up his joints after spending many cramping hours in one; secondly, by the time a good bull has gained his "second wind" he is twice or three times as cunning as he was when he entered the ring. A good bull—what non-tauromachic people might call a very bad bull—learns the bull-fight with wonderful rapidity. It is quite part of the psychological interest of the game to watch how touro's turns get quicker and quicker, shorter and shorter, at each repetition of the toureiro's tricks, as well as to note the improvement in his sprinting as his limbs lose their first stiffness. The managers of the game know

very well when to retire the capinhas and send out the artistes with the banderilhas.

A banderilha, under all its gaudy apparel of gilt and colored paper, or even roses, is only a stick of white pine or such common wood, about 20 inches long, with a triangular barb fixed at one end of it. The banderilheiro carries two of these, and his object is to leave both of them hanging by their barbs in the flesh of the bull's neck, one on each side; if one of the two drops out, he is derided by the bleachers; if he takes too long to make them stick he will probably go spinning up into the sunny atmosphere to a height of forty or fifty feet, then drop, and forever lie still. (This was what happened twice on the day when my friend, the Secretary of the Legation, saw all he needed of bull-fighting to last him a lifetime.) If I remember right, there were six *sortes*, or approved ways in which a banderilheiro might approach his bull; but only accomplished amateurs of the game could explain them to the ignorant foreigner, and that only with diagrams and illustrations. All that the ignorant foreigner could hope to see in it was the graceful pose of the toureiro, with one dainty, rosetted dancing-pump pointed forward, and two banderilhas waving, points up, in the air; the pawing, slobbering bull opposite, gathering impetus for the rush; the jeering, mocking voice of the toureiro, "*Anda, Boe!*" (Come on, Ox!); the sudden launch of the brute's great bulk with horns lowered, always lifting his head for just the hundredth part of a second when he was almost on the man, then down again—the swift, dainty movement of the man and his legerdemain twirl just in time to save himself—and the two more banderilhas in the bull's neck as he turned just too late for vengeance. It was the prerogative of intelligence made visible—to triumph over brute strength and ferocity. Let me not be accused of mere special pleading if I insist that the Portuguese bull-fight instils this lesson: "Be a man, not a bull." And let no one ask what practical good it has done; Antonio and Maria turned the Spaniards out of Portugal in 1640, and kept them out.

For the uninstructed, who must have included scores at the Praça de Santa Anna, besides the few foreigners, the entertainment would have become monotonous if the succession of legitimate *sortes* had not been occasionally varied with what may be called "fancy stunts." One such was when the banderilheiro sat in the middle of the arena on a substantial wooden chair, his legs crossed, and

waved his bedizened darts at "Boe." When the charge came the chair went flying heavenwards; before it hit the sawdust, and flew into chips, its late occupant was calmly bowing and waving his black-lace cap to the applauding multitude, while the bull, a long way off, with two more banderilhas in his neck, was evidently wondering whether it was a man that had put them there or a ghost.

Once, again, just by way of showing how all the subtlety of a Spanish game could be attained without robbing *touro* of his life, we were treated to an exhibition by a real *matador*—an *espada* whose weapon was only a piece of white pine. He had another stick over which he threw a scarlet *muleta*—a thing like a large red pocket handkerchief. He stood with the *muleta* in his left hand, held horizontally in front of his body, so that it seemed the bull could not hit the *muleta* without killing the man behind it. The make-believe *espada* of wood was in his right hand. The bull charged once, had the muleta drawn insultingly over his face and horns, and felt a contemptuous slap of the wooden sword. Being, at this stage of his performance, well up to all the dodges, touro immediately turned and charged again without stopping to take breath, and at shorter range, but with no better effect. A third charge, at still shorter range, but with preliminary bellowing and pawing. Again, a fourth and a fifth charge, equally vain. All this time the potential matador had not moved as much as one yard from his first station; the whole range of his minuetlike performance must have been about four feet; but he took care—I have no idea how—to make *touro* turn always in the same sense, and never let him take much time between charges. *Touro* was growing dizzy. The charges got shorter and shorter until the man and the brute stood facing each other, less than a yard apart, it seemed—the brute dazed and breathless, the man cool and self-possessed. It seemed evident then that the man could easily have driven a real blade into the bull's vertebral column between the shoulers; but he only shifted the make-believe blade to his left hand, which held the *muleta,* deliberately turned his back to the bull, raised his cap, and bowed to the audience before strolling off towards the barrier.

Of course, it is fair to add here, any *Sevillano* would rejoin to all this that the *matadores* of Seville do not always wait to make their bulls giddy before killing them. But it seems that the man who did this trick could just as well have given one of the three recognized killing-strokes as the bull rushed past him. However that

may be, it was a very pretty and interesting performance; and the wooden make-believe sword, I think, was a symbol of the Portuguese character, which is not over-sophisticated and yet not brutal, loves and enjoys a thrill, but does not enjoy blood and slaughter. One day—it was the great Corpus Christi Thursday Tauromaquia—the people, to my astonishment, began hissing a *cabalheiro* whom I had judged a very praiseworthy performer; but a friend pointed out to me that this man had—probably without knowing it—badly cut the flanks of his horse with his long spurs. The Lisbon bleachers would not tolerate a horse with bleeding flanks in their game; in the other form of *tauromaquia,* unless it has been grossly maligned, yards of entrails of gored horses trailing in the sawdust are not objected to.

But then there is a vast difference between the decrepit jades ridden by the *picadores* in the *Plaza de Toros* and the high-spirited Barbs of the *Praça de Touros.* One does not willingly expose a horse to be gored to death when its fair market value is something between $750 and $1,000. This contrast in the quality of the horses is one of the most strongly marked characteristics of the Portuguese game—this and the *Pega,* which, when I was there, I was told the authorities of Lisbon had forbidden, as being extravagantly dangerous to human life. And the prominence of horsemanship as a distinctive feature of the Portuguese national sport has kept it in great measure a genuine sport, and prevented its degenerating into a mere professional show business. The great Corpus Christi exhibition—altogether the finest thing in its way that I ever saw—was exclusively an affair of amateurs.

The cabalheiro in the Portuguese bull-fight does much what the banderilheiro does; only, instead of two banderilhas, the horseman uses one *farpa,* which is a somewhat longer banderilha. The farpa is carried in the right hand, with the thumb over its butt end. The whole management of the horse has to be done with the left hand and pressure of the knees, or swaying of the rider's whole body. The Portuguese cabalheiro's seat is much like the Spanish, which came to the United Sates by way of Mexico: a high seat with a long stirrup. The saddle of the Portugese bull-ring is the old-fashioned *demi-pique,* of which our Western cowboy saddle is a slight modification. The cabalheiro performances which I saw at Lisbon would be quite impossible with untrained horses; in fact, so far as I could see, the horse had to be just as keen and as clever at the

business as his rider. It is for the horse to remember never to turn his left flank to the bull when within charging distance; and it is the horse that, judging his opportunity apparently by instinct, delivers the Parthian kick on the nose of the pursuing bull that has come too near.

The honors of that Corpus Christi *festa* were divided between a certain Dom Pedro, scion of a historic family, his mount, and their antagonist. The last of these seemed, as to his character, "all 'ot sand and ginger," and, as to his physique, all steel springs and electricity: he was jet black all but his face, which was white, so that when he came to our side of the ring we could see the red glare of his villainous eyes. Then the horse was jet black, a perfect Barb type (so an expert told me), and as clever as if his glossy body were the habitation of the Prince of Darkness. The excitement grew tense when Dom Pedro, after planting several farpas in the thick neck of that most repulsive bull, took from the attendant at the barrier a banderilha of the regulation size. It will be readily understood that the reason why a cabalheiro uses a longer weapon is because he has to reach farther than the man on foot. But Dom Pedro was in the ring that day to transcend probabilities. You could not see how he did it, but, somehow, by swinging away out of his saddle, he succeeded in lodging the short banderilha just as accurately and securely as any silk-stocking-and-dancing-pump banderilheiro could have done it. Then the horse swerved in its own preternaturally clever way, the bull shot by, and from the bleachers came a roar of applause, bunches of flowers, and bundles of cigars falling on the sawdust together with black felt hats—Antonio testifies his esteem of a toureiro at times by flinging his hat at him. I watched that Satanic horse very closely, when the trick was repeated, and saw that his quick turn was a veritable pirouette on two legs: unless he really was diabolically prompted, he must have had a signal from his rider whenever the moment to strike arrived, and at that moment he reared up and spun to the left, at he same time giving a leap which carried him several yards away from the rushing horns—all of which I should never have been quick-sighted enough to discover for myself if Manoel of Pombalinho had not been there to coach me. It was the supreme refinement of horsemanship—something that revealed a really intellectual quality in that art. Dom Pedro and his Satan did it again and again, the bull becoming more frantic each time (but surely not caring for the pain of the darts—ask any

one who has had his nose broken in the rush of a football game), and the people breaking rules wholesale in their enthusiasm by standing on the benches to throw cigars and hats, while I anxiously looked to see some failure of connection between the man's brain and the horse's that should end in a disastrous—perhaps fatal—crash. If the rider changed his mind after signaling to his Satanas Quadrupedans for the stroke, he would miss; but as this man, on this afternoon, would certainly prefer death to missing a stroke, he might just once, after choosing his moment too early, lunge at the air and lose his balance; or the horse might mistake the signal, lose time in rearing when the bull was closing on him, and he ought to be galloping out of reach, and in that case again there would be a crash. I must have thought of half-a-dozen different ways in which the man-horse combination might come to grief, and the sound of the bugle for Dom Pedro's exit came as a welcome relief to a suspense which was wearing on my non-Portguese nerves.

But the bleachers had gone wild over a popular favorite—or, I should rather say, two popular favorites at their best. There arose an uproar of protest, a clamor for just one more banderilha, and some quick exchange of understanding passed between Dom Pedro and the president's box, while capinhas distracted the bull's attention. Then Dom Pedro, at the barrier, took one more banderilha—his very last. The catastrophe did not come in any of the ways I had thought of. Touro had recovered his wind somewhat in the delay following the bugle-sound, being now, besides, more apt at quick turns than he had been; also the black horse was a little bit overdone in the muscles of his hind quarters—a trifle unsteady on his fetlocks. At the critical moment of the pirouette—after the banderilha had been lodged—the hind fetlocks twisted one over the other, and at last the man-horse combination fell with a crash. The horse saved his cabalheiro's life: In the first place, his weight on Dom Pedro's left leg kept him from being picked up and shied into the air when the horns crashed against his right side; in the second place, that game, if Satanic, beast lost not a fraction of a second in scrambling to his feet, suddenly and unexpectedly interposing a barrier between the bull and the man on the ground, just when the bull was returning for a second dig. Touro was sharply kicked in the face, and when he recovered from the shock a swarm of capinhas were flutttering before him in all directions. What the attendants took up from the sawdust was not, as we had all expected,

a corpse, but it was not the Dom Pedro of a minute before. Of course he was unconscious; his left knee was dislocated, and broken ends of ribs were piercing his right lung. He survived that experience, I afterwards heard, but it ended his bull-ring career.

In contrast to my friend of the Legation, it was my fortune never to see a toureiro killed outright. I thought I had, that Corpus Christi afternoon, when Dom Pedro was picked up and carried away, but before we left the ring, a few minutes later, some acquaintance of Manoel's came and said that the doctor expected to make a recovery of it. It was then, too, that I heard for the first time why that white-faced bull had been specially reserved for Dom Pedro. It was an ugly enough brute to the eye; in temper it had proved no less ugly. When the thirteen were passing through the outskirts of the city the day before this ghost-masked bull had made a sudden, quick bolt into the crowd, and had driven one of its horns under the chin, and so up through the brain, of a poor boy who had come out with the crowd to see the bulls arrive.

To finish up with some semblance of completeness these notes of the *tauromaquia Portugueza* as I used to see it in Lisbon, I ought to tell of something which I did not see, and which I could not have seen without going some distance beyond the city limits. The police would allow no *pega* performance at the Praça de Santa Anna; but when a bull was tired out, and sufficiently garnished as to his neck with darts, one used to hear a jangling of throat-bells, one bell deeper in tone than the others—bells which the ear of touro recognized as familiar. Then a bunch of lumbering oxen, driven by typical herdsmen with goads, trotted in and surrounded the bull; there would be a great deal of sulking on one side and manifest bovine cajolery on the other; and it all ended sooner or later in the tired bull letting himself be half pushed, half persuaded, through the wide-open gates of the pen. What I missed seeing took place one fine Sunday at Montemôr o Novo, beyond the Tagus, where—for some charitable object, I think it was—my friend Dom Alexandro, an amateur, but reputed the best *cabo de furcados* in the kingdom, took the star part in the ancient and approved comedy of the *pega,* which is the othodox finale to a Portuguese *curso de touros.* The word *pega* means "quench," or "extinguish," and its appropriateness in this connection will appear from Dom Alexandro's account of the process, which was like this:

About a dozen furcados (pitchfork men), dressed like Antonio

of the fields, only with knitted caps of various bright colors instead of hats, and carrying pitchforks, entered at the right moment—instead of the oxen, that is—and with the *furcados* their *cabo* (chief), who alone came empty-handed. Furcados lined up right and left, Cabo Alexandro advanced alone, took off his red cap, shook it at the exasperated bull, dart-bedecked, and called him insulting names. The bull pawed and charged; the cabo backed, keeping his elbows bent and hands well up to the level of his shoulders. As the moment of the impact approached the cabo retreated faster, but always facing the bull; the cabo also bent his knees and took the blow of the bull's forehead squarely on the chest (a chest amply padded with muscle). The shock was all the less because man and bull were both moving in the same direction, though not at the same speed. And just at the critical moment, between the collision and the toss, down went the two hands of the cabo and gripped each other under touro's windpipe. At the same time the knees gripped the bull's muzzle. Touro now had, I should say, not less than 190 pounds of humanity, mostly bone and hard muscle, attached to his head. If he could have jerked that "strangle hold" loose, Dom Alexandro would have simply rocketed through the air of Montemôr o Novo. But he could not—I am sure that no bull could, under the circumstances, for I have often had the honor of shaking hands with Dom Alexandro. So the furcados closed in about touro, catching him, with hands or with pitchforks, by various parts of his anatomy, to hustle him out of the ring.

That day, however, it happened that during one of several such encounters the furcados bungled, and touro got loose for a second. Dom Alexandro was waving his cap to the audience in acknowledgment of their applause, and he barely had time to turn before the bull he had just half-choked attacked him from the rear. He skippcd out of the way and would have made another pega, no doubt, but one horn caught him a glancing blow on the inside of his shin, and that was quite enough to dislocate a kneecap. At the same time the furcados managed to redeem their character, but it was only after their cabo had been disabled for many a long day.

Such was the proper and characteristic rough ending of a *tauromaquia Portugueza*. As a spectacle, it unquestionably lacked the elevation and refinement of the Athenian choric dances; as a sport—that is, considered in its reflex effect upon the characters of the participants—it must be pronounced far less gentle than croquet or

golf. On the other hand, on a hasty estimate of the accidents reported for one season of American football, the Portuguese bull-fight, with the pega attached, can hardly be much more dangerous to human life. As for our prize-fights, whereas Antonio always took Maria to the Sunday tauromaquia, I am sure he would never insult the *Senhora* by proposing to take her to a prize-fight on any day of the week. The Portuguese sport, indeed, impressed me as calling for a certain rational, human kind of courage which almost seems to exclude the idea of brutality. Also, when Antonio and Maria went wild with enthusiasm in the bull-ring of a Sunday afternoon they never lost their heads to the point of forgetting the children, who always came with them; the children were held up when necessary to get a good view of whatever was happening, and they were always well supplied with "agua fresquinha" or whatever luxuries might be passing. And, lastly of all, Antonio always had time and patience to explain the fine points of the game, so far as he understood them, to the benighted foreigner who could never have understood even a little of it without a great deal of explanation.

EWAN MACPHERSON.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

ON LOOKING INTO THE FIRST VOLUME.

Thou last-wrought marvel of the printer's art,
I turn to thee with ever fresh delight,
And as each page new features brings to sight,
I murmur thanks with happy, grateful heart.

Of all thy treasures here is but a part,
And yet what garner'd gold! what jewels bright!
What rich and varied lore! what floods of light
On court and cloister, hall and busy mart!

Unskill'd to toil at such a learned loom,
Mine but to speed the swiftly parting gloom;
And as fresh volumes from the presses flow,
I'll haste to each as to a welcome tryst,
And joy to watch beneath deft fingers grow
A vesture rare to deck the Bride of Christ.

GEORGE FAIRFAX.

Montreal, May, 1907.

THE MASTERPIECE.

A MAN came out of a garden in the Vallée Borigo over whose gateway was a sign which read:

DIDIER

POTERIE ARTISTIQUE

It was early in the morning, and the dew was still on the flowers, and the paving-stones were shining and slippery. The man was François Clairin, a tall, slender young fellow, with heavy dark brown hair and laughing eyes, who had long made his home with the *patron* and Madame.

It was not long after the death of his wife that Antoine Clairin first brought little François down from Castellar to say "Bon jour" to old Tita, who worked at the fabrique and was his very best friend. M. Didier, happening to cross the courtyard, saw the child patiently waiting while Tita and his father held a long, wearisome palaver, and took such a fancy to him that, before they returned, he arranged with Antoine to have him sent to the pottery to learn the business.

He was an apt pupil. Beginning by running errands and making himself generally useful, he had gradually worked his way up till now he knew all that there was to be learned about the making of the pottery of Mentone, from selecting and mixing the clay, through the various processes of manipulating, painting, glazing and baking. From Madame Didier he had learned to make the exquisite flowers at which she was an adept. No pupil had ever attained to his proficiency. One could not now tell whether it was Madame herself or François who decorated the plaques, the jars and baskets with delicate flowers—roses, bluets, carnations, orange and lemon blossoms for which the "Poterie Didier" was justly famous; and in the ensuing years he had made himself so useful and so necessary to them, as well as so beloved, that he had come to be regarded almost as a son by Madame and the patron.

With head thrown back and sparkling eyes, François was singing a snatch of a popular song. It was his habit in those enchanting days when life was young and the world smiled so brightly, for his was a joyous soul, at whose birth good fairies had presided, and he had been given health and courage, good looks and great per-

sonal magnetism. Every one liked him, and, what was more remarkable, in spite of his popularity no one really seemed to envy him. To-day he had been given a holiday, and, dressed in his best, he was off to amuse himself, which he could well afford to do, being without a care in the world and no one depending upon him.

As the gate swung to after him he stopped singing at sight of a young girl, who, leaning against the iron railing, her face hidden on her arm, was crying bitterly. She wore a faded green dress, the short skirt of which was turned back over an old brown petticoat; a gaily flowered kerchief was crossed over her shoulders, and her golden-bronze hair was twisted up in a loose knot on top of her head. On the ground beside her lay a market basket, and a quantity of eggs broken in a thousand pieces told François the cause of her trouble, even before he recognized Rosa, the pretty daughter of Armand Dufour, whom he remembered ever since, as a baby in her father's arms, she had laughed and thrown kisses to him when he passed down the road leading from Castellar to Mentone the very first day that he ever saw the *fabrique*. Drawing near to where she stood, with drooping shoulders and heaving bosom, the very picture of childish despair, François laid his hand on her shoulder and asked very gently, "Why, Rosa, what has happened? What is the matter?"

The girl only sobbed the harder and answered, uncovering one eye just enough to recognize François, "What's the matter? I should think you could see fast enough. Haven't I broken the eggs? And I walked all the way down from Castellar this morning. I started before five o'clock, and just as I came near, when I thought I as good as had the money in my hands, I slipped on the wet stones and —Voila!" She buried her head once more and continued sobbing. "Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!" she moaned, catching her breath.

"Well, we must consider what you had better do," François said, taking hold of her arm and gently pulling it down so that he could see her face, which was red and swollen with weeping.

She drew away from him impatiently. "That's all very well, but nothing can mend the eggs, and Fanchette will be so angry. She counted on having the money. There should have been trente sous —trente sous, only think! Oh, dear, oh, dear, how she will scold me."

"En bien, petite, crying won't mend anything. It was an acci-

dent; you could not help slipping; you did not throw the eggs down on purpose. Let us walk along together and see if we cannot think of some way of pacifying Fanchette." He picked up the basket, and, after brushing off the mud that adhered to it, handed it to Rosa as she removed her arm and wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"But you don't know how cross Fanchette is when anything makes her angry; she gets so raging she is like twenty devils. Oh! living with her is no fun, I can tell you, and I have got to go back, and when she asks me for the money what shall I say?"

"Say? Why, tell her the truth," François answered. "Say that the stones were wet and you slipped."

"But that won't mend the eggs," Rosa repeated. "Besides, she would not believe me; she would say I had stolen the money," and her sobs redoubled.

"Oh, she would never say that," François said. "Suppose, as I am walking your way, that I go along with you and explain to her. She would believe me."

"Perhaps," Rosa replied. "But then, again, perhaps she wouldn't. You see, she needs the money—she needs it to buy medicine for her rheumatism."

"Yes, that's bad. I suppose she does need the money. Well, we will see if we cannot find some way out of this. You certainly have had bad luck."

They tramped along side by side for nearly an hour; it was early and not many people were on the road. They were a long distance from Castellar, the little sun-baked medieval village above the tops of the olive trees; Rosa's shoulders drooped with fatigue, and she began to drag her feet.

"You are tired, Rosa," François said, after a while.

"Yes, I am very tired; it is so long since I got up; and I am hungry, too."

"Sure enough you must be both tired and hungry." François looked at her compassionately. They had just reached a turn in the road, and a little way beyond was a garden with tables standing on a vine-embowered terrace. Above the gate was a sign which read

"REPAS À TOUTES HEURES."

"Suppose we go in here and rest a bit," François said kindly; and they walked along the path towards a table that stood under an

arbor which dominated the steep hillside. Gnarled and twisted olive trees waved their branches above the narrow winding paths which led down through vine-clad gorges and deep ravines, where were great scarlet and white and purple anemones and tufts of pale yellow primroses; and away below, the sea danced and sparkled, and white sailed boats that looked like giant butterflies darted about.

François had ten francs in his pocket. The patron had made him a present, something that rarely happened, and never before had he given him so much; but, for some reason, business having been extra good and because François had made many sales in the last few weeks, he felt inclined to be liberal, and he had given the two five-franc pieces to the young fellow in a sudden burst of generosity. Of course, François never thought of spending the money when he set out in the morning; he had some loose sous and a fifty-centimes piece which would have been quite enough for his own needs for the day, even though it was a holiday; but seeing Rosa tired and hungry, and jingling the money in his pocket, before he quite realized what he was doing, he said, "You must have breakfast with me, Rosa. Let me see what they can give us," and with a little air of importance he beckoned to the landlady, who stood at the entrance of her pink house with the green shutters and jasmine growing over the doorway.

She hurried forward, good natured and smiling. "Bon jour, monsieur; bon jour, mademoiselle. What can I do for you? It is a fine morning and you do well to rest here."

"Eh bien, madame, we are hungry; we would like some breakfast. What can you give us?"

"But, certainly; what shall it be? Eggs—an omelette?" Madame's face beamed genially as she stood, one hand on her hip, waiting to take the order.

"What do you say, Rosa, shall we have an omelette? You can't have an omelette without breaking eggs, you know," and François laughed at his little joke.

But Rosa looked frightened. "I think I have broken enough already," she said.

"Oh, well, never mind those; we won't think of those now. Yes, madame, bring us an omelette and some bread."

"And wine, M'sieur?"

"Certainly, a bottle of wine also."

Madame bustled away full of importance, and François sat down on the bench beside Rosa and took one of her hands in his.

"You see, Rosa, we are not going to think of trouble now; let us just enjoy ourselves for a little while. I have a holiday, and we will make a *piquenique* together, as *ces Anglais* say. You will enjoy the breakfast, and we shall rest here awhile." He removed his hat, and, leaning back, ran his fingers through his heavy dark hair, and he smiled at Rosa, who began to feel that after all life was not so sad; anyway, this *beau garçon* seemed to know how to be happy and to make others so, and she, too, began to smile and to look about with interest.

"Do you remember, Rosa," François asked presently, "the day we made the pilgrimage to Nôtre Dame de Laghetto?"

"*Do* I remember it?" Rosa answered. "Why, yes, François, as well as if it had been only yesterday. You helped me to gather a bunch of wild flowers, and when Monsieur and Madame Didier had offered their great wreath, you knelt down beside me and we said an Ave together, and then you lifted me up so that I could lay my flowers at the feet of Our Lady."

"It seems a long time ago," François continued. "You remember this?" Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a tiny statuette of Nôtre Dame de Laghetto. "Frère André gave it to me."

"And he gave one to me also," Rosa answered, "and I carried it home and gave it to Fanchette because she had wanted to make the pilgrimage, but could not go on account of her rheumatism. I believe she has it still."

"It would never do to lose it," François said. "Frère André, he was so good and so pious. I hear he has been made Père André, and people ask for him when they go to Nôtre Dame de Laghetto, for they say his prayers carry a special benediction. Some time we must go back, Rosa, and see if he remembers us. Perhaps he will because of Madame's wreath. Never has anything come from the *fabrique* as fine as that, not even the wreath that Madame made for the Queen of England, which she and the patron carried over to her when they made the great voyage last year. It took Madame more than a week to make it, working at odd times, and the patron and Tita did the coloring and baking and glazing, for, you see, it was a special offering for an accident averted. They could not have a picture painted, a silver heart is expensive, but the wreath Madame could make, and it was so beautiful!—all the finest flowers—roses,

orange blossoms, narcissus, bluets, and even mignonette. We were all proud of it, and so was every one who saw it."

The landlady returned, carrying a tray on which were knives and forks, plates and glasses, and a loaf of bread, which she set down on the table, and ten minutes later she brought a dish with a great yellow omelette lying in a bed of parsley, and as she placed it before François: "Voila, M'sieur," she said, "there is a fine omelette made from eggs laid only this morning; they were warm from the hens when I brought them in just now."

"Oh, that smells good," Rosa said, drawing in her breath and deeply interested in watching François as he put a large portion of the omelette on a plate and handed it to her.

Madame brought out a carafe of the red *vin du pays,* which she had drawn from an old wine-soaked cask in the cellar. "Bon appetit," she said, "eat all you can, *mes enfants,* and rest awhile. There is a fine view for you to look at when you finish with the *déjeuner.*"

It was a beautiful morning. The sun was bright, but not yet too hot. The vine leaves made little dancing shadows on the tables and dishes. There was a hedge of bright red geraniums beside the old gray moss-grown wall at the edge of the terrace, and a slender green lizard with sharp black eyes came out and sunned itself, but dodged quickly into a crevice the moment Rosa noticed it.

Presently Madame came back. A red carnation which she had placed in her hair just over her right ear gave her rather a festive appearance, and her smile was cheerful and sympathetic. She knew from long experience that the sunny, careless hours of life are all too few, and often whispered to herself as she watched the gay, light-hearted young people who frequented her "*restaurant en plein air,*" "Let the children enjoy themselves while they can; the time for sighing will come all too soon."

"I have brought you a few figs from the *espalier* on the other side of the house," she said. "I hope you will enjoy them," and she set down her very best dish of Italian faience on which were piled on a broad dark green leaf a pyramid of purple figs that were dead ripe, and where the skin had burst showed little amber drops that looked like honey.

"But you are too kind, Madame," François said.

"Allons, petite," Madame turned to Rosa, "you must not leave any; then I shall know that you enjoy them."

"Thank you, Madame, I like figs very much," Rosa said, smiling, and, indeed it was good to see how she enjoyed everything. She ate every bit of the omelette, using a great lump of bread to get the last morsel, which she swallowed greedily, so that nothing was wasted. François ate his own portion, then drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and he tossed down glass after glass of the thin sour wine.

"We would like to drink your health, Madame," he said, and so they all drank together, clinking glasses, and François sang a gay little song, and they were as merry as possible—one would have thought that Rosa had never shed a tear.

But time was passing, it was getting late. François rose from the table. "I suppose we must be going on now," he said, and most reluctantly they said "Bon jour" to Madame, who stood outside the gate and followed them with her eyes till they were quite out of sight.

"It has been a happy morning after all, Rosa, *n'est ce pas?*" François asked, looking at the little figure that trudged by his side.

"Yes, I have enjoyed it very much. You are very good, François," Rosa answered. She looked up at him with great childish eyes full of wonder and admiration. "I think you are *très bon garçon.*"

But presently she became silent; they were getting so near home now that they could hear the thin jangling music of the rusty bells as they rang the hour up there at Castellar. "Oh, dear," she sighed at last, "it is almost over; we are nearly home," and, in a choking voice, "I must go and tell Fanchette that I broke the eggs." Her lip quivered, and the tears began to fall again. She drew the back of her hand across her eyes, vainly trying to restrain her sobs.

"Listen, Rosa," François said; and, putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out some coins. "You see, I have still money left. I am going to give you trente sous."

"What for?" Rosa's eyes grew round with astonishment. How could he do it? Was any one rich enough to give money away like that? She did not say this, but only stared at François incredulously.

"Yes," he continued, "I will give you trente sous, and then you need not tell Fanchette; you can go back and give her the money, and she need never know that the eggs were broken."

"Oh!" Rosa's eyes were shining now. "Would you do that? Then I should not get scolded, Fanchette would smile and be contented, and she could get the medicine for her rheumatism, and, after all, when she is not angry, Fanchette is not so bad."

" Well, then, it is settled; here is the money." François put the trente sous into Rosa's hand. Her fingers clutched them and held them tight. " Now, I must not go any farther; we must part here. Of course, you must go back alone, and you need not tell Fanchette about our breakfast together; that also shall be our secret. "

" Thank you, thank you, François, and may the Bon Dieu bless you. Oh, I am so happy, I am sure the Madonna is watching over me. I carried her some flowers only yesterday, and to-day I will go and say a prayer in the church. I will thank her and I will ask her to watch over you, François, always, always—forever and ever—— "

Rosa stood looking after him as he ran down the steep slope under the olive trees, and he turned back and waved his hand to her where she stood, looking quite a different figure from the weeping, despairing little maid of the early morning. " Eh, but he's a good fellow," she said aloud. " I did not think any one could be like that. *Et qu'il est beau—mon Dieu, mais qu'il est beau!* "

Happy at having dried Rosa's tears, François went on his way joyfully singing. He saw bent and wrinkled old women with sacks on their backs filled with great pine cones which they had gathered from under the queer little twisted pine trees to sell for fuel, and barefooted, straight-backed girls passed down the road with baskets on their heads piled high with ripened lemons which they were carrying to market. Soon the towers of the Cathedral came in sight; there were tall pink and white stuccoed houses, and over the high walls that bordered the road great cascades of blossoms dropped wide open rose petals; feathery branches of yellow mimosa made a quivering canopy of gold, and, looking up through entangled flowers and sunshine, were ravishing glimpses of the deep blue sky. Lower down the red earth was hot under the blazing February sun, and the sparkling sea showed all the iridescent colors of the breast of a dove; and, gathered under a great tree beside the road, was a flock of sheep. The shepherd in short leather breeches and hob-nailed shoes, a pointed hat adorned with gay ribbons, his jacket slung from one shoulder, leaned against a crumbling stone wall and played a tune on the Italian bagpipes, while the little slender pointed olive leaves, shaken lightly by the breeze, danced an accompaniment and made little shifting patches of light and shade on the ground.

II.

Four years passed. François had served his time in the army and was once more hard at work at the *fabrique*.

Rosa had grown up; and being of an affectionate and grateful disposition, and also because she and François had kept their little secret for all this time, she thought a great deal about *ce beau garçon* with the dark hair and beautiful black eyes. She was happy when he came to Castellar if he noticed her, and whenever there was a fête and he invited her to dance with him, she thought herself the happiest girl in all the world. And François, as time went on, began to realize that Rosa was by far the prettiest, liveliest girl anywhere about, and so he began to think a good deal about little Rosa.

He was beginning to think, also, that, having mastered the secrets of the pottery, having learned to make the figurines which were his specialty, and for which there was now such demand, he could do still better work; and M. Marotti, the great sculptor, who came sometimes from Genoa, and who had for a long time watched the young man's progress with ever-increasing interest, said to him one day, "François, you ought to become a sculptor; you should not waste your time over this trivial work. Come to Genoa and I will take you into my studio and teach you to work in marble."

François thought it over; he was doing well at the pottery; Madame and the patron were very kind to him. He would hate to leave them, and he knew how sorry they would be to have him go; but, one had only a single life to live, and he wanted to make the most of his; he began to dream of what he could accomplish elsewhere; and, as with loving fingers he manipulated the plastic clay, he thought of what he might some future day put into enduring marble. And once this idea had taken root it grew with astonishing rapidity.

One Sunday afternoon he had been up to Castellar and was returning by the winding path that led down under the olive trees; he was walking rapidly, swinging a stick in one hand, and he carried his hat in the other, so that his dark hair was blown back from his forehead, and he was singing:

"Aucassin was of Biaucaire,
Of a lordly castle there,
But from Nicolette, the fair,
None could win his heart away."

As he turned into the road from whence he got the view over towards Nice, with Monaco and Monte Carlo steeped in sunshine, the tower of La Turbie standing sentinel above and the *tête du chien* keeping guard over all, he stopped suddenly at sight of a young girl in peasant costume, who was kneeling at the foot of a wayside shrine, where she had just deposited a bunch of freshly gathered wild flowers. She was slowly telling her beads, her face turned up towards the image of Our Lady, and, quite unconscious of being observed, she finished her prayer, then crossed herself, rose, and walked slowly down the road.

François's heart began to beat faster; his eyes sparkled; he quickened his steps and, coming up beside her, said, "Good afternoon, Rosa."

The color rushed into her cheeks and she turned towards him smiling. "Good afternoon, François," she returned.

"I am walking your way, may I come with you?" François continued.

"But certainly," she answered, glancing up shyly, then dropped her eyes, François was looking at her so intently, and she walked along beside him nervously twisting the corner of her apron.

"I am glad I have met you, Rosa. I want to consult you about something," François said presently.

"To consult me?" she asked, in surprise.

"Yes, you know, Rosa, I have done well at the fabrique. I am a good workman. They have been kind to me, the patron and Madame; they think—enfin—that I am there to remain forever."

"And are you not?"

"It is just about that which I wish to consult you. You see, it is all very well making the pottery, but I have learned it all, and I want to know something more. Besides, I have learned to make figurines, for which there is a special demand; but now I want to do something that will count. I want to become a sculptor, to learn to make statues, to do some *great* work." His eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Yes, but how? Where will you do that?"

"Of course, I cannot learn here in Mentone. I want to go to Genoa to work in the atelier of M. Marotti. He has asked me to come; he says he will teach me, and I feel, I feel *here*," François put his hand on his heart, "that I shall be able to accomplish something—perhaps that I shall some day become famous."

Rosa did not answer; she had turned quite pale and she turned her head away.

"Well, what do you think of it, Rosa?"

Her lip trembled and her bosom heaved under her white kerchief. "Genoa is a long way off," she said.

"Oh, not so far," François answered, so intent upon his own thoughts that he hardly noticed her. "It is only a day's journey. Why, you are not crying—would you care—don't you want me to go, Rosa?"

"It seems very far away." Rosa tried to smile through her tears. "Perhaps you would forget me; perhaps you would never—want—to come back——"

"Listen, Rosa. Here, sit down," and he drew her down beside him on the gnarled trunk of a fallen olive tree. "Now, don't cry."

She wiped her eyes on her apron and tried to smile.

"I should go to Genoa, and I should work hard, and before very long I should earn some money; then I would come back and"—he took both her hands in his and looked down into her eyes—"and then—we would be married."

"Oh, François!"

"Yes, you would wait for me, you know, and some day I should send you word, and you would get all ready, and we would be married up there in the church at Castellar. Father Millais should marry us."

Rosa's eyes sparkled through her tears.

"Will that satisfy you, mignonne?"

She nodded her head, and he put his arm about her and, drawing her towards him, kissed her on both cheeks.

Down from the heights came the shrill, quivering sound of the bells. François and Rosa stood up and with bowed heads slowly repeated the words of the Angelus.

III.

The patron, who was an amateur photographer as well as a potter, brought out his camera one morning and set it up in the garden.

"Going to take a picture?" asked one of the workmen, who was crossing over to the *fabrique* carrying a great wooden tray on which was a mass of clay ready for manipulation.

"Yes," replied the patron, "I can't let François go away without leaving us a photograph," and François and Tita, appearing just

then at the door of the gallery, he called to them to come and pose for him.

"You too, Henri, since you are here; stand together now and I will take you all."

They were in their working dress just as they were to be seen every day except fête days and Sundays, and they joked each other good-naturedly. "We shall certainly make a fine appearance," Tita said, as he wiped his hands on his blouse; and they grouped themselves together in the place indicated by the patron.

A withered, shrunken old man, clad in tattered brown rags, with grizzled hair and shriveled, wrinkled skin, carrying on his back a bundle of drift wood, was hobbling up the road and stopped before the garden gate, his hands crossed above the top of a crooked stick, on which he leaned heavily. Just as the patron was about to remove the cap from the camera, at the critical moment, Tita threw up his hand, the fore and little finger extended, making the sign supposed by the superstitious to ward off the mischief caused by those who possess the evil eye.

With a muttered curse the old man passed on up the valley. It was two years since he had been seen in these parts; his presence was dreaded by the peasants, who were firmly possessed of the idea that he carried the *jettatura*. The last time he had been seen in Mentone, old Bricart, at whose door he stopped to beg, had fallen from an upper window and broken his back, and there had not been a decent catch of fish for a week among the fishermen, who drew in their nets only to find a few sparse herring and dead plaice as the reward of long hours of waiting. Men who had followed along the road towards Genoa, as far as Bordigherra, brought back word of disasters that had befallen in different villages through which his accursed figure had passed, and it was small wonder that those who now saw him returning trembled and made the sign, that women caught up their children and hurried away, that doors were slammed at his approach.

Only Tita had seen the old beggar, who hobbled off quickly when he found that he was noticed. Tita said nothing, and did not realize what would be the result of his sudden movement upon the picture.

When the photographs were finished the likenesses were good. Every one laughed over them, though the patron was vexed. One could see that he was really annoyed; he did not like the idea of trifling on the subject of the evil eye. "I will finish up a picture for

each of you," he said, "but you must not show them to Madame; she would be made quite ill. You should not have done it, Tita; you should not have done it."

"That's all very well," Tita announced sullenly, "but when I saw the old man of the *jettatura* what else could I do?"

"You saw him?" M. Didier asked, looking alarmed in spite of himself.

"Yes, he passed up the valley and stopped to look in at the gate just as we were posing for the picture."

"May the Good Lord save us," the patron said, and made the sign of the cross.

"*O pour moi,* I'm not afraid," Tita answered, shrugging his shoulders, but he crossed himself furtively in spite of his bravado. "People talk about the evil eye, *mais*——"

"You know what happened the last time the old man passed this way," the patron returned. "It's all very well to pretend not to be afraid, but every one knows there *is* such a thing as the *jettatura.*"

Unfortunately, Madame came across one of the pictures, which had been carelessly left upon a table while Tita went to pack a great case of pottery, to be sent out of the country. At sight of the figure of Tita, who stood behind François, a mocking look on his face as he made the sign, she shivered and turned pale, and for the rest of the day her hands trembled so that she could scarcely do any work.

The patron took up the picture and tore it into bits; he lighted a match and set fire to the little pieces of cardboard, which burned and shrivelled till only a tiny pile of ashes remained. These he put on the palm of his hand, and, going to the open window, blew them out into the garden. Then he crossed himself, and, turning to his wife, down whose cheeks the tears were streaming, he said, "There now, the picture is gone; we will forget the evil eye; I will give five francs to the poor. To tell the truth, the idea of it all made my heart turn over, and I am glad to have destroyed all reminder of the *jettatura.*"

But he was ashamed to speak of it to François and Henri, who both kept their photographs, but were careful not to leave them about.

* * * * * * *

Mentone was crowded. Visitors from every quarter of the globe, drawn thither in search of pleasure or of health, filled the hotels

and villas, sunned themselves on the promenades, made frequent excursions to neighboring villages, climbed the mountains, explored the valleys. There were amateur theatricals at the Casino, and a certain amount of gambling went on there. Russians, Turks, Scandinavians, English, Americans, people of every nationality, speaking in divers tongues, a frivolous, pleasure-loving cosmopolitan throng, came and went, passed and repassed.

The Carnival was over, and every one, exhausted by the excitement of the last few days, was glad that the coming of Ash Wednesday would usher in Lenten quiet and repose. François and Tita had gone to bed very late; they had been out in the streets taking part in the revels, and returning to the house on the side of the garden opposite the *fabrique* had slipped quietly past the room where the patron and Madame were sleeping. Tita took off his masque, and, removing his blouse and shoes, lay down on his bed exhausted, and François, with little more preparation, followed his example, lying on his own bed on the opposite side of the room. Both slept heavily.

It was about half-past five in the morning that they were suddenly awakened by a violent shock. François found himself thrown to the floor, and, as he cried out, "Tita!" the latter was hurled from his own beds, and the walls began to sway; a mirror was thrown down and smashed, and there was the sound of crashing bottles and crockery. The ceiling came tumbling down, and in the air was the sound like that of thunder and hurricane, while from beneath the ground came several successive upward shocks which were even more appalling. Instinctively both men rushed to the window. "It is an earthquake!" François cried, and picked up his coat and shoes and threw them out of the window.

Tita caught up his blouse, and in what seemed to them an interminable age, they found themselves in the garden, where already the patron and Madame had fled in a greatly disheveled condition.

The noise of crashing buildings and falling chimneys continued; the gallery was razed to the ground; there was a sound of crunching and scraping, the smashing of hundreds of pieces of valuable pottery; everything was shattered; ruin was everywhere. The noise and din were something appalling. The air was filled to suffocation with dust and pulverized plaster. All rushed out of the garden gate to the road, where scores of men, women and children were running about, crying and screaming that the end of the world had come.

Looking down the valley, away over the water, the sun was rising a fiery ball among angry clouds of every shade of yellow and red. The sea, which had risen in a great wave, now receded many yards from the beach, and once more came that terrible roaring sound, the trembling of the earth beneath, the swirling dust, and cries and shrieks went up from hundreds of people; some fainted, others fell on their knees in prayer.

In the wine shops all the wine was running over the floors, bottles and glasses were broken and lying in heaps. The streets were strewn with falling chimneys and tiles; the great hotels looked as if they had been bombarded.

Madame Didier knelt, the patron beside her. She had pulled out her beads and was saying the rosary, while her husband, shivering and crying, covered his face with his hands.

"We shall be swallowed up by the earth, we shall be buried alive," he groaned. "God have mercy, Christ have mercy!" Then, wringing his hands, "Oh, the *fabrique!* We are ruined; we had better die."

"The jettatura! The jettatura!" Madame Didier moaned, bowing her head till it touched the ground. Her face was blanched, and she trembled so that the beads which she held in her hands clicked together, making a sound like dried peas in the bottom of a tin cup. "I knew bad luck would follow. Oh, what shall we do, what shall we do!"

"God have mercy upon our souls," the patron cried, his teeth chattering with fear. Terror-stricken, Madame knelt, her hair falling about her face, holding a tattered coverlet about her shoulders. The patron in shirt and trousers, barefooted and bareheaded, crouched trembling beside his wife, his eyes starting from his head and his great body quivering. It would have been difficult to recognize the handsome, self-satisfied, prosperous-looking patron who, in black velvet coat, with flower in his buttonhole, nearly swept the ground with his immaculate white *beret,* as he bowed low, walking backwards before the Queen of England when she graciously deigned to visit the *fabrique* on the greatest day of his life, in the terrified, dishevelled creature who clung to his wife in the moment of their tribulation, realizing, as indeed he had always done in the bottom of his heart, that of the two she was by far the stronger member of the firm.

A wild-looking man ran about crying that the end of the world was come and salvation near. A hard-headed Scotchman tried first by persuasion to quiet him, but finding that of no avail, lifted his hand and gave him a blow in the face that sent him staggering backwards, and kept him busy for some time after trying to stop the flow of blood from a badly battered nose.

François, seeing his friends safe, ran back to the garden and found his coat and shoes; then, without waiting for anything else, hurried away towards Castellar. All along the road he met groups of frightened people, crying and praying. He kept as far away from the streets and houses as he could, going up under the olive trees by the winding paths and taking short cuts up the steep slopes. At Castellar every one was in the square. People had rushed towards the church at the first shock, and those who could not get inside had fallen on their knees in the street; but as quiet was gradually restored they had gone into the great square. The strong stone arches built across the streets to steady the buildings in case of earthquake shocks had stood firm, and comparatively little harm was done in Castellar.

When François, panting and out of breath, stopped to look about, he saw familiar faces everywhere; all had a scared look and the fear which made them dread some terrible upheaval which would bring down the buildings and set the mountains trembling was upon every one. Father Millais walked among them, trying to allay their fears, wishing to assure them of safety which he himself was far from feeling; but his presence did more to restore confidence than anything else, and already many were sitting on the ground or on the stone wall under the great chestnut tree, eating whatever food they had been able to procure, while ready to spring and run away the moment another shock should be felt.

François found Rosa and Fanchette huddled together near the fountain where, on ordinary occasions, they would have been washing the salad and gossiping with the neighbors. The moment he saw them he ran towards Rosa, who cried and threw herself into his arms, begging him not to go away again; and Fanchette, whose rheumatism was very bad, came hobbling to his side, wringing her hands and calling to Heaven for mercy. He managed to quiet them both. "I came as quickly as I could, Rosa," he said. "I was thinking of you all the time. I thought I should never get here; I was so afraid the houses might have fallen as they did in Mentone, and

that you were buried under the walls. But you are safe, thank God, and no harm will come to us here in the square. I am sure the worst is over."

"And for that we must all thank the Bon Dieu," said Father Millais, who, coming up behind them, had overheard François.

"Yes, we must thank the Bon Dieu." Fanchette pulled out her beads and began to mumble her prayers.

After the third shock, which was very slight and came at nine o'clock, no more were felt, but it was hours before the nervous tension began to relax, and every one felt weak and anxious.

Father Millais, who had experienced more than one earthquake in different quarters of the globe, assured them that the worst was certainly over, but they must all remain in the square till there was no longer any possibility of danger. A few of the boldest went back to their homes and brought out mattresses and blankets, got food wherever they could find it, and François, leaving Rosa in Fanchette's care, ran down to the little brown house, quarter of a mile from the village, where she had lived with the old woman, ever since her father died five years before, and found blankets, which he brought up to them, and later, with the help of some boys to whom he gave a few sous, he brought mattresses, and they made a sort of tent, where the women could lie down and be sheltered from the sun and from the heavy dew which would begin to fall with the approach of night.

When he went down to Mentone the morning of the second day things were comparatively quiet, and gradually confidence was restored. But the visitors and all the invalids who could be moved left town as soon as they could get away, and then it remained with the natives to restore Mentone, as soon as possible, to its former glory. Of all the people who had suffered loss none were more sorely tried than the patron and Madame Didier. The *fabrique* was destroyed, the beautiful pottery was entirely gone, hardly a bud or a fragile leaf was left intact of the thousands which Madame had fashioned; the gallery was a complete wreck, the garden filled with the débris of falling walls and tiles and twisted iron balconies. François put off his departure for Genoa for several weeks; and not until he had helped his friends to restore order from chaos would he consent to seek his fortune elsewhere.

PATIENCE WARREN.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE CATHOLIC INDIAN PROBLEM.

I.

THE publication of the annual report of the Catholic Indian Bureau(1) brings to our attention the oldest missionary endeavor of the Church in this country. The conversion of the aboriginal peoples inhabiting the newly discovered continent was, as we well know, the leading motive of its discovery, just as the immediate evangelization was the first solicitude of its discoverers. Coincident with the unfurling of the royal banner was the planting of Redemption's emblem. Began four centuries ago, prosecuted with varying success but unfaltering determination during the elapsed centuries, interrupted only by the political readjustments incident to a change of government by conquest or purchase, forced to a temporary closure by the martyrdom of the men engaged—the work to-day is continued with the same patient endurance and steadfast constancy. Few chapters in the history of the Church in America more eloquently attest the best elements of the Catholic apostolate. We need not be surprised, therefore, that our standard, national historians, whether we consult Bancroft, Parkman or Fiske, take grateful and appreciative cognizance of this, and that the names of these Christian heroes are perpetuated in the geography—whether it be stream, city or mountain—of the nation. Much less that, within the last few days, one of our metropolitan dailies, not distinguished for an overweening admiration of the Church, anent the Jamestown Exposition, in unhesitating frankness states that "no more heroic work was ever done by man than the pioneer work of the French missionaries who penetrated from the seaboard to the Mississippi."(2) The same work, under new and changed conditions, is done now. It is characterized by the same reverent humility, meek unobtrusiveness, calm self-effacement, not uncoupled with hardship and privation, meeting with the same successes or reverses that have always marked missionary labor. Unfortunately, in the eager haste of modern life, the agitated rush of commercial-

(1) Report of the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, for 1906.

(2) New York *Times*, April 27, 1907.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION.

ism, and the consequent blindness of our spiritual perceptions, this crowning work of the Church in America is in a measure overlooked, or at least receives the most inappreciative recognition.

The Report, unlike all of its predecessors, with one exception, is informing and comprehensive. It is more than a skeletonized statement of income and expense, a bald recapitulation of wearisome generalities, an ostrich-like evolution of facing danger, a vague and non-committal enunciation of policy. It teems with solid data, enters honestly into the involved condition of the work, and by its frankness and candor of statement must command respect and inspire confidence. It is happily devoid of that scathing arraignment of the administration, that acrimonious pilloring of Government officials, which detracted so much from the dignity and value of many of the politically flavored documents that emanated from the same office in olden days.

Fortunately, the conditions are such now that the strong personality of President Roosevelt has left a most wholesome impress on the Indian Department, so that its every fibre and tissue is inoculated with the vitalizing serum of a "square deal." Again, the commissionership is no longer a snug harbor for superannuated clerical derelicts and pulpit bankrupts, who could only raise themselves from an inevitable obscurity by a clamorous, obsessional hatred of "Romanism." Glorified bigotry no longer sits enthroned in the seat of authority to lord it magisterially over the Indian's best friend, who looked upon the very persecution inflicted as a stepping-

STEPHAN, SOUTH DAKOTA.

stone of an approach to his Divine Ideal. The office is now filled by an open-minded, fearless man, with an experience based on personal knowledge and a courage born of unflinching conviction. We need not wonder, therefore, that instead of berating the Indian Department—in its day not an altogether profitless procedure, much as we may question its wisdom—the Report now in applausive language records its satisfaction at the amicable and helpful relations that exist between the Government and the Bureau.

The Report, again, is the result of patient inquiry, as well as painstaking care. Its concise, authoritative and verifiable data—though the absence of sixteen or more reports, as well as the fragmentary character of others, deprives it of a sense of final completeness—will all the same be read with interest, consulted with confidence, quoted with pride, and, above all, fulfill the object of its publication—stimulate effort to continue and render more effective the oldest missionary enterprise of the Church in the United States.

THE CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS.

The missionary work among the Indians in its entirety cannot fail but impress even the casual observer by the geographical magnitude of its scope, as much as by the resourcefulness and adaptability, aside of the higher tokens it calls for, of its agents. Though directly confined to a comparatively small number of souls, its activity extends over the territory of an empire. It demands re-

sources, calls for qualifications, taxes endurance, tests faith, and even at the present day is beset by difficulties and hardships that only a few missionary problems in the present world's history can parallel.

Let us take in view a few of these: the territorial extent, the tribal complexities, the disjointed condition of the flock, the enlisted agencies and the statistical results. In this view the eye of faith, though it be short-sighted, must discern the directing hand of God; to the Catholic heart it will reveal the visible manifestation of the Holy Spirit.

There are eighty-eight missions, or, if you will, missionary centres. These, in accordance with the Reservation system prevailing, are distributed over the isolated, at times almost inaccessible, parts of thirteen of our remote, least populous and most sparsely settled states. These states have a gross area of 1,831,169 square miles. The vastness of this original field, which now is dotted with cities, towns and settlements, will be more readily appreciated when compared to that of the great missionary epoch in Europe. In actual mileage it surpasses the total area of France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy and Spain combined.

The whistle of the locomotive, the clang of the trolley car, the honk of the automobile, the puff of the steamboat, the click of the telegraph, even the chirping of a bird in some places, are still unfamiliar sounds. The mode of transportation is as sluggish and the mode of life as primitive as it was when the white settler first set foot in the country. The two main arteries which convey life and activity to the Reservation are the Agency, where the Government has its seat, and the Mission, from which circulates its spiritual vitality.

The activity of these mission centres diffuses itself over seventy tribes. These are no longer nomads, but Reservation Indians, living in disconnected tribal relations, to the laws and customs of which they are in a way amenable; subject, however, to the sovereign power of the guardian, the United States Government. Though ethnologically homogeneous, to the eye of the casual observer, as well as the practical experience of the missionary, they are utterly heterogeneous. Springing from a common stock, they have no common language. A most bewildering confusion of tongues prevails, and not the least difficulty in the way of the missionary is the mastery of these tongues. A tribe living adjacent to a different

tribe has no other mode of communication than the unsatisfactory and imperfect sign language. The familiarity with the tribal language or dialect is always the first prerequisite of the traditional, as well as the successful missionary. The employment of an interpreter is of little benefit, and frequently makes confusion worse confounded, not to allude to the irreverence and grotesqueness that it leads to.

These Indians have no common pursuit. Formerly the abundance of game and the never deserted warpath allowed some tangible method to provender their family, and some outlet to gratify their ambition or glut their vengeance. The extermination of the buffalo and elk disarmed the hunter; the rigidly policed Reservation closes all avenues to the warriors' trophies. Traditionally, most of the tribes are clever at some handiwork, but this is more in the nature of an exception than a rule. The Navajo weaves a beautiful blanket; the Moqui makes a waterproof wicker jug; the Pueblo models cunningly in clay; the Iroquois fashions a serviceable birch-bark vessel; the Klamath shapes a quaint basket; but, after all, these are rather pleasant diversions than profit-producing industries. They are the accomplishments of individual tribes, produced greatly by the exigencies of their local environment, of which the others are in utter ignorance, and for which they manifest no other feeling than ill-disguised contempt. The first emancipating step in civilization is, and always has been, the methodic cultivation of the soil. This was unknown to the aborigines as a means of self-support until the missionary and the school reached him. What was accomplished in this field forms one of the most historic and imperishable triumphs of the Jesuit and Franciscan, and even at this day produces results that have left enduring marks on several tribes and powerfully affected the present policy of the Indian Department. If we add to this the individual land ownership the Government makes possible under a wise law, we have the first step from communal barbarism to self-supporting citizenship.

The crux of the missionary are the widely scattered and detached "camps" and pueblos of the Reservation. The geographical boundaries of the Reservations are surveyed and fixed by the Government, after official inquiry and investigation, in which the Indian prior to 1870 had a consultive, but no determining voice. They were mapped out to save the Indian from the friction of the encroaching white settler, and were designed to save him from those

bloody collisions which we usually find depicted in such conventionally gruesome colors as "massacres," when the red man was successful, and painted in all the tints of patriotically fulsome eulogy as "victories," when he laid down his life in defense of his rights.

A great misconception prevails in the Eastern mind about these Reservations. It is usually assumed that they are so many small strips of territory on which the Indians, tenement-house-like, live in collective bodies about the Agency—the centre of the Reservation—within easy reach of both law and religion. Nothing could be more misleading. A Reservation is a tract of land, large or small, reserved for the Indian, extending over a clearly defined territory, and safeguarded from all unlicensed intrusion or occupation by the state or national government. In size it may range from a few acres of land to the proportions of a state. Thus the Navajo Reservation in Arizona, with its 14,753 square miles, is larger than the state of Maryland; the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, with its 4,930 square miles, is as large as Connecticut; the comparatively small Red Lake Reservation in Minnesota is as large as Rhode Island. All the Reservations make up a territory as large as the combined area of the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Taking the Reservations, which in accordance with President Grant's Peace Policy were alloted to our missionaries, under consideration, it is obvious that their very extent almost places an insuperable barrier to a wider spread of religion. Let us take a closer look at this condition. The Cheyenne River Reservation in South Dakota has one zealous priest attending a scattered flock stretching over an area of 4,481 square miles, with only one church and three chapels and three catechists. Probably—the absolute fact that it is not in the reach of human endurance to assume more binding obligations, makes him with characteristic modesty ask for two chapels—both of which the "camps" have been skimping themselves for years in ineffectual efforts to build with their unaided resources. We have four devoted Jesuit Fathers at the Pine Ridge Reservation, likewise in South Dakota, whose parish embraces 4,930 square miles, with one church and four chapels and three catechists—but with six "camps," each populous enough to fill a good-sized chapel. Thus we might pass in review almost all the Reservations.

In these "camps" we have one of the most anomalous conditions of missionary life. The units of the tribe scattered, so that all tribal cohesion is lost; social intercourse, even in its primitive character, practically interdicted; the periodical visitation of the missionary an impossibility—in all this lurks one of the great dangers of the work. Sad necessity compels the missionary here to assume the defensive instead of taking the aggressive; his prudence emphasises the necessity of rather maintaining an unbroken, disciplined squad, than creating a disordered, undisciplined army. His ministry confines itself perforce to the dying adults and new-

CHIPPEWA INDIANS (PILLAGER), WHITE EARTH RESERVATION, MINN.

born infants, in whose final perseverance he may have at least some shadow of a well-grounded hope.

The regret at this situation is not lessened, nor is the future brightened by the patent facts staring us in the face, that a melancholy leakage is evident here and is daily growing. This is especially the case among those tribes who had the gift of faith for generations, who were the offspring of the firstlings of the old Jesuit and Franciscan pioneer flock, who at one time were veritable object lessons to the nation, and are usually found in states where every landmark, waterway or mountain peak bears testimony of their spiritual fathers' zeal and devotion, and in not a few instances are sanctified by the blood of martyrdom. The figures of the

Report here almost unconsciously raise the query whether we may not be witnesses to those spiritual disasters in Indian work—Paraguay and California! *Absit omen!* If so, we cannot as Catholics wash our hands of the responsibility. In both these calamitous instances, a rapacious government was the minister of spoliation and destruction. Now a fair government is an instrument of helpfulness and support.

When we come to the enlisted agencies, the sombre hues of misgiving give place to emotions of amazement, gratitude and joy. No work has met with a more uniform and unstinted appreciation on the part of our national historians than that of our Indian missionaries. Nor has the Government, and especially the branch in most intimate relations with it—the army—been chary in giving it the most pronounced recognition, nor has the voice of the most savage bigotry ever had the hardihood to assail it.

Here we have a roster of 144 priests. These include 32 Jesuits, 13 Benedictines, 13 Franciscans and 16 seculars who devote themselves exclusively to the Indian. The others are in charge of large fractions of Indian remnants, such as have shaken off the "old ways" and now follow civilized methods of life, such as have intermarried with whites and now are full-fledged citizens, such as have their own homes and are contributing members of the parish—but who all the same come under the designation of Indians.

This collective body attends 175 churches and missions. It will be freely admitted that the most arduous part of its work is confined to the numerous and remote "camps" and pueblos. These "camps"—the name itself a relic of the old, unstable and roaming days of the Indian, making his home where there was good game for his family and abundant pasture and water for his ponies—usually consist of a number of families living in a detached, but still closely knit fashion, with a shack, dugout, log hut or tepee serving as chapel. At the present time, since the Indian has taken his allotment of land, they are and will continue to be established and inhabited localities. Being very far away from the Mission, they can only be visited at the rarest intervals, unless peremptory demands for the presence of a priest makes the visit imperative. These "camps" have come to stay, and since many of them are large, with a population numerous enough to form a good-sized parish, the need of a chapel is one of the most urgent wants of the missionary. The chapel in itself would form the nucleus of a

fixed congregation and settlement. The frontier country may show abandoned farms and homes, but we question if it can point to one abandoned chapel, unless, indeed, it was replaced by a more pretentious church or necessitated by the transfer of the tribe to another locality. No magnet has a greater drawing power, or effects a more solid permanency, and imparts the character of a more immovable stability, than a chapel or church. This is simply history repeating itself. Almost every large city in France, England, Germany or Spain was at first a missionary centre.

The missionaries, whose life and training precludes all the bizarre and theatrical self-exploitation of the machine-made, lec-

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ture-platform genus, have studiously refrained from bringing this crying need of chapels obtrusively to the public attention. The Report here discloses a vital need that we propose to enlarge upon in our next article.

These "camps," far removed from the elevating contact and pervasive influence of the Blackrobe, have made it a matter of necessity to appoint a properly accredited and qualified body of men to act as sentinels and custodians of the faith, known as Catechists. The importance of this office and the demands it makes on its encumbent cannot be estimated by those living in civilized communities. In the ancient Church these catechists played no inconspicuous part. From apostolic times down to the

Middle Ages these *doctores*, "teachers," endowed with the spiritual gift (*charisma*) of instructing the ignorant and unbelieving and devoting their lives to active benevolence, were invaluable aids in the conversion of the world. The missionary in selecting and appointing the catechist is not only guided by the precept of St. Paul, to choose a man who will be "an example of the faithful in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity,"(1) but also one who possesses the attributes of high intelligence commanding ability and prudent zeal. Not the least qualification exacted is the respect, good will and confidence of all the tribe, Christian or pagan.

The catechist devotes himself to his clearly outlined work, and this to the exclusion of all other avocations. With his catechism he visits the tepees of the pagans or catechumens to teach them their prayers and instruct them in the mysteries of religion. The religious oral instruction, in the Indian tongue, in which he is firmly grounded by the missionary, reaches all who come within range of his zeal or voice. With his Indian prayer book, he summons the Catholics to the shack, dugout, or one of the more presentable tepees on Sundays and holidays, recites the Mass prayers, leads in some hymns, reads from some pious book, conducts the night prayers in common, and does not hesitate, if circumstances warrant it, to give an exhortation in simple and dignified language. He visits, solaces and prays with the sick, and in necessity baptizes infants or desirous adults. With a penetration the result of close observation and wide experience, he anticipates impending death; hastily saddles his active little cayuse (Indian pony), and with unbroken haste, unmindful of heat or cold, rain or snow, sunshine or storm, scurries over the prairie—sometimes a hundred miles and more—to summon the Blackrobe. Nor does he relax his passionate ardor until the last spade of clay covers the grave of the fully prepared object of his solicitude.

The main strength of the Protestant missions lies in the work of its well-trained and well-paid catechists. If we could furnish the quota asked for, or even part of it, we would create an engine for such an amount of good that would at least partially make amends for the dearth of priests.

The statistical result, the record of the mission registers, in

(1) Tim. IV, 12.

spite of a meagreness incident to such a desultory life as that of a Christianizing pioneer, who spends much, if not most of his time in the saddle or in his buggy away from the central mission, is most gratifying. The many failures to send in reports will no doubt be remedied in the course of one or two more annual reports. However, even in its condition of incompleteness, it bears witness to the well-directed energy and compensating efforts of the apostolic men having the work in hand. Of course, these reports in the main have reference only to the available data that were gleaned at the missions proper; the transient work, far from insignificant, done while on the itinerary, being doubtlessly unrecorded. Here we have the statistics of 651 adult baptisms, 2,106 infant baptisms, 599 confirmations, 60,217 holy communions (that little ideal Catholic tribe of 550 Coeur d'Alenes alone having 7,581 to its credit!), 1,094 first communions, 414 marriages and 823 deaths.

The most significant and edifying fact in all this missionary work, one which concretely epitomizes the Catholic apostolate in all times and places, one which must have cost many a heart-burning to impart, and which the Report fearlessly discloses, one which should stir the Catholic heart to its innermost recess of compunction, is the scant financial outlay which goes to the support of the purely missionary work. To those Catholics unfamiliar with our missions the figures will look paradoxical; to Protestants accustomed to the costly apparatus they generously support they will appear incredible, if not impossible.

The total cash expenditure for the purely Indian missionary work, exclusive of the school work, for the year 1906 was $15,695.00! By an equitable per capita disposition this would allow each missionary the sum of $82.00.

The Protestant churches in their work among the Indians in 1903 (the only available report at hand at the moment), dealing with fewer tribes, occupying a much smaller territory and with barely one-half of the Indian enumeration, disbursed $365,112.00!

Like the Church itself, its apostolate, further than yielding to an unavoidable change of conditions, remains changeless. The apostolate enjoined by our Lord, lived by His apostles and disciples, imitated by an Augustin, Patrick, Boniface, Cyril and Methodius; meekly followed by a Viel, Brebeuf, Garnier, Jogues, De Smet

and Marty, finds its lineal descendants in the holy men now meekly following their footsteps. The Divine injunction, as far as the personality of the missionary is concerned, is still to "take nothing for the way but a staff only; no scrip, nor bread, nor money in the purse."

In explanation of the difficulty that may arise in some minds—how can the missionaries support themselves on such an apparently inadequate pittance—the Report covertly comes to our aid. We find, in these eighty-four missions, no less than seventy-eight lay brothers of the different religious bodies employed. That means that by their aid, and that providential fusion of *ora et labora,* or, as the old Franciscans formulated it, *manu consilioque* (with hand and counsel)—a fusion which the missionaries themselves did not eschew—the missions are made self-supporting.

It is safe to state that little, if any, of the sum goes to supply their personal needs; that the whole of it is devoted to the improvement and extension of the work among their flock. A man who has consecrated himself to God by a solemn vow, and chosen poverty as a "heavenly bride," gives money, aside of the blessing it may bring his work, no thought or valuation. Again, the *masculine* work done by some of the Sisters engaged in the schools is of a character that shocks our modern sense of fastidious propriety. The writer has seen a light-hearted, sun-tanned Sister harness a team of dray horses with a familiarity and skill that proved she was no novice in the accomplishment; he saw another Sister plow a furrow through a stony field with the ease and precision of an expert farmer; he saw another wield the hatchet and saw in erecting a picket fence with the reckless ease that would have brought the blush of envy to the hardiest frontiersman.

A more beautiful exemplification of the traditional and proverbial spirit of the Church of Christ is not found in the confines of the nation than that unfolded in the personnel manning the Indian mission. If, like St. Peter, it has "neither silver nor gold," it all the same pursues its soul-saving work with unremitting fervor "in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth"; if, like St. Paul, it "both hungers and thirsts, and is naked, and is buffeted, and has no fixed abode," these disabilities in no way daunt its courage or damp its enthusiasm.

H. G. GANSS.

BRESSANI.

MONOGRAPHS OF NEW YORK PRIESTS—IV.

IN the war with the French and Hurons the old Iroquois showed themselves not only fierce fighters, but marvelous military tacticians. They were not numerous, but they swept every enemy before them. Their aim was to destroy the French and Hurons simultaneously. For that purpose they proposed, besides fighting, to get the best of the French by cutting off the supplies from the Northwest, and diverting them to the Mohawk Valley, a business conflict which still endures with their civilized successors. In that they succeeded so well that at times there was not a peltry sold at Quebec, while the burghers at New Amsterdam were getting rich, not precisely by putting their feet in the scales, but by getting all the fur they wanted. On the other hand, the Hurons were to be crushed by indiscriminate slaughter or by absorption into the Iroquois Confederacy.

To carry out their plans they had established an uninterrupted line of posts from what is now Ottawa to Three Rivers, each one admirably chosen for discovering the enemy before he could get near enough to be dangerous. Those who know the old "castles" at Auriesville and Sprakers have always appreciated their wisdom in this respect.

They had divided their fighting men into ten sections. Two were assigned to the most western post, which, being the most exposed, needed more defenders. It was the present Ottawa, and was then called "The portage of the Chaudières." The third section was stationed at the foot of the Long Sault: the fourth above Montreal; the fifth on the Island itself: the sixth on the Rivière des Prairies; the seventh on Lac St. Pierre: the eighth not far from Fort Richelieu on the Sorel; the ninth near Three Rivers; while the tenth formed a sort of flying squadron to carry devastation wherever the opportunity presented itself.

This line of strategic positions was so uninterrupted that one does not so much admire the heroism which would attempt to break through it, as wonder how any attempt could ever be made. It was going straight to death. And yet it was done, time and time again. Of course, there was many a failure. Father Jogues was one of

those who dared it, but paid for his ill-success by captivity and torture.

In 1643 the condition of the Hurons and of the missionaries in the then Far West was deplorable. Lallemant writes: "The desolation is extreme. War, with its usual ravages, filled up the whole summer. Almost every day poor women are found murdered in the fields; the villages are in continual alarm, and every attempt made to repel the invaders is met with defeat and the loss of hundreds dragged into captivity. Often we have no other messengers of these dreadful tidings but unhappy wretches who have escaped from the flames, and whose half-burned bodies and mangled hands give us better proof than their words of the misfortunes which overwhelmed them. Added to these horrors is that of famine almost everywhere for a hundred leagues around. Grain is rare, and the people are living on roots often dug up in fields red with blood. The missionaries were about to cease saying Mass, for there was no wine or bread."

This was at the end of March, 1644. In April the Superior, Father Vimont, commissioned Father Bressani to carry "some letters and packages" to his brethren on Lake Huron. They had received nothing for three years.

Who was Bressani? As his name denotes, he was not a Frenchman. He was born in Rome, and entered the Society August 15, 1626. He was then only 14 years old, but he must have been a gifted lad, for he finished his philosophy in the Roman College when he was eighteen. He then made three years of teaching; took three of theology in Rome and a fourth year at Clermont in France. He made his tertianship in Paris, and after teaching rhetoric, philosophy and mathematics, was thought of as the future preacher for great cities, but he set out for Canada in 1642, not, however, before some holy soul had foretold all the tortures he was going to suffer. That did not deter him, however. Quite the contrary. It made him extremely happy. He was only thirty-two when the savages were mangling and burning his body.

His acceptance of the dangerous mission was altogether voluntary. There were only two other men who could be thought of to attempt it just then. One was Jogues, who had not yet returned to Canada after his escape from the Mohawks. The other was Davost, who was completely exhausted by his ten years' work, and died soon after on the ocean when returning to France to recuperate.

Bressani was then at Three Rivers looking after the Algonquins. Previous to that he had been Parish Priest at Quebec, "preaching to the French with remarkable results." Aware of the difficulties in which the Superior found himself, he offered to make the journey with the party that had been chosen. A young Frenchman was to go with him; the others were Hurons, two of whom had just escaped from captivity among the Iroquois. Altogether there were eight men who got into their three canoes at Quebec in the latter part of April, 1644, and started for the Northwest.

All went well till they passed Three Rivers; but at the mouth of Lake St. Pierre—it was Jogues' unlucky spot—Bressani's canoe was damaged, and the next night there was a fall of snow, delaying them still more. The delay was fatal. It is said also that one of the Indians shot at a wild goose. Bressani says an eagle. It must have been a goose. It revealed their whereabouts to the enemy.

On the next day, "when doubling a point, Father Bressani," says Charlevoix, "found himself in the midst of three hostile canoes." The disadvantage being too great, he and his companion surrendered without a fight. The Hurons in the two other canoes, seeing what happened, plied their paddles to escape, but more Iroquois were quietly waiting for them. The escaping Hurons showed fight. One of them aimed at an Iroquois, but before he had time to draw the trigger he was shot dead. The others threw down their arms, and were instantly taken and bound. The Iroquois numbered altogether twenty-eight, and the capture was made about twenty-three miles above Three Rivers and about seven or eight from Fort Richelieu.

There was a time when the Iroquois fought for glory or for fight's sake. But the French had taught them that there was profit in war, so they set to work to divide the booty. Some of it could be sold in New Amsterdam. That they set aside. The letters they tore up, and part of the provisions which were destined for the famishing people in the Northwest was immediately devoured. They were hungry. What was left they carried with them.

There is one horrible thing narrated by Bressani as occurring at this juncture. The Huron who was killed was Bertrand Sotrioskon, evidently a Christian, from his name. The Iroquois took the dead body and proceeded to hack the arms and legs into pieces, and flinging them with the heart into a pot, boiled and ate them. Thus refreshed, they proceeded down the Richelieu towards Ossernenon,

which was the route by which Jogues had made his bloody pilgrimage the year before. On the way he heard his captors discussing a plan. They did not know he understood them, and they talked freely. They proposed to swoop down on Sillery and carry off the nuns. As soon as he could he wrote a warning to his friends, on a piece of birch bark, and fastened it to the trunk of a tree. One week afterwards it was in the hands of Montmagny. Some friendly Indians had found it and carried it to Quebec.

Like Jogues, Bressani has left us an account of what he underwent. The narrative is a model of good writing for its literary purity and simplicity. It was published in Italy during his lifetime, and was dedicated to Cardinal de Lugo. Though the reader may be shocked by some of its pages, his sympathy and pity cannot fail to be touched. Not only are physical sufferings described, but the interior struggles are revealed, as well as the lofty sentiments which sustained him in his trials, all with the most unaffected candor. It is marvelous how he could have succeeded in writing it at all. He had but one finger remaining on his right hand. Some of his narrative was written with ink which he had made from gunpowder and water, and his desk was the ground in a wigwam. Of course, he never expected to see a white man again. In some respects it is more heartrending than the story of Jogues, and it is noteworthy that they both suffered in the same place. The complete account may be found in the *Relations* and in Bressani's letters. We give a few excerpts.

"I will not narrate," he writes, "all that I had to suffer on the journey from Fort Richelieu to Ossernenon. It will suffice to say that we had to carry our baggage in the woods by untrodden roads, full of stones and thorns and holes, and covered with snow and water; for the snow had not yet altogether melted. We had no shoes, and had to wait sometimes till three or four in the afternoon, and sometimes the whole day, before they gave us anything to eat. At night I had to hunt for wood and water and to cook for the savages when they had any provisions. When I did not do my work well or did not understand what they told me I was cruelly beaten.

"On the fourth day, which was the 15th of May, we found ourselves about three in the afternoon without having yet eaten anything, on the banks of a river where 400 savages were fishing (probably the upper Hudson). They came to meet us about 600

feet from their wigwams. They stripped us naked, and made me march at he head of the procession. The young braves formed a hedge on the right and left, all armed with sticks except the first, who brandished a knife. When I attempted to advance he stood in front of me and, seizing my left hand, he split it with his knife between the ring and little finger with such force and violence that I thought he had opened my entire hand to the wrist. Then the others began to beat me with their clubs, and did not stop till we reached the platform, where they were to torture us. We had to mount on a pile of rough bark, nine or ten palms high, so as to give the crowd a chance to see and revile us. I was all covered with blood, which was dripping from every part of my body, and the cold wind congealed it on the skin. A chief, seeing me shivering, gave me the thin soutane which they had taken from me, but was then in rags. It was enough to cover, but not to warm me.

"They kept us some time there, but left us when they were done to the discretion or the indiscretion of the boys and children, who stuck sharp-pointed instruments into my flesh, struck me, tore out my hair, and beard and so on. . . . At night the chiefs went around to the cabins and called out to the young men, 'Come and caress our prisoners.' Immediately they rushed to where we were. They tore off the shreds of the garment I wore, and in this condition of nudity some stabbed me with sharp sticks, others burned me with torches or stones heated in the fire; others made use of hot ashes or firebrands. They made me walk around the fire on the burning cinders, under which they had placed sharp-pointed sticks. Then they slowly burned off a nail and a finger, taking a quarter of an hour to do it. I have only one complete finger now, and they tore out the nail of that one with their teeth. One night they would tear out a nail; the following day the first joint; and the next day a second. I had to sing during the torture, and they kept it up till one or two in the morning. Then they left me staked to the ground and with nothing to cover me. When I had anything to lie on it was only a piece of skin only half long enough. Frequently I had nothing to cover me, for they had torn up the soutane they gave me.

"We left that place on May 26, and after many days' traveling reached their first village, Ossernenon (Auriesville). There our reception was like the first, only more cruel, for besides beating me with their fists and clubs on the most sensitive parts of the body, they split my left hand between the index and middle finger, and

they kept on showering blows on me till I fell half dead. I could not rise, and they continued to beat me on the breast and head. I should have certainly died under their blows if a chief had not dragged me away and placed me on a platform as before. There they cut off my left thumb and split the index finger. That night a savage made me enter his cabin, and there we were tortured with greater cruelty and ferocity than ever. They dislocated all my toes and drove a firebrand into my foot. I scarcely know what they did not try to do.

"After having satisfied their cruelty, they sent us to a village nine or ten miles further on (Tionontoguen, where Jogues and Goupil were tortured). Besides the torture I have already spoken of they hanged me by the feet, sometimes with ropes and sometimes with chains which the Dutch had given them. During the night I was stretched out on the bare earth, picketed, as is their custom, by the hands and feet and neck. During six or seven nights the means they took to make me suffer are such that it is not permitted me to describe.

"After this treatment I became so horrible that every one kept away from me, or if they did not, it was only to add to my torments. I was covered with insects and vermin, and could not rid myself of them or keep them off. Worms began to drop from my wounds. I was a burden to myself, and were I alone to be considered I would have counted death a gain. I longed for it, and expected it, but not without a feeling of horror of dying by fire. This death did not come. I was given to an old squaw to replace an uncle whom the Hurons had formerly killed. Instead of letting me be burned, as all desired and decided, she bought me for some wampum beads."

One incident occurred while he was there which is especially worth recording. "I baptized no one except a Huron," he says. "He was going to be burned, and I was urged to go to see him. I went with repugnance, as they told me he would not understand me. I pass through the crowd; they form in line for me, and allow me to approach the man who was already quite disfigured by the tortures. He was lying on the bare ground, without being able to rest his head in any place. Seeing a stone near him, I pushed it with my foot as far as his head, that he may use it as a pillow (poor Bressani could not use his hands). Then looking at me, and either by some wisp of beard which I had left, or by some other sign, judging that I was a stranger, he said to the person who had him in custody: 'Is not this the European whom you hold captive?'

And the other having answered him 'Yes,' looking at me the second time with a somewhat pitiful glance, 'Sit down,' he said to me, 'my brother, near to me, for I desire to speak to thee.' I do so, not without horror at the stench which emanated from that half-roasted body, and ask him what he desires, rejoicing to understand him a little, because he spoke Huron, and hoping through this opportunity to be able to instruct him for baptism, but, to my utmost consolation, he anticipated me. 'What do I ask?' he says; 'I ask nothing else than baptism. Make haste; the time is short.' I undertook to question him and found him perfectly instructed, having been received among the Catechumens in the country of the Hurons. I baptized him then with great satisfaction both to him and myself; but although I had done so with some artifice—having used a little water which I had brought him to drink—the Iroquois, nevertheless, perceived it. They drove me from the cabin and began to torment him as before, and the following morning they finished roasting him alive." The poor Indian was then skinned and dismembered and beheaded, the head being placed before Bressani to gaze at. It will be interesting for New Yorkers to learn that this account is dated "New Amsterdam, August 31, 1644." He wrote it after his ransom.

The old squaw found her new relation too helpless for use, and she drove a good bargain for her wampum by selling him to the Dutch at Albany for two or three hundred francs. They cared for the poor sufferer, kept him till his wounds were healed, and then, as in Jogues' case, sent him down to New Amsterdam, and finally put him on board a vessel, which carried him to Rochelle in France, where he arrived in November, 1644. He had been five months adding to the holiness of Auriesville, and remained about one month in New York before beginning his painful and perilous journey across the Atlantic. His apparition in France all hacked and multilated so soon after the appearance of Jogues, who had meantime returned to Canada, must have helped the people there to know something of the conditions of the New Yorld.

We have given only a hurried sketch of his sufferings at Ossernenon, but there are many things in the complete narrative which reveal the astounding spirituality of this champion of the faith. He tells us how he swooned away at sight of the indecencies committed before him; how he would awake in the night and think of how awful purgatory must be; how he thought of Job when the worms

were falling from his wounds; how he felt no resentment; how he was thinking of the *Consolatrix Afflictorum* when they were preparing to burn him; how, when he was lying in the cabin of the squaw, he thought that one cannot live without crosses, though "this one is sugar in comparison with the past."

Many of the horrors of his terrible combat we have omitted.

We have no description of how New York appeared to him while he was waiting to be carried over the sea, but from a letter from the Isle of Rhé, and dated November 16, 1644, we learn that after he left New York his journey was far from a pleasant one. He thanks God for being delivered "not only from the hands of the Iroquois, but also from the fury of the sea, on which we had experienced horrible tempests; one, among others, lasted twenty-four hours, and brought us to the pass of resolving to cut the masts of the ship. We were chased by Turkish corsairs for whole days, and I made the whole voyage with Huguenots, to whom the name of 'papist' or 'Jesuit' was, of course, displeasing. I had no other bed than a bare box, whereon I could not stretch out at full length. The victuals and the water itself failed us, and yet, except sea-sickness, to which I am subject, *I was always very well.* After fifty-five days of wearisome navigation I arrived in sailor's dress at the Isle of Rhé in better health than I have thus far had in the eighteen years and over in which I have been in the Society. I was obliged to ask alms, but with such satisfaction that could scarcely be believed."

We do not know if Bressani was ever brought to the French Court as Jogues was, but it is very likely. He had, however, a greater consolation. He saw the Pope Innocent X, who kissed his mangled hands and gave him permission to say Mass: "You were mutilated for preaching the Gospel; you should not be deprived of the honor of saying Mass."

Like Jogues, he came back to America and immediately plunged into the sacrifices and danger of the missions. We have from his own hand a description of what that life implied; a heroism greater, perhaps, than that of being burned at the stake. "I would advise those who come to convert these barbarians," he says, "to be armed with a patience of bronze. On my last journey in these great forests we were in twenty-three different places inside of six months. These stations were sometimes on very high mountains, sometimes in deep valleys, or, again, in the level country, which, for the most part, is covered with pines, cedars and firs. We crossed many tor-

rents, rivers and lakes. This is the way we lodged. We made a great ditch in the snow, in which we planted thirty or forty poles which we got in the woods, and which served to support the pieces of bark which formed the cabin. The door was an old skin, and the floor some pine branches. We could not stand upright, not so much because the cabin was low as because of the smoke which compelled us always to be down. If you attempt to go out, the cold, the snow and the danger of fainting compel you to return as soon as possible and remain in your narrow prison, which has four very appreciable inconveniences—the cold, the heat, the smoke and the dogs. As for the cold, your head almost touches the snow, unless some little branch of pine protects you. The winds come in everywhere, especially through a large opening at the top, which serves as chimney and window, through which at night I beheld the stars and moon just as well as I would have seen them in the open country. The cold, however, did not treat me as badly as the fire, which was extinguished at night, when it was most necessary, but which by day roasted us. Nor could I defend myself from it because of the scantiness of the space. I could not stretch myself without putting my feet in the fire, and to stay continually cramped with the feet crossed is a posture which fatigues. This inconvenience is not so great for the savages, who seat themselves like apes, being accustomed to it from childhood. But a torment greater than the heat is the smoke, which continually draws tears from the eyes. We are often constrained to put our mouths to the ground in order to breathe. It was, so to speak, necessary to eat the earth in order not to drink the smoke. I have thus passed many hours, especially during the intense cold and while it was snowing. The savage even feels it, for the smoke enters through the mouth, through the eyes and through the nostrils. Oh, what a bitter beverage! Oh, what an evil smell! I thought I would lose my eyes. They were inflamed like fire, and they distilled like an alembic. I could not see except confusedly, like the blind man of the Gospel who saw men like trees walking. I said the psalms of the Office as best I could, by memory, reserving the lessons for a time when the pain should give me a little respite. They appeared to me written with letters of fire or scarlet, and I was often compelled to close the book, no longer seeing in it aught else than confusion. Do not say to me, 'You should have gone out to take a little air.' The air at those times was so cold that the trees, which have a harder skin than we and

harder bodies, could not resist it, splitting with a sound like that of a musket. I went out, nevertheless, but the cold and snow constrained me to return. I know not whether I ought to complain of the fourth discomfort: the dogs. These poor animals, not being able to resist the cold, came to bestow themselves now on my shoulders, now on my feet. While giving me a little warmth they robbed me of my sleep. They were large and numerous and dying of hunger, and would wander over the cabin, sometimes passing over our faces with such vehemence that, tired of scolding them, I would cover my face, and let them scour about at pleasure. If one threw a bone to them, when we had any, they would in their fight for it upset everything. Often they would first taste the contents of our bark dishes, according to the ancient permission they have from these barbarians. At first, not being able to accustom myself to food without salt, I contented myself with a little smoked eel. I had used it for mending my robe, but hunger compelled me to unstitch it and eat it. I would sometimes go into the woods and gnaw the tenderest part of the trees and the softer bark. I saw many Indians who had eaten only once in five days. They looked like skeletons. I was sick for about ten days, but could not get any one to give me even a drink of water. To add to my misery, I was in the company of a noted sorcerer, who showed his hatred of me in every way, and taught me without my knowing it the filthiest expressions. I could write a whole book if I were to narrate the blasphemies he uttered against God. I was obliged to be silent for entire days not to exasperate him."

Thus the story runs on. What Bressani gives as his own experience was, of course, the common lot of all the missionaries.

It comes almost as a surprise to find this battered and mangled hero in the midst of his apostolic duties at Quebec and elsewhere, busying himself in making scientific observations to answer the queries of some of his friends in Europe. Thus he discusses the ebb and flow of tides, whether the beginning of the movement comes from the middle of the sea or from the shores of Europe to those of America. "After diligent examination with the aid of excellent seamen I have found that it takes place in neither one way nor the other." Then follows a detailed account of what he has observed. Another problem is the permanency of the supply of water in the great lakes; and the third, the result of his studies about the declination of the needle. "I have been able to make these latter observa-

tions," he says, "in the four voyages which I have made to these parts."

More valuable and interesting than these scientific speculations are his answers to spiritual inquiries, and his explanations of the causes of the persecutions and deaths of the missionaries.

"The Iroquois hate us," he said, "not because we are Europeans, for they do not hate the Dutch, but because we identify ourselves with our Huron Christians, whom the Iroquois are determined to destroy. If we were not willing to throw in our lot with our converts and undergo the same bodily sufferings as they, we would not be believed when we would talk to them about the soul. To be hunted as they are is part of our ministry. Thus the first origin of this enmity is the Faith, which binds us, even at the peril of life, to friendship with those we convert, and indirectly to enmity from the Iroquois. Added to this is the hatred which the Iroquois bear to the Holy Faith, which they consider and describe as magic. It is that which prompted them recently to prolong for eight days the torments which they commonly despatch in one day when they put to death Joseph Onabré, a Christian Indian, who publicly boasted of his Christianity. But they particularly hate the sign of the cross, which they have been taught by the Dutch is a real superstition. It was on this account they killed the good René Goupil, a companion of Father Jogues." (This was written before Father Jogues' death.) "For the same reason they took away from me the boy whom I had taught to make the sign of the cross, as well as to say his prayers."

It is needless to remark that the testimony of one who was almost a martyr himself is invaluable in getting a correct appreciation of the mental attitude of the Indians with regard to the missionaries whom they put to death.

"The second question," he says, "is about my inward condition. I would have difficulty in answering if I did not know that it is honorable to reveal and confess the works of God, and if I did not think I would then co-operate with your devotion. Though I was always within two inches of death, which I had continually before my eyes, my mind was, nevertheless, always free, so that I could do everything with proper reflection. The body was extremely dejected—scarcely could I open my lips to say one *Pater Noster*—but inwardly I discoursed with the same freedom and facility that I use

at present. Again, in proportion as the dangers and pains increased, my mental condition changed, and I had continually less horror of death and fire. I had not the first impulse of resentment against my tormentors. On the contrary, I pitied them. I was consoled in my desolations, but do not imagine I did not feel the torments. I felt them keenly, but I had such strength to suffer them that I was astonished at myself, or, rather, at the grace. I account this favor greater than deliverance from pain.

"I did not lack, however, some interior distress, but not at the time of torments, which I feared more before experiencing them than when I actually suffered them, and often I was more terrified on seeing them practiced on others than while undergoing them on my own person. The pains I suffered were uncertainties in faith, a temptation which at present I deem common at the hour of death—not only through personal experience, but especially through the reason which has weight in proportion as one nears death, inasmuch as a man finding himself in that pass, abandoned, as it were, by creatures, cannot console himself with aught else than with the hope of a God and of a Paradise which he awaits. To trouble our joy, to weaken our hope, the Demon, as Scripture says, puts water in our wine, stirs up in us doubts of all these truths, but the goodness of God, who leads us down to hell and leads us back, did not abandon me, because by giving to myself those thoughts which I should have given on a similar occasion to a third person I found myself in great peace and tranquillity."

It would be hard to find a more searching analysis of the condition of the soul at the moment of death than that which Bressani gives us in these few words. It is a treasure which he has added to ascetical literature. On the other hand, we are almost amused to hear him relate that "one evening, while they were burning the ring finger of my right hand for the last time, instead of singing, as they commanded me, I intoned the Miserere with so awful a voice that I made them afraid, and all listened to me with attention. Even he who was burning me remitted a little of that severity with which he had begun, but he did not therefore forbear, fearing that they would mock at him. Nevertheless, I thought then that I would die, so cruel was the pain.

"Often," he says, "when unbound in the morning—and I never had realized when considering the passion of Our Lord what a torment it was to be tightly bound—I found I had been dreaming that

I had been suddenly healed, and on awakening I looked to see if it were true. This thought, though only in a dream, gave me such strength and vigor that after one or two hours' rest I was full of strength to suffer as on the first day when I began to be tortured."

In 1649, after he had passed through all the horrors of the Huron dispersion, we find him the center of another thrilling adventure. He was conducting a party of sixty Hurons to Quebec, and was half-way down the St. Lawrence, which was full of ice and was every moment menacing their frail canoes with destruction. On their way they were discovered by ten Iroquois and attacked, although the Hurons were six times more numerous. Of course, it was in the dead of night and in the stealthy Indian fashion. Bressani was awake and was the first to perceive their approach. His cry "to arms" aroused the sleeping Hurons. The battle was a bloody one. Six Iroquois were stretched out dead, two were captured, and the other two took to flight; but seven of the Hurons were killed, one of them Jean Baptiste, who was revered by every one for his wonderful purity of life. When the battle was over they found Bressani streaming with blood. Three arrows had struck him in the head. The blood was stanched and they proceeded on their way. As if that were not enough, the party farther on almost came into collision with forty Frenchmen who were going up the river, and, mistaking the trail of the Huron scouts for that of the Iroquois, were on the point of massacring their friends. Fortunately, the disaster was averted. Bressani, though badly wounded, reached Quebec in safety. He had come to ask the Governor for help, but the request was unavailing, as the garrison was scarcely strong enough to defend the city, and so he did what he could with the white and red men around him.

On November 2, 1650, a year and a half after the death of his friends, Lalemont and Brebeuf, he bade farewell to America, weeping bitterly. It was affection that sent him home. His health was shattered, and, besides, all the posts of danger, which were his particular predilection, were for the moment impossible to reach. He returned to his native land and became a preacher in all of its great cities. His natural eloquence, his admitted sanctity, the story of his suffering, and also the marks of his martyrdom which he bore on his deeply scarred features and fingerless hands made it easy for him to sway men's hearts. He died at Florence, September 9, 1672.

T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

THE SITUATION IN CUBA.

THE entire world now knows the origin and cause of the downfall of the first President of Cuba. Two parties—the Conservative and the Liberal—aspired to the government of the new republic, and the result of the heated contest, which was a feature of the elections of 1905, was the revolution of August last, a revolution which, like almost every other which has taken place in Spanish America, had for a basis personal ambition and not religious or party principles.

Now what has transpired during the second intervention of the United States? Unanimous were the eulogistic trubutes paid to Mr. Taft, who, with consummate tact, was able in a few days to effect the disarmament of the revolutionists. For a time the restless element was pacified, the Conservative party was dissolved, the Liberals obtained many government positions, and if their triumph then seemed complete, it was not long before it was evident that dissentions were beginning the fatal work of division in the party itself. The Liberal party has two candidates for the presidency.. The first, Don José Miguel Gómez—the regular candidate, one of the generals in the war against Spain. He was Estrada Palma's opponent in the elections of 1905. Now from the ranks of the Liberals a new candidate has arisen, Dr. Alfredo Zayas, who, not content with the vice-presidency, aspires to the government of the republic upon the withdrawal of the Americans from the island. Everything possible was done to prevent this split in the party, but all to no avail. One of the papers most strongly opposed to these internal dissentions in the parties, gives the following account of the rupture: "The manifesto, or proclamation, to the country, published by the friends of Dr. Zayas, recommending his candidacy, admits the failure of the commission, which had for its avowed purpose the unification of the party."

The rupture, therefore, is now an acknowledged fact, proclaimed to the four winds, and from this on we can expect only implacable warfare between the followers of Señores Zayas and Gómez, a practice which has been adopted in political contests by the adherents of the same principles, but followers of two leaders. This is a deplorable custom, and an equally deplorable example to be set and

accepted in the only political party, which we have organized, and put in condition to assume the duties of government.

For some of the party newspapers such divisions seem to have no special importance. According to these, the differences which arise in a party at the time of elections do not affect what is essential, and they cite as an example that in the United States the Republican party has three or four candidates to succeed Mr. Roosevelt, without thereby endangering the unity of the organization. Nor does rivalry seem to exist among them; in point of fact they are often close friends and members of the same cabinet, as is the case of Messrs. Root and Taft, two presumptive candidates for the presidency. This argument, however, does not carry much weight, because the cold circumspect character of the North Americans is not the character of the Cubans, nor do they in the United States hold the lamentable notion of power and government that is held here, where from both these things nothing is sought but a vulgar species of delight in the power of creating positions and distributing credentials, a policy which, until now, has been followed by every class of politicians, with a few notable exceptions. With us, unfortunately, these party divisions are decisive, and grave in proportion as the respective parties are close to power. Just such a division had weakened the ranks of the Conservatives to such a degree, that when the troubles of August last broke out, they were unable to present an unbroken front. The Liberals were in very much the same position when General Muñez and his followers separated from the party. This state of things, in the opposition, is less calculated to do harm, because the situation is not so pressing, and there is time to darn the rents and close up the breaches. This, however, cannot be said to be the exact situation of the Liberal party. It cannot be said to be in power, neither is it in the opposition. Everything seems to point to this party as the leader in the affairs of the nation, and any quarrel or disagreement that would divide the party into two or three factions would not only render all possibility of counting upon it for the immediate government of the country, but on account of the disturbances that would arise from this division, the restoration of the Republic, promised by Mr. Taft when a perfect guarantee of order could be given, would be indefinitely put off. This looks very much as though the Liberal party, which has manifested so much impatience to establish its right, impatience which has been carried to the folly of resorting to arms, seems by a strange fatality to be in

a fair way to defeating its own ends, or at best deferring the recognition of the right to a time so far distant as to make one despair of its ever being re-established and consolidated.

What are the Conservatives doing while the Liberal party is thus being torn to pieces by internal dissentions? Efforts for re-organization are being put forward, and all those who formerly belonged to the Spanish autonomistic party, and all those who here are considered persons of education, position, and are the advocates of order, have once more organized into a group. That the Liberal party has many followers among the people at large, and that its influence in the country towns is great, seems to be true. This was the existing condition of things on the Island at the time of Mr. Taft's second visit. As my only object is to give the most impartial and disinterested opinion of these public questions, and acquaint readers of THE MESSENGER with the actual situation in Cuba. I shall quote the opinions which, in my judgment, come nearer to the truth with regard to the visit of the United States Secretary of War.

The *Avisador Commercial* wrote as follows:

"It has been said that the illustrious American politician, a man of exceptional qualifications, which have been many times demonstrated in the various political missions he has been called upon to carry out, does not take us seriously, or at least does not take our politics seriously, and looks on our politicians more or less as a joke; and in proof of this the Secretary's perpetual smile, sometimes with special variations, but nevertheless prodigal, are adduced. He did not smile when he met the Commission in the Chamber of Commerce, nor when he talked with the bankers who, by special invitation, visited the Palace. Mr. Taft, friendly and courteous, listened to all that was said to him, whether it was to his liking or not, without having recourse to his prescribed smile. Perhaps there was nothing to smile about; he may not have considered the discussion a subject for mirth; perhaps there was nothing to conceal with that smile.

"The Liberals told him that they wished to have the Republic established, entirely unfettered, as soon as possible, doubtless because many of them are growing old, and do not wish to depart this life without enjoying some of the spoils of war. The Conservatives desired not so much that the Republic be established at present, or even shortly, but that when it does come into existence it be strong, vigorous, and assured against all possible future convulsions, which

would undoubtedly be the death blow of the Cuban nation. The Chamber of Commerce laid before Mr. Taft the economic situation of our producers, and interested him in a wider application of the Reciprocity Treaty in favor of our products in the United States. The Agrarian League discussed immigration; and the bankers, upheld by the Chamber, declared that the present time was not an auspicious one for introducing American money as the only currency for all transactions in the country."

Much has been said and written about the letter which Mr. Taft wrote to the provisional government. In it a plan for the restoration of the Republic is outlined. Due consideration should be given to paragraph sixth, which reads as follows: "The carrying out of this plan presupposes complete quiet and order, which must be maintained throughout the elections, and a guarantee of the stability of the new government must be given, otherwise the United States will not fulfil the obligations which, in virtue of the intervention, rest upon her." In this connection *el Comercio* wished to know what were Mr. Roosevelt's expressed views for the situation in Cuba; what were his plans with regard to the future Republic, and, if one may judge from the press, the satisfaction has been general to find that above all there must be order at the time of the elections, and a guarantee of stability. We shall, therefore, have municipal and provincial elections, before which the census will be taken. The Liberals wish to hasten all this preparatory work, and to have the elections for president held without delay; but the American Government wishes to proceed quietly and does not propose to precipitate matters. In the meantime the dissentions in the Liberal party increase daily. Each one seeks the nomination, all want to come into power. The Conservative party is attacked as an enemy of the country; they are accused of having sold principle for American gold, and some persons, although the most distinguished that the nation can boast, are the subjects of the most unmerited attacks.

And now for a few words with regard to the religious situation in the Island. Open hostility to religion does not exist here. All, or at least the great majority, are Catholics, and consider themselves honored in the title, but among the men religious indifference is very prevalent, and also ignorance, especially in the provinces. At the time of the first intervention the craze for general reform banished all religious instruction from the schools. With the exception of one protesting newspaper, no one of them put in a

claim for the rights of religious instruction. The crucifix and the catechism disappeared from the public schools, and until now nothing has been done to settle this important question. It is true that the bishops have urged upon parish priests the necessity of teaching the catechism, and in private schools religious instruction is given, but all this falls far short of the actual needs. The Protestant ministers endeavor to attract the people, but up to the present date the Cubans who have really embraced Protestantism are very few in number. No faith can be put in the lists which the Protestants issue as they are made up of those who gave their names under the impression that it was a philanthropic organization, and not the Protestant religion to which they were giving their support. Every true Spaniard, or one in whose veins Spanish blood flows, despises the religion of Luther and Henry VIII, and would rather be without any religion whatever than embrace or profess Protestantism. If some have become Protestants it is because they expect material and not spiritual gain.

There is a great scarcity of priests, especially in Santiago de Cuba, and the central part of the Island, and as vocations are also scarce, the religious outlook for the future is not very bright. Considerable difference of feeling exists in different places. In some of the towns the inhabitants receive the priest willingly, and here some good may be accomplished; in others, on the contrary, the people cannot be induced to come to the church to hear the word of God preached.

As the readers of THE MESSENGER know, the Church possesses several buildings and ecclesiastical property, the sale of which the government has been considering for some time. The Protestants have also tried to take a hand in this. The following extract was written by the Protestant minister, the Rev. L. T. Mays, and published in the Havana *Daily Telegraph*. (Copied from English version in MSS.): "I am delighted personally that the editoral this morning appeared, for it makes the fact clear that the purchase of the church property, at an exorbitant price, is an issue between Protestantism and Romanism. My aim in visiting Taft was to make him and Magoon show their hand, so that Protestant voters in the United States would know that they were under papal influence. The people of the United States have been wishing to know why the appointment of Winthrop, a Protestant, was re-called, and Ma-

goon, christened a Catholic, was sent in his stead. Since this church deal has come up, many think they know the reason."

To this the *Telegraph* answered. (Copied from the English version in MSS.) "The *Telegraph* has not sneered at Protestants, and respects men of all religions alike so long as they behave themselves, nor has the *Telegraph* made the purchase of the church property an issue between Protestantism and Romanism: it is Mr. Mays, who did that in taking the view that it was his duty as a Protestant to meddle in what was absolutely none of his business. The *Telegraph* had no idea that the Protestant Mr. Taft was 'under papal influence,' nor does it believe that Mr. Mays will be able to convince the voters of the United States, Protestant, Catholic, Jew or Agnostic, that such is the case.

"We simply treated the matter as a business transaction, and recommended that the provisional government turn a deaf ear to those persons who, from interested motives, sought to prevail upon it to repudiate a contract lawfully entered into for the purchase of certain real estate needed for government purposes, it being highly desirable that the State possess this property for all time, and, moreover, cheaper for it to purchase than to continue paying rent."

S. SARASOLA, S.J.

See Editor's Notice, page 110.

EDITORIAL.

SPECIALISM IN EDUCATION.

AFTER the enthusiasm with which the advent of the specialist was greeted a few years ago and the high hopes that were raised of how much he would surely accomplish by devoting himself to one subject, it is evident, from several recent contributions to educational questions and discussions in this country, that there is very serious disappointment with regard to him and his accomplishments in many quarters. The impression is growing more and more general that the one-sided man does not accomplish great work in the solution of important problems, and that what he is most fitted for is as a rule the making of money for himself, or the securing exaggerated attention to some detail of his work, which afterwards proves to be quite futile or of very little significance. The last prominent educator to devote some special attention to the specialist is Professor Andrew Fleming West, the Dean of the Graduates' School of the University of Princeton, in his volume of short papers on "American Liberal Education," recently published by Scribner. Prof. West has had the opportunity to meet the specialist, and evidently has not been impressed favorably, and has consequently even been very sceptical as to the good accomplished by a method of education that has such a one-sided individual for its product. He considers that one of the most serious dangers threatening the true standard of liberal education in this country is "the antagonism of a non-enlightened specialization, that is, a specialization which does not limit the subdivision of studies by some consideration of the intrinsic value of the things studied. The most serious consequence of this devotion to a wrong ideal is that many of our rising students at science are only too ignorant of literature, many philosophers ignorant of science, and many literary men ignorant of both." He adds, "Many of our scholars, then, seem to be the subject of one or another petty principality rather than free men in the great commonwealth of knowledge." Dr. West is not satisfied, however, with merely stigmatizing the inadequacy of such a method of education, but he pays his respects to the specialists in rather strong language. As a reviewer in the New York *Times Saturday Review* quotes, "In the light of this candid statement of the general situation, I am tempted to think not wholly unfair a definition I was

once driven in exasperation with a particularly narrow specimen of the class to give of a specialist as a man who, because he knows more of one thing than of any other, thinks he knows more about it than anyone else."

Professor West recognizes how much good was accomplished by our educational institutions in the past, and deprecates mainly recent developments in education which have been unfortunate in their tendencies. He calls attention to the fact that the best work in the highest positions in this country has been accomplished by college educated men almost exclusively, and out of all proportion to their number in population. " Scarcely one in a hundred of our white male youth has gone to college, but this scanty contingent has furnished one-half of all the Presidents of the United States, most of the Justices of the Supreme Court, not far from one-half of the Cabinet and the National Senate, and almost a third of the House of Representatives. No other single class of equal numbers has been so potent in our national life." This represents the value of a real education. The old-fashioned variety, however, is now being more and more recognized as ever so much more effective than the new-fangled type, though so much of thought and especially of intricate organization has been presumedly devoted to this latter. It is interesting to realize in the midst of this very general discontent with modern methods, that it is practically only the Catholic colleges that have been accused of being old-fashioned. Now this old-fashionedness, which in their conservatism they maintained, this devotion to education for the sake of development and power rather than for practical utility, this insistence on giving a liberal education rather than training for business in life, is coming to be recognized by all deep students of education, and most of all by those who have had most experience, as the type of educational methods that other colleges must re-adopt, if the evils that have crept into the present system are to be eliminated. Now instead of being old-fashioned and behind the times, they are just that much ahead of other institutions which have been departing from the old and experimenting so unsuccessfully with the new. Such considerations must weigh with those who are practically engaged in educational affairs and who are interested in the intellectual training of the rising generation. Catholics are to be congratulated on the fact that their conservatism has, as always in history, proved its own reward.

ARE AMERICAN COLLEGES OUT OF JOINT?

This is the rather startling caption with which Professor William E. Dodd, of Randolph, Macon College, Virginia, heads his review of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, "Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses." In his book Mr. Adams has returned to the theme with which he startled the educational world twenty-five years ago, when he addressed it on a College Fetish, and insisted on American Superficiality. Mr. Adams has a number of striking things to say in these addresses, but the main thing of interest just now is, his definite declaration that the college must work, not to give information so much as to secure training of mind, honesty of purpose, uprightness of character, and thoroughness of accomplishment. For these purposes Mr. Adams insists further, that the number of subjects studied in college shall be limited, that their selection must be based on the opportunity they offer, for developing in the youthful mind three specific powers—observation, imagination, and reasoning. This is quite a step back from the elective system, which is now seen to have proved so harmful in our American Colleges, and it is a return to the conservatism of our forefathers, which should be very encouraging to Catholic educational institutions, since as a rule, they have not departed from the older standards to which now a return must be made. Even more striking, however, than what Mr. Adams has to say, with regard to methods of education, is his emphasis on the necessity for the moral training of the individual student in our universities. For this purpose he would not hesitate even to go so far as to break down our large colleges, into smaller units, with perhaps one hundred students in each, the teachers and masters being required to live in close proximity to their students. This is exactly the boarding school system of Catholic Colleges, which has been condemned so roundly during the past twenty years by some educators, as tying students to apron strings, and preventing the proper development of character. Verily, Catholic Colleges may well smile to themselves at this return to the methods which they have maintained in spite of the hue and cry against them which, unfortunately, so many of our Catholic parents have taken seriously, to the confessed detriment, as it now appears, not only of the moral training of their children, but also of their genuine education. Those who are particularly interested in this question of the moral training of students will find much food for reflection in President Hadley's

Baccalaureate Addresses recently published. When President Hadley was elected as the head of Yale University, it was pointed out by many persons, a little jubilantly, that he was the first president of Yale who was not a clergyman. His election was hailed as an emancipation from the old religious order. Anyone who will read these Baccalaureate Addresses of President Hadley will find that they are sermons in every sense of the word. He evidently realizes that one of the most important things for the student to get during his university career, is a deep appreciation of Christianity, and a persuasion that religious ideals mean more for him than anything else. Anywhere one turns, this same thought is emphasized in the educational world, that men are departing from ideals, and that Christianity alone can properly supply them. We have been scarcely a generation without religious education, and already there is a dictinct reaction in the minds of thinking educators. Those who are interested in the education of their sons and daughters should realize the significance of this reaction, and realize, too, that the only place where it is not manifest is in Catholic schools, because there religious training has been constantly maintained.

THE CLASSICAL REACTION.

We have taken occasion to note editorially in recent numbers of THE MESSENGER, certain very definite signs of a reaction in favor of classical education, that has been taking place in American life the last few years. The most noteworthy eddy in the current of reflux came at Princeton, but other colleges and universities have not been slow to follow the leadership of the conservative New Jersey institution. Perhaps the most surprising event in this connection is the recent selection of the former President of the University of California, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, for President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It has been well known in educational circles, during the past year, that this important New England institution was looking for the best man available in America for the position of president, and that every inducement would be held out to the right man. That the choice should have fallen upon a scholar like Professor Wheeler, a former Professor of Greek, whose training was entirely classical, and who is one of the men in America who most appreciates the classical training, must be indeed a surprise to those who regard the study of classics as a thing of the past, and not likely to be revived in our very practical times and country. No

higher compliment could be paid to the classical training than this selection of Professor Wheeler. On the part of those who represent the opposite pole of interest in educational matters, it is a recognition of the claim that nothing can develop all the possibilities of a man's intelligence like years devoted to the study of the classics. This does not furnish the student with as much practical information to be coined into material values, nor provide him with a mental store, which he can use directly for money making purposes; but it does so broaden his intellect that he is able to apply his mental faculties to any problem with the best possible results, even though the data of the problem be more or less unfamiliar to him. In the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine,* Joseph M. Rogers, in a short article on the "Decline of Classical Studies," has brought out this feature of classical education very distinctly. The fact that such an article should appear in a popular magazine is of itself another evidence of the widespread interest which has been aroused in the subject of the classics once more, and a definite index of the fact that editors recognize the educational reaction which is taking place in the life around us. Mr. Rogers declares that "The great benefit of classical study is that it enlarges the view of the individual; gives the mind wider scope, permits one to see, as he cannot by reading mere translations, the immense potentialities in the world, and the many pitfalls as well. The benefit is largely esoteric. But, the fully educated man, with his general equipment, has a better chance to choose his calling in life than if he has fitted himself for one thing only, and then finds himself disqualified. Classical studies show the normal individual how little he really does know, how difficult it is to acquire proficiency, even in a language which is tolerably well-fixed. When he discovers that to learn to read Ovid of Æschylus involves an immense amount of mental labor, the putting forth of many powers of concentration, imagination, and scientific application, he discovers that life is exceedingly complex, and that to succeed he must have a broad equipment instead of a narrow one." Parents who are deciding now, as so many are or should be, where their boys are to receive their collegiate training, should bear in mind that this reaction back to classic training is coming at the secular colleges and universities, while Catholic colleges have but to maintain their former attitude in the matter to be in the forefront of this movement.

See Editor's Notice, page 110.

THE CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

Padre Junipero.—On the topmost point of Robidoux Mountain, 1,300 feet above the level of the sea, near the scene of his first labors, a cross of cedar, 22 feet high, with cross-beam ten feet in length, has been erected to the memory of Father Junipero Serra. It was blessed by Bishop Conaty, of Los Angeles, in whose diocese are Monterey and Riverside, the ancient town founded by the Spaniards, and the new town at the foot of the mountain. The Bishop was assisted by twelve priests. Over two thousand persons, Catholic and non-Catholic, were present at the erection of this monument to the memory of the heroic Franciscan priest and pioneer. A bronze plate, with the story of Padre Junipero, is fastened to the rock below the Memorial Cross.

The Hierarchy.—In the presence of five Archbishops, twenty-three Bishops, 300 priests, and 30,0000 of the laity, Archbishop Ireland preached the sermon, and Bishop McGolrick, of Duluth, senior Bishop of the ecclesiastical province of St. Paul, laid the cornerstone of the new Cathedral of St. Paul. Before the ceremony, 20,000 Catholic men marched in procession and were reviewed by the Archbishop and his guests. Letters of congratulation were received from Cardinal Merry del Val, in the name of the Pope, and also from the President of the United States. The new Cathedral at Harrisburg was dedicated to the service of God by Bishop Shanahan, Sunday, May 26.

The Mohonk Conference.—The Conference on International Arbitration held at Lake Mohonk, New York, in May, notes that 21 American Republics are to take part in the Hague Conference, which was opened June 15. The business committee of Mohonk urges stated meetings at the Hague, a permanent tribunal for international arbitration, general arbitration treaties, protection of innocent private property at sea, in war time, the neutrality of trade routes on the ocean, and the prohibition of armed intervention for the collection of private claims, if the debtor-nation wishes to arbitrate.

Catholic Education.—The Catholic Educational Association will hold its annual meeting in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on July 9, 10 and 11. The sessions will take place in Marquette University. Father A. J. Burrowes, President of the University, is chairman of the committee of arrangements. Seminary, College and Parochial school branches of the association will hold separate meetings. Several important papers will be read in the various branch meetings, and public sessions will be held each evening of the convention.

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ENGLAND.

The McKenna Bill.—"The ridiculous little bill," as it has been called, which suddenly appeared after Birrell's educational fiasco, does not appear to be quite dead yet. Fear of the non-conformists, according to present appearances, will prompt the Liberals to push it through at the next session, though it was not promised in the King's speech, while many others, which were, will be dropped. The most notable blow it has received is from T. C. Horsfall, one of the conspicuous supporters of the government, who frankly denounces it for its "intolerable injustice to Catholics," and warns the government of resentment all over the country if an attempt is made to pass it. The Free Church Council, on the other hand, are telling Bannerman that he must press it forward. The Catholics are not idle, but are holding meetings everywhere to denounce it.

Back to the Land.—Having irritated Ireland, the luckless Liberal government now proposes to gain the good-will of the English peasants by listening to their grievances. Just as in Ireland, most of the small English farmers are only tenants. Of course, there are complaints, though the conditions are not as bad as on the other side of the Irish Sea. Mr. Harcourt is about to bring in a bill which will wrestle with the problem. He proposes to give power to the county councils to take land from the owners, whether they like it or not, and lease it for a term of not less than fourteen and not more than thirty-five years. It is merely tenant occupancy. If the councils succeed in getting people to accept the leases, they must remunerate the dispossessed landlords. For that purpose they are to be allowed to borrow on terms extending over eighty years. To force the councils to go quickly at the work, commissioners are to be appointed, who shall roam over the country and order the councils to seize and landlords to let go. The cost of this roving commission is also to be paid by the unforunate county councils, which means the taxpayers. The details of the bill have not been published.

The Birth Rate.—In the first quarter of this year the birth rate in the United Kingdom was the lowest on record. In the past 36 years there is a fall of 24 per cent., though the size of families is considerably greater than that of Paris, Berlin and Vienna. There is a general decline in Scottish and Colonial cities, and there is no sign of arrest.

Women's Colleges.—Following the establishment of Catholic Colleges for men at Cambridge and Oxford, it appears that the Cardinals of the Propaganda, after a careful discussion, have come to the conclusion that the time has come to permit similar institutions for women. The assent of the Holy Father is expected. The conditions at Oxford and Cambridge are, of course, unlike those in American Universities.

IRELAND.

Home Rule.—Campbell-Bannerman is thought to have made Home Rule as remote as Gladstone left it, or more so. The alliance of the Irish with

the Liberals seems to be at an end, and the old methods of obstruction bid fair to be the Irish programme for the future. It is supposed that the Liberals, after their disastrous failures with Education and Home Rule, will go to the country with the cry, "Down with the House of Lords." That, however, is only conjecture. Meantime the unabashed Birrell, after his double failure, is reported as about to set to work on the question of the University for Ireland, though that is doubted. Apparently he has no better prospects of success than with his other schemes. People are beginning to suspect that the Liberal programme of Home Rule and University Education was only a bait to capture the support of the Irish members for other schemes. The bait was not swallowed. Meantime the King is going to Ireland.

Gaelic.—The Gaelic League is going on to victory. A few days ago it was announced that the House of Commons would grant to schools in which Irish was taught as an ordinary subject, sums of 3s, 6s, 9s, and 12s for successive courses, and in case of schools which adopt the bilingual programme, 4s, 6s, and 8s per pupil, according to the merit shown by the school as a whole. It is proposed to teach the language as soon as the child enters school. The country will thus speedily become bilingual.

CANADA.

Censor of Plays.—The City Attorneys have handed down an opinion that it is clearly within the power of the Councils to appoint a Censor of Plays to be presented on the stage of any theatre in Montreal. It seems that the experience of the Most Rev. Archbishop with the theatres, which presented objectionable plays, against his protest, and met with empty houses, has led to the proposal of this question to the City Attorneys.

New Postal Laws.—The postal authorities, of the Domonion, made a convention with our authorities, particularly with regard to newspapers, which did not seem to be paying enough postage. Now there is a great outcry that "the postage on newspapers passing from Canada to the States was not only increased to sixteen times the former rate, but it was decided to make Canadian publishers affix stamps to the paper instead of paying on bulk weight, as formerly." The Canadian papers have to raise prices to buy the stamps.

Diamond Jubilee.—Sister M. Teresa O'Hagan, of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her entrance into religion, on June 10, 1907. Martha O'Hagan was the first English-speaking novice of the Grey Nuns in Ottawa. As son as she had taken her vows, she was appointed to take charge of the little institution for young ladies, which has grown to the great Rideau St. Convent, an educational establishment of which the whole city is proud. As a testimonial of esteem, the citizens of Ottawa, without distinction of creed, presented Sister Teresa with a beautiful address and a purse of three thousand two hundred dollars, on the occasion of her diamond jubilee. Sister Teresa has been at the head of the Rideau St. Convent for fifty-eight years.

Father O'Bryan, S.J.—Father Gregory O'Bryan, of the Society of Jesus, Rector of Loyola College, Montreal, died on June 6, the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. Father O'Bryan was the best known of the English-speaking Jesuits in Canada. He was a native of Halifax, and was born in 1858. He was ordained priest at Milltown Park, Ireland. He was best known as a missionary throughout Canada and Newfoundland, where he gave retreats to the clergy and to religious communities. Father O'Bryan had a magnificent presence, a wonderful memory, and a voice of singular strength and richness, and was utterly forgetful of self-interest. Fourteen years ago, he was told by a physician, that if he did not give up the missions, he would have but ten years to live. He continued for two years longer, despite the warning, then his heart grew weak, and a quiet life was enjoined by superiors. He was appointed Rector of Loyola College in 1905. He received the last Sacraments while fully conscious, and peacefully expired amongst his brethren, who knelt around him, reciting the prayers for their dying Superior.

Mission to the Gaels.—Father O'Bryan's last act of courtesy was to accompany to the train Father Angus Campbell, S.J., who has come out from Scotland to give missions in Gaelic to the Scotch-Gaels throughout the Dominion. They have a periodical publication of their own, and contemplate a weekly to be called "*Alba*," which will be issued about All Saints Day.

BELGIUM.

The New Ministry.—The new ministry has been formed, and the crisis, which was apprehended, has passed. The ministry is Catholic. One surprise in it is that M. de Trooz, Minister of the Interior in the previous Cabinet, is chosen Premier. M. Liebaert, formerly Minister of Railroads, has been made Minister of Finance. Another surprise is that the new Minister of Railroads, M. Helleputte, and the Minister of Justice, M. Renkin, belonged to the *Jeune Droite*. The explanation of it, however, is easy for any one who knows Belgian politics. The Catholic Party has been in power since 1870, with the exception of six years (1878-1884). What was called the *Loi de malheur*, because its introduction of the Neutral Schools was considered a misfortune for the country, was also in its workings disastrous for the Liberal Party itself, because it brought defeat caused inside of five years, and has kept the Liberals out of power ever since. On their return to office, the Catholics, whose opposition to the *Loi de malheur* made them stronger than ever, profited by their powerful majority to pass a good school law, and to give generous subsidies to Catholic Free Schools. Moreover, while extending the right of electoral suffrage, they gave two votes to fathers of families, and three to those who had made classical studies, an arrangement which assured the Conservatives a safe majority. To make voting obligatory, they established a proportionate representation of the various political parties, by giving, according to the number of votes cast, one, two, or three rep-

resentatives. The consequence was that in all the Provinces, even in those in which Catholics had never been represented, as for example, Charleroi, Liège, and Mons, they had two or three representatives, and thus, also, in the Waloon Province, the Catholic Party began to lift its head. On the other hand, the Liberals were very much weakened, for, divided as they were into Radicals, Socialists, and Liberals, they came to Parliament with an irreconcilable antagonism, never uniting except to fight the Catholics. This proportionate representation has, however, inflicted a loss on the Catholics, in a certain number of seats in the Flemish Provinces; for the Liberals and Socialists have elected some of their party there. The ultimate issue has been that the Catholic majority of 30 has shrunk to 12, but this majority is more stable, less subject to overthrow, and less exposed to emotional upheavals, which often change a considerable majority in a disheartened minority. This majority of 12 is moreover solid.

Why do we hear so much of the *Jeune Droite*. The term itself comes from the enemy, and is intended to imply dissension in the Catholic Party. As a matter of fact there is no *Jeune Droite*, or *Vielle Droite*, Young Right or Old Right. On certain questions as, for instance, personal military service, the suppression or decrease of government schools, and the maintenance only of free schools, the annexation of the Congo, the democratic movement, etc., our Catholic representatives, just like their opponents, have their personal opinions.

It was the personal opinion of M. Helleputte that brought about the fall of the Ministry, which had lasted eight years. But there was never the slightest danger of the advent of a Liberal Ministry, or of an appeal to the people. A general election, in fact, would have brought in the same number of representatives, with perhaps a slight increase in favor of the Catholics. The proportionate representation made that sure. There is, therefore, a Ministry of very capable Catholics. It is a Ministry of concentration. All are agreed on the principal question, viz.: to favor liberty of teaching, and to subsidize free schools, as well as those of the State; the latter being, according to the spirit of the Constitution of 1830, only accessory. They supply what the free schools may fail to achieve. But as the free schools surpass those of the State in number, they ought to have the preference and be more favored than the official primary schools.

The law to which the preceding Cabinet would not give its consent, was a law according a limitation of working hours, and other guarantees, to the future workers of the newly discovered coal fields of Limburg. It will now be passed by the Senate, as it has already been by the Representatives in spite of Cabinet opposition. But MM. de Trooz and Liebaert will no longer be in the Senate and will not be compelled to retract. It was on this question of democratic prevision that the old Ministry fell, perhaps also because the Chief was worn out by his eight years of work.

FRANCE.

Strikes.—France is scarcely out of one labor demonstration before another begins. Thus the strike of the entire merchant marine, which tied up every port, was hardly arranged when the vine growers assembled to protest against the artificial manufacture of wines, which was taking their means of livelihood from them. A "ragged army," as it was called, of 700,000 manifestants appeared at Montpelier to clamor for their rights. They refuse to pay any more taxes and demand the resignation of all communal officials, mayor, prefects, etc. It is reported that 1,200 had done so on June 11. One mayor hauled down the national flag and ran up a streamer of crêpe instead. Civil law had already ceased to prevail from the Spanish frontier to the Rhine.

Montagnini Again.—Clemenceau's "first shot," as he called it, has proved a boomerang. The Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry has found that not only was the seizure of the papers a violation of decency, but that the documents have been manipulated at pleasure by the goverment, which throws the blame on the translators, none of whom were sworn to secrecy, nor chosen from the state officials, but picked up where they could be found; all of which explains how the press got all the information it wanted. Very sensational disclosures are expected, which will cause much discomfiture to the official burglars.

Women's Federation.—A movement has been started in France to form associations all over the country for the preservation of the Faith and the social betterment of the people. A congress of these societies has just been held at Lyons, under the presidency of the Archbishop, Cardinal Coullié. The call for the women to organize was issued only in 1901, and already success seems assured. Delegates were present in great numbers, representing associations of many kinds, from the entire country. They have on hand the teaching of catechism, the circulation of good papers and books, the securing of homework for peasant girls to save them from factory and city life, etc. The report, issued by Mme. la Comtesse de St. Laurent, does not give us exact figures, and we cannot judge with anything like precision of the amount of work accomplished, but the enthusiasm seems to be universal. Joan of Arc is taken as the model of these devoted women, who are determined to save their country if the men will not.

ITALY—ROME.

Father Hayes, S.J.—The newly elected English Assistant of the General of the Society of Jesus died in Rome at midnight of May 27-28. He was born at Preston, in 1839, and entered the Society in 1858. He had been a missionary in Jamaica, tutor of Don Jaime, the son of Don Carlos, spiritual father at Beaumont, prefect of studies in Glasgow, rector of Farm Street in 1887, and rector of Liverpool in 1894. He was sent as delegate of the English province to the last congregation of the Society,

in 1906, and was there chosen for the English assistancy. His health began to fail almost immediately, and he died after much suffering.

The Vulgate.—The enemy was recently busy with the cry that, because the Vulgate was going to be "revised," there was a new translation of Holy Scripture projected. There is no such purpose; but the Benedictines have been commissioned by the Pope to make an exhaustive study of the variants of the Latin text, which have affected successive editions, so as to get one "more definitely conformable to the original texts." Such are the words of Cardinal Rampolla in his letter to Dom Hildebrand Hemptonne, Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, informing him that the Council of Trent had desired it, that the Barnabite Father Vercellone had labored at it, but that now "it seems well that it should be entrusted to a Religious Order capable of disposing of means proportioned to the difficulty of the undertaking." In response to this invitation, the Benedictines have established an Academy of Historical Studies of six members, one of whom will probably be an American.

The Seminaries.—The reform of the Italian seminaries is in full swing; but very great difficulties present themselves. Italy has no fewer than 286 dioceses, some of them miserably poor, but each one with its seminary, which is frequently very deficient in the number and quality of the professors and the discipline of the students. Singularly enough, the laity clung to the maintenance of these establishments. The Pope, in order to conciliate opposing interests, permits their continuance as little seminaries, but compels the students to go to the provincial seminaries for theology and philosophy. The choice of site for these provincial seminaries may give rise to disputes, in which case the Pope will intervene.

GERMANY.

The Downfall of the Camarilla.—Prince Philippzu Eulenburg has been for many years the intimate friend and influential, though irresponsible, adviser of Emperor William. It was he who, thirteen years ago, brought about the sudden dismissal from office of Chancellor Caprivi. He was a meddlesome busy-body, who could not be brought to book, as he held no office. Last October he and his round-table, to which belonged the Governor of Berlin, Count Kuno von Moltke, attempted to oust Chancellor von Bülow from office. He was to be succeeded by the Chief of the Staff of the Army, Count Hellmuth von Moltke. The Chancellor got wind of the plan, and in order to defeat it published it in one of his papers. This premature publication, however, had not the desired effect. He tried another expedient. He requested the leader of the National Liberal party to make a speech in the Reichstag on "personal" government, which the Chancellor answered with great spirit. In the course of his speech, he said: "Camarilla is not a German word; Camarilla means a nasty, foreign, poisonous weed, and it has never been planted in Germany without great harm to the people. I repeat, the attempt to plant this nasty, poisonous weed in our soil has never been made without great

harm to our sovereigns, and without great harm to our people." These words were not then generally understood, as they are now understood; they were aimed at Eulenburg and his table-round. The Camarilla was in glee after this speech, for the Chancellor seemed to give up the game, and by these brave words to be preparing for a decent funeral. But he had not surrendered. He now sought a quarrel with the Centre party on a trifling matter, and found a pretext to dissolve the Reichstag. It was the last desperate move of a political gambler. "To be or not to be," that was the question for him: he was fighting for his political existence. This is the real secret, as the *Germania* points out, of the otherwise inexplicable dissolution. He did not vanquish the Centre, but he unexpectedly defeated the Socialists, and has thereby regained the Emperor's confidence. The star of the Eulenburgs began to set. In the meantime a Berlin paper, *Die Zukunft*, published some discreditable revelations concerning the Eulenburg table-round, revelations that were not directly connected with politics; and the young crown-prince, so it is reported, laid these before his father. The result was the dismissal from office of the Governor of Berlin, Count Kuno von Moltke, and of some other high functionaries, and particularly, early in May, the break-up of the Emperor's friendship with Eulenburg.

Adjournment of the Reichstag.—The new Reichstag was adjourned on May 14 till November 19. The "Block" majority has accomplished very little. It voted 19 million marks to indemnify the farmers of Southwest Africa, also the independent Colonial office with a Secretary of State for the Colonies. The colonies up to the present have cost the German people 890 million marks, and have brought no revenues. The uprising of the natives of Southwest Africa alone cost the Empire 640 millions.

On the day of adjournment the Reichstag ratified the commercial agreement with the United States. The agreement was severely criticized by all the speakers except the Socialists. "We get as good as nothing," they said, "in return for our concessions, but," they added resignedly, "the proposed arrangement is better than a tariff war." The new majority has to listen to many uncomplimentary remarks. On the day of adjournment, the Berlin *Tageblatt*, a radical "Block" paper, delivered itself thus: "The barrenness of the government 'Block' is surely more than an untoward accident. Its causes lie deeper. The government fears that the 'Block' will go to pieces, if serious political work is demanded of it. . . . There is little hope that the fall session will be more fruitful than the present one has been. What we know for the present is that the 'Block' has accomplished nothing." The Chancellor very rarely appeared in the Reichstag, and is glad to have it "off his hands." The Centre party enjoyed the situation and bides its time.

The Navy League and the Recent Elections to the Reichstag.—In view of the facts that thousands of Catholics had withdrawn from the Navy League, and that the Bavarians particularly had become disaffected, the

annual congress of the League, held this year in Cologne in the second week of May, was looked forward to with curiosity. The chief complaint was that the acting manager of the League, General Keim, contrary to the statutes, had taken a foremost part in the late electoral campaign, and had especially agitated against the Centre and the Catholics. A committee was appointed to consider the complaints of the Catholic members. It deliberated behind closed doors for twelve hours, and then declared that hereafter, "as heretofore," the Navy League was a non-political body, and welcomed members from all denominations, and that it was a slander to say that the League was anti-Catholic. General Keim, himself, called it "an infamous lie." The *Germania* proves from Keim's own spoken and written words that he did indeed arouse the *furor protestanticus.*

The Elections in Bavaria.—Last year the Kingdom of Bavaria enacted a far-reaching electoral reform. The elections to the Bavarian Legislature were henceforth to be by direct, secret and universal suffrage. The first election under the new law took place on May 31, and ended with a brilliant victory of the Centre party. In the last House, with 159 seats, the Centre held 102; the Liberals, 25; the Socialists, 12; the Farmers' League, 20. According to the new law there are 163 seats. Of these the Centre has won 99; the Liberals, 25; the Socialists, 20; the Farmers, 19. The Centre has a majority of 35 over all the other parties. Munich has 12 seats. Of these the Socialists won 8; the Liberals, 4; the Centre, none.—A very unpleasant incident in the election was the action of Father Grandinger, a parish priest in the Archdiocese of Bamberg. He ran as a Liberal in the district of Naila, and although his Archbishop pointed out to him the grievous scandal he was giving to the Catholic people by identifying himself with a party that was not only opposed to the denominational school, but was radically anti-Catholic, Grandinger persisted and was elected by the Liberals. This "black" sheep will present a comical picture in the Liberal ranks.

Catholic "Colportage-Verein."—There exists in Catholic Germany many agencies for the spread of good books and literature. Not to mention the great Society of St. Charles Borromeo, with its 2,700 branch libraries and 117,000 members, and the agencies of Missionary Congregations for the spread of their books, periodicals and almanacs, there exist agencies for Catholic book peddling in München, Gladbach, Cologne, Mannheim, Offenburg, Freiburg, Stuttgart, Munich, Mainz, Nürnberg, Frankenstein. Nevertheless, complaints by priests and teachers and other Catholic leaders are constantly made that the peddling of bad books into Catholic families does not cease. Trashy, immoral, irreligious, sensational novels on the cheap installment plan, weekly papers with immoral or swindling advertisements, bad comical papers, and licentious pictures find their way into Catholic families. The evil must be traced to the lack of a well-planned central organization. Organization is the magical word, organization is the means by which the tide

of bad literature can be successfully stemmed. When in every parish, in every locality, a competent person is appointed as agent for the spread of Catholic literature, who gives his whole time to the work, and is assisted by the leaders of the people, particularly by the clergy and the teachers, is in touch with the central office, a member of a well organized business, then only will it be possible to wrest the position from the enemy, and stem the tide of pernicious literature. For this purpose the Catholic Colportage-Verein was founded in 1905, at Neunkirchen, in the diocese of Trier. At the end of that year the Society had 70 agents, at present there are more than 200, and day after day new agencies are being established. The central office furnishes to each agent a small depot of books, periodicals, almanacs, pictures, a selection of cheap Catholic stories and novels, books and pamphlets for religious instruction and controversy, for the defence of the Church, on the social question, books for boys and girls.

This society does not enter into competition with Catholic publishing houses; on the contrary, it will help the sale of their publications. The agents are not left to themselves, but are periodically called together for conferences, where they receive direction and instruction, and are aroused to renewed activity. Moreover, the Society publishes a "Correspondence," which keeps the members in touch with one another and with the Centre. If this excellent new institution gains a foothold all through Catholic Germany, as it bids fair to do, one of the greatest evils of modern civilization, bad reading, will have been effectually removed.

The Missionary Society of the Catholic Women of Germany, which has been in existence a little more than five years, and already counts 80,000 members recruited from all classes of society, received the approbation of Leo XIII, and the special blessing of Pius X. Its spiritual protector is Cardinal Steinhuber, and it enjoys the special patronage of the Princess Leopold von Hohenzollern. The main object of this society is to supply the missions with all the objects necessary for divine service. In the great Army, Navy and Colonial Exhibition, which has just been opened in Berlin, a large space has been allotted to this society for its magnificent exhibition of church furniture. Many of these objects have been wrought by the skillful hands of ladies of the highest aristocracy, are very costly, and are attracting universal admiration.

A Monument to Father Friedrich von Spee.—Father Friedrich von Spee, S.J., is one of the greatest Germans of the 17th century. He is the author of *Cautio Criminalis,* the celebrated book, by which he protests against the trials for witchcraft; he is the sweet singer of *Trutznachtigall,* and he died of the plague, a martyr of charity, and lies buried in the beautiful Jesuit church in Trier. In this age of monuments he certainly deserved one. The other day, 270 years after his death, a life-size statue of this great and holy man, erected over his tomb, was unveiled. His left foot stands upon a pile of wood, the symbol of the stake, the fires of which he quenched with his famous book.

Professor Reinke Against Häckel.—On May 10 the distinguished biologist of the University of Kiel, Professor Reinke, delivered in the Prussian House of Lords a discourse against Häckel, which has attracted wide attention. Referring to the League of Monists (*Monisten-bund*), founded last year by Häckel, he said that as Socialism is making for revolution in economics, so the Monists are trying to revolutionize society in the intellectual and spiritual sphere. It is one thing, he said, when a philosopher at his desk develops a revolutionary system of philosophy; it is another, when a mob of fanatics seizes upon these ideas and proceeds to a propaganda of action. Häckel does not belong to the army of recognized physicists, does not count in the number of naturalists that are to be taken seriously. He is simply a fanatic, and his monism means a relapse into barbarism. Yet, his "Riddles of the Universe," are read by boys in the Gymnasium, by girls in academies, and by school teachers. The speaker warns the scholastic authorities to be on the watch against this danger, and proposes, as an antidote, to give sound biological instruction in the higher schools.

AUSTRIA.

The Recent Elections to the Austrian Reichsrat.—A well-informed correspondent sends us from Austria the following details and summaries of the recent elections:

CATHOLIC.	
German Christian-Social	96
Czech Catholic	17
Slovenian Catholic	18
Conservative Poles	30
Italian Christian-Social	9
	170

INDIFFERENT.	
Bohemian Agrarians	29
Croats	13
Old Czechs	6
Ruthenians	25
Roumanians	4
Polish People's Party	17
Unattached Poles	5
Unattached Czechs	2
	111

LIBERAL.	
German Progressive	24
German People's Party	20
German Agrarians	17
Young Czechs	20
Slovenian Liberals	6
Italian Liberals	5
Zionists	5
Polish Democrats	22
	119

RADICAL.	
Socialists	87
Pan-Germans	17
Radical Czechs	10
Radical Germans	2
	116

The foregoing list analyzes the new Reichsrat from the religious standpoint. Among the Bohemian Agrarians, the Croats and the Polish People's Party, there are some Liberals; among the Young Czechs, the German Agrarians and the Polish Democrats there are some who are not anti-Clerical.

CENTRALISTS.		FEDERALISTS.	
Christian Social Club	96	Czech Club	84
Ruthenian Club	25	Polish Club	94
Roumanians	4	Southern Slavs	37
German National Club	47		
German Progressive	24		215
Pan-German	17		
Radical German	2	Socialists	87
Zionists	5	Italians	14
	200		101

This list presents the situation from the political standpoint. The absolute majority in the new House is 259.

SWITZERLAND.

End of the Kulturkampf.—France, of late, has the faculty of doing things inopportunely. While it is persecuting Catholics, its neighbors, great Germany and little Switzerland, have decided that the time for such things has passed. Thus, in Switzerland, M. Folletête moved a resolution inviting the Bernese government to revise its decree of 1874, which had suppressed thirty-three out of the seventy-six parishes of the state. Not only was the resolution accepted, but besides restoring the old parishes, a recommendation was made to establish three new ones. The Grand Council even decided to give the priests, in charge of parishes, a salary ranging from 1,800 to 2,800 francs. Other parts of Switzerland are following on the same lines. Thus a confiscated church at Geneva has been given back, and the Canton of La Valais has declared Catholicism to be the religion of the state.

ASIA.

India.—Unrest in the Punjab and in Bengal.—The recent disturbances in the Punjab and in Bengal might have proved more serious than it was at first believed, had they not been paralyzed by the sudden and swift display of military force, and by the almost simultaneous arrest and subsequent deportation of Lala Lajpat Rai, whose seditious movements were the direct outcome of the violent methods of political agitation which were adopted by a certain section of Indian politicians after the partition of Bengal. Lajpat Rai had been boasting that no Court could convict him, and that no gaol could hold him. Though no disturbances have occurred in other Indian provinces, sedition is vigorously, though secretly, preached in Bombay and the Deccan by a class of politicians who are openly hostile to British rule, and determined to breed trouble, in the ultimate hope of forcing Great Britain to relinquish her hold on India.

The failure of the higher education in India to produce loyalty, the considerable strengthening in Northern India of what is called racial antipathy, and the strong disposition which the Mussulmans are showing to quarrel with India, are three dangers which it cannot be denied are lurking in the temporary unrest in India, and which to remove will re-

quire the most strenuous exertion, and the highest wisdom of the Indian Government.

Death of the Right Rev. Dr. Beiderlinden, S.J.—The Madras *Mail's* correspondent announces the death of His Lordship, Dr. Beiderlinden, S.J., Bishop of Poona. Having been ailing for some months past, Bishop Biederlinden was advised to go for a change to Khandala, where he died two days after his arrival, at the age of sixty-four. During the twenty-one years of his life at Poona, Bishop Beiderlinden had by his quiet, humble and kindly ways, gained the respect and affection of all with whom he came into contact, not only among his own community, but also among the different creeds and classes of society. He was born at Münster in 1842, and entered the German Province of the Society of Jesus in 1865. After the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, in 1872, he went to England. In 1879 he was sent to the Mission of the German Jesuits in India, of which, in 1882, he became Superior General. When Leo XIII erected the See of Poona, in 1887, Father Beiderlinden was chosen as its first bishop.

China.—Chinese Policy in Manchuria.—Various indications, such as the failure of the Ya-lu timber negotiations, and the unfriendly attitude of the Governor of Mukden, seem to give countenance to the belief, which begins to prevail in Japan, that the Chinese Government intends to pursue an obstructive policy in Manchuria, with the object of personally depriving Russia and Japan of all the privileges acquired as the result of the Russo-Japanese War.

Rebellion at Wongkong.—The recent outbreak at Wongkong, in the Uping District of the Chinchu prefecture, resulted in the assassination of all the civil and military officials, and in the destruction of their yamens. The local revolutionists, who were joined by natives of the neighboring provinces, concentrated their attack on the officials without any opposition on the part of the populace. The insurrection was evidently not against foreigners, nor against the Chinese dynasty, but was purely due to bad crops and domineering under-officials.

Census by the Congregation of the Propaganda.—According to the late census made by the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, there are in the Chinese Empire but 904 European missionaries, and 417 native priests.

Japanese Immigrants in Manchuria.—The character of the steady Japanese immigration into Manchuria is a source of great concern to China. Instead of being the industrious and quiet class, China finds that the Japanese immigrants belong, for the most part, to the class described by them as "rowdies." Besides, as their number is estimated at upwards of 50,000, it is impossible for the Japanese of orderly demeanor and of industrious habits to counterbalance the class which is objectionable to China.

Japan.—The Franco-Japanese Treaty.—Of great significance to the Japanese people is the Franco-Japanese agreement signed June 10th, by Mr. Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in behalf of France, and by Mr.

Kurino for Japan. According to the *Figaro*, the following is said to be the declaration made in the Treaty:

"France and Japan, being mutually desirous of reaching an understanding and strengthening their friendly relations, and having examined their interests in the Far East, namely, the sovereignty of France over Indo-China, and the occupation of Kwang-Chau-Win (leased from China, in 1898, by France), and the occupation of Port Arthur and the protection over Corea by Japan, agree that the recognition of the independence and integrity of China is the best guarantee of their interests, and proclaim this principle in order to strengthen the interior peace and security of China, so necessary to all European interests.

"In consequence France and Japan mutually guarantee the Continental status quo."

Negotiation for a Japanese Embassy at Constantinople.—To establish itself on an equality with other European nations represented at the Sublime Porte, as well as to have its own representation with the Sultan, Japan has been negotiating for the establishment of a Japanese embassy at Constantinople. The Japanese diplomats have thus far met with no success with the Sultan, possibly because of the refusal by the Turkish Government to grant Japan the supervision over her internal affairs, which privilege is claimed by the Foreign Powers, with accredited ambassadors at Constantinople, and which it has been the policy of the Turkish Government to restrict and even ultimately to abolish as altogether opposed to the dignity of its independent sovereignty.

Japan's Peace Message and Military Programme.—The report that Japan's navy shall be more than double the size and strength it was at the outbreak of the war with Russia, and that her army shall be capable of mustering no less than one million trained soldiers, ill accords with the Mikado's peace message, of which Mr. Tsudzuki, who represents Japan at the Hague Conference, is the bearer. Whether this military programme upon which Japan has set out is aimed at some particular nation, or is undertaken merely as a safeguard against future probabilities, and for the maintenance of the peace of the world, which the Mikado bade his Plenipotentiary at the Hague Conference declare was his great concern, no one but the little group of statesmen who are the real rulers of Japan could say.

It is not improbable, however, that all Japan's war preparations are rather in view of assuring for all time the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire, than in anticipation of a renewal of conflict with Russia, or any other Power in the near future.

Persia.—Danger of an Uprising at Tabriz.—According to authentic news from Tabriz, Rahdin Khan's son, with 8,000 Celebians has sacked and pillaged the village of Aboul, three miles from Tabriz, killing 250 of the villagers. Though the Shah informed the Assembly that he had ordered Rahdin Khan to be put in chains, and his son brought to Teheran, the populace gave little credence to the Shah's words, attributing the massacre to him. A crisis is believed to be imminent.

AFRICA.

New Books in Chiswina, by the Jesuit Fathers of Chishawasha.—The five new books in the Chiswina, or Mashona tongue, which have recently been published by the Jesuit Fathers at Chishwasha, will be invaluable, not only to the missionaries of Mashonaland, but also to all who are desirous of studying the language of the Mashonas. The largest and most important of these recent publications is a handy little volume of 380 pages, divided into Grammar and English-Chiswina, and Chiswina-English vocabulary, by Rev. E. Biehler, S.J., who has been in daily communication with the natives during the last twelve years. The short Chiswina Grammar is designed to serve as an introduction to the dictionary; the English-Chiswina vocabulary contains some 4,500 words with numerous examples to illustrate the use and meaning of each native word. The Chiswina-English vocabulary consists of 3,425 words. The dictionary purports to give the language as spoken by the natives in and around Salisbury, and within a radius reaching as far as Umtali on the east, and Eukeldoorn on the south. The language is called Chiswina, a native word which is the nearest to the now almost general nomenclature, Mashona.

Broken Hill and Bwana Macuba in Northern Rhodesia.—With the completion of the Kafue Bridge, which is the longest in South Africa, consisting of thirteen spans of a hundred feet each, one of the many copper mines of Northern Rhodesia is now in direct communication with the Cape. Broken Hill is 2,014 miles from Cape Town, 106 miles from the Congo Free State, and 380 miles from the Victoria Falls. Its altitude is 4,200 feet above sea level. For miles around Broken Hill are series of low kopjes, about 60 to 70 feet in height, all of them very rich in minerals. The lead and zinc mines are expected to yield from 500 to 700 tons of ore daily. Before long the railway will extend to the Bwana Macuba copper mine, which is only six miles from the border of the Congo Free State. This is said to be the richest mine in Northern Rhodesia. The ores of this mine are chiefly copper, carbonates and silicates. The main lode is said to extend over a length of 4,000 feet, and is from four to nine feet wide, of high grade quality, the average being about 50 per cent. copper.

Central Madagascar.—The following figures from a letter of the Right Rev. Mgr. De Saune, S.J., Coadjutor of Bishop Cazet, S.J., to the "Missions Catholiques," gives us the latest status of the Mission confided to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus: Bishops, 2; priests, 82; Coadjutor Brothers, 24; Christian Brothers, 36; Sisters, 92; lay school teachers, 1,305; stations, 1,213; churches and chapels, 1,180; Catholics, 160,068; schools, 1,212; pupils enrolled, 60,109; average attendance, 35,323; infant baptisms, 11,994; adult baptisms, 4,501; confessions, 306,064; Communions, 327,708; confirmations, 2,406; marriages, 910; Extreme Unctions, 927.

Morocco.—The Adjustment of French Claims.—Upon the promise of the representative of the Sultan of Morocco to accede to all the French demands, M. Regnault, the French Minister at Tangier, was instructed to

negotiate a settlement calling for, among other things, (1) the dismissal and imprisonment of Marrakech Pacha, who is adjudged guilty of setting the mob on Dr. Mauchamp, the French citizen who was murdered at Morocco City in March last. (2) An inquiry by the French Consul at Mogador into the whole affair in order to definitely determine the responsibility. (3) The punishment of the assassins of Dr. Mauchamp and M. Charbonnier, and the assailants of MM. Lasalles and Girocourt. (4) The immediate organization of the international police, in accordance with the terms of the Algeciras Convention. (5) The establishment of police on the Algerian frontier, in accordance with the agreement of 1902. (6) The payment of an indemnity, the amount of which France will subsequently determine. (7) The immediate adjustment of all the 213 French claims against the Government of Morocco.

Uganda.—Fr. Matthews, of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, Mill Hill, furnished the following interesting statement of spiritual works done in Uganda from September, 1906, to February, 1907: Baptisms, 1,655; confessions, 34,500; Communions, 34,649; marriages, 94; confirmations, 641; patients attended to, 29,031; deaths, 334; Catholic population, 18,326; children in school, 1,130; catechumens under instruction, 11,545; cathechists, 221.

OCEANICA

Australia.—The British Colonial Conference.—In his speech in favor of a system of preferential tariffs between England and her colonies, the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, Mr. Alfred Deakin, urged that greater co-operation was a necessary policy towards the Empire's continued existence. He pointed out that Australian trade with foreign countries was on the increase, whilst that with the Mother Country was on the decline. And yet of the trade with Great Britain, which Australia could supply, at least in part, there were 213 million pounds, of which only 10 million pounds were supplied by Australia, 40 millions by other British colonies, and 160 millions by foreign countries. Australia could scarcely maintain its position in British markets without preferential tariffs. Besides, an extension of the export trade, Mr. Deakin claimed, was necessary to enable Australia to bring a larger area under cultivation, and to afford employment to its increasing population. That the imperial government has refused to accede to the scheme for colonial trade preference seems to be the one conspicuous result of the British Colonial Conference. In consequence, the Conference of 1907 may well be considered a failure. The Premiers, though sorely disappointed at seeing their high hopes of a preferential trade policy frustrated, frankly admit that Mr. Balfour was probably right when he declared that the preference scheme is bound to win, and that soon.

Among other points proposed by the Premiers to bring about greater co-operation between the imperial and colonial ministries in matters of mutual interest, was the proposal made by Mr. Alfred Deakin of the immediate establishment of a new empire mail service of the highest speed and efficiency via Canada to Australia and New Zealand, on the one

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hand, and to China and Japan on the other. This, with a few other minor projects, was unanimously adopted at the Conference.

New South Wales.—In the course of his Budget speech, Mr. Carruthers, Premier of New South Wales, stated that owing to the unparalleled prosperity of the country, there would be a surplus for the year ending June 30, of £1,350,000 and, in consequence, a reduction in taxation amounting to about £270,000, and including the abolition of the tax on incomes derived from personal exertion, as well as the stamp duties on cheques, receipts, promissory notes and bills of exchange.

SOUTH AMERICA

Argentina.—The Delegates to the Hague are empowered to bring several matters of importance to the notice of the Conference. There is, however, one matter of international importance to settle which the Government is arranging to hold a Conference in Buenos Aires. This is the question of the citizenship of children of foreign parents who, according to the laws of the republic, are Argentines, but according to the laws of most European countries, are subjects of the power to which their parents owe allegiance.—The great railway strike was settled on June 4, and the men went back to work on all railroads. While the strike lasted, all commercial movements ceased, so that the cessation of it was hailed with relief by all classes of citizens.

Brazil.—Baron Rio Branca, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the popular statesman and most prominent figure in Brazilian public life, gave a grand state banquet to the Diplomatic Corps of Rio Janeiro, on June 15, to celebrate the opening of the Hague Conference.—King Carlos, of Portugal, will be accompanied by Queen Amalia on his coming visit to Brazil.

Chili.—President Montt, in his message, congratulates the country upon the energy displayed under the catastrophe caused by the earthquake at Valparaiso. He calls attention to the great prosperity of the Republic, and urges legislation to facilitate commerce and internal trade. The strike on the railways was settled on June 9, the government granted the increase in wages demanded by the men who returned to work. All the surveys for the Longitudinal Railway will be finished by September, 1907. The results of the surveys made by the Belgian and German syndicates will be submitted to Congress for final action.

Peru.—The Most Rev. Manuel Tovar, Archbishop of Lima, and Metropolitan of Peru, died in his residence at Lima. The late Archbishop was born near Lima in May, 1844, was consecrated Bishop for the Titular See of Marcopolis, June 4, 1891, and became Archbishop of Lima August, 22, 1898.

Trinidad.—The Most Rev. Patrick V. Flood, O.P., Archbishop of Port of Spain, died May 17, 1907. The late Archbishop was an Irish Dominican, and was born in 1844. He was the successor of Father Tom Burke at Newry, and completed the Burke Memorial Church in that town. He was consecrated in 1887, and became Archbishop in 1889, on the death of Archbishop Hyland. He spent some months in the United States, in 1894.

THE READER.

(See Editor's Notice, page 110).

Makers of Modern Medicine. A series of biographies of the men to whom we owe the important advances in the development of modern medicine. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Acting Dean and Professor of the History of Medicine at Fordham University Medical School, New York. Fordham University Press, 1907. Pages, 362. Price, $2.00 net. Postage, 15 cents extra.

With many of these biographies in their original form MESSENGER readers are familiar. Many have declared that it has been a constantly renewed source of surprise to them to find how many of the distinguished scientific physicians of modern times were devout Catholics. Usually medicine has been supposed to be an unorthodox science, tending to take men's minds away from great religious truths. Dr. Walsh demonstrates, however, that while this might be true for the mediocre minds, whose little buckets of intellects are not able to hold medical science and faith at the same time, it is not true for the great discoverers, the original geniuses, whose powers of investigation enabled them to step across the bounds of the unknown and trace a path others might easily follow, in new fields acquired to science. The essays in which this was demonstrated are now gathered together, revised, and with considerable additions, have been made into a handsome volume, the first issue of the Fordham University Press—a volume that is a lesson in book making taste as well as in the history of science.

This book constitutes a new departure in Christian apologetics. Scientific men have presumed to say that great men of science could not maintain their faith. Many people have been led away from religion, because they thought that scientists, who presumably saw so much clearer than they did, could not accept things on faith. Many people have been kept from coming into the church, because science was supposed to be undermining the foundations of faith. Here is the first part of the demonstration, that the greater the scientist the more likely is he to be a faithful believer in religious principles. What is true for medicine, is even truer for the other sciences. Second rate scientists find it difficult to retain their faith. The great discoverers, however, were and are, not only faithful but even devout believers.

Every Catholic library should have a copy of this book. Every Catholic educator should know it. No Catholic scholar can afford to ignore it. It is only the first of a series that will enable believers to puncture the self-complacent pretensions of scientific men, who do not know the history of the religious opinions of the great discoverers whom they themselves hold in such high estimation. The book can be obtained through Fordham University Press, New York City, or through Catholic newsdealers throughout the country.

The Congo Independent State. By Viscount Mountmorres. Williams & Norgate, London.

The Truth About the Congo. By Frederick Starr. Forbes & Co., Chicago.

Searchers for light, in the still dark problem of the Congo, will welcome these two volumes. The first is a "Report on a Voyage of Enquiry," by

Viscount Montmorres. Sickness prevented him from publishing it sooner. It was originally sent to the Foreign Office, and subsequently permission was given to present the non-controversial parts of it to the public. In brief, its purpose is to show that "whilst the condition of affairs in the Equatorjal Concession territories, viz: those in charge of chartered companies, justifies all that has been said of them, much credit is due at the same time to the Government of the Independent State for the rapidity with which it has developed its vast domain in the face of almost unparalleled difficulties, and for the success with which it has introduced many of the best features of civilization." He acquits the Government, though there are some blemishes on its records also, but adds "no words can convey an adequate impression of the terrible and callous inhumanity which marks the methods of the territorial companies, nor of the abject misery and hopelessness of the native population."

Mr. Starr is another visitor who tells what he saw in the Congo. He made the journey at his own expense, and without instructions. He saw much to criticize. "It is true that there are floggings, chain-gangs and prisons. But there are floggings, chain-gangs and prisons in the United States." He saw all that in the Congo, but at no time so flagrant as to force itself on his attention. "On the contrary, I found at many places a condition of the negro population far happier than I had dreamed it possible." On returning home he found "the newspapers filled with stories of atrocities that never happened."

One of the traits of the Congo negro, he says, is loquacity, which may account for the conflicting reports. The practice adopted by the Protestant missionaries of keeping aloof from the government officials, and never even condescending to learn their language, he thinks, will explain the reports that are so condemnatory. He found that when the officials and missionaries associated with each other, and understood each other, there was no friction. He makes no mention of the condition of the Catholic missions. To the question: ought we to interfere? he gives a decidedly negative answer. Both books are well worth reading.

From Bull Run to Chancellorsville. By Gen. Newton Martin Curtis. Putnam Sons, N. Y.

To the old people who remember "the war," and who saw the chief participants in it, General Curtis has given a delightful opportunity of living those old days over again, which is agreeable, even if they were so filled with terror. They were days when each day's paper brought home the story of disaster or triumph to the nation, and often of tragedies in their own homes. The younger generation, of course, already look upon those events as history; and do not realize how actual they were for their immediate predecessors. The actuality has gone, but the lessons at least remain, and the admiration for the great deeds done in the war may be aroused by the book. The men who wore the blue will of course read the accounts of the battles with especial interest; but there are not very many of them living; for all that was over forty years ago. The anecdotes that are woven into the martial events, which of course constitute the bulk of the volume, are particularly well told. How Father McAtee spoiled General Calvin Pratt's hopes for the Presidency, by baptizing him, has already gone the rounds of the Catholic papers, with the universal verdict that General Pratt's action made him a bigger man than if he had been nominated. The friends of General Martin T. MacMahon

—and they are legion—will be grateful for the graphic account of his destruction of the pontoon train, for which he received the well merited decoration. The book teems with interesting stories about which all of us want to hear, for they have been told to us in so many different ways; Phil Kearny's death for instance; Bull Run; Burnside's delay at Antietam, etc. etc. On every page the names of the great men of those far away days appear, and General Curtis knows how to make them live again for us.

St. Thomas' Seminary. By Rev. Wm. J. Howlett. Herder, St. Louis.

The photograph of a group of old Seminarians, which illumines the pages of this very interesting, and because of its historical information, very valuable little book, reveals the faces of some distinguished churchmen, like Bishop Tierney, of Hartford; Father McIncrow, the beloved and apostolic pastor of Amsterdam, and others who are identified with northern dioceses. How did it happen that they were away down in old Kentucky? The answer is not given by Father Howlett. No doubt he has a great many answers ready for such queries, but he set out only to write a condensed account of the life of his Alma Mater. He says a complete history is impossible. We hope not.

The religious conditions which prevailed among the whites of that part of the country just after the Indians had been eliminated, were bad enough, even when we read of them now, to give us the shivers. How Fathers Badin and Nerinckx could have had the holy audacity to plant themselves in the midst of the semi-civilized Baptists, and Methodists, and Presbyterians, and New Lights, and Stoneites, and Disciples, and Campbellites, who made religion often consist in the wild and indecent orgies of their revivals, forced the conclusion that those old French pioneers had the genuine stuff of martyrs in them. To have killed a priest would have been a recreation for some of the people around them. Not only did they dare to preach Catholicity, but they actually established a seminary to form priests. Where were they to get the material? From among the sons of the Catholic farmers who had emigrated from Maryland, and who, happily, for their faith, had kept together in the new settlement. The first students of St. Thomas were all used to hard work, before they sat down to a desk, and made no difficulty about mixing mortar, and laying bricks, and shaping logs when they got out of Father Badin's class. He taught them theology, ecclesiastical history, liturgy, and everything else besides. He was the entire staff. But they didn't mind that. He was a holy and learned priest, and would give more than they could receive. Nor did they object to having nothing but bacon and corn bread to eat; nor did they grumble when they woke up in the morning and found their beds covered with snow from the holes in the roof. They, too, were great men; most of them, as you see from their pictures, with features roughened by exposure, but kindly and benevolent, and whose simple, hard and pious life, made them dispense with physicians and physic, and almost compelled them to live to a good old age. They are inspirations for our mollycoddling times, and Father Howlett has done us a service in giving us even a short sketch of those old American saints; the ecclesiastical students of the early days, who began their seminary course while floating down the Ohio on a flat-boat, and finished what they got of it in a log cabin, and then went out to work in the midst of hardships and privations in order to keep up the faith in the Catholics, and perhaps bring in a stray convert to the fold. Some monographs about many of those old pioneers would be a good second volume for Father Howlett.

Back in the Fifties. By Elizabeth Gagnieur. Sadlier, Montreal.

The authoress, who is the well known "Alba," tells us, in the short preface, that "in this tale, apart from the grouping and certain modifications of unimportant details, imagination has no part." The concluding chapter is from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith of fifty years ago. It is dedicated to Philip Carr, who appears in the beginning of the story as "snugly ensconced in one of the dainty recesses of the Signet Library in the metropolis of Scotland." He is reading "Tracts for the Times." It is the first step in his journey to the Church. As the story proceeds the numberless difficulties against the faith that suggest themselves to the various actors in the story, some of whom become Catholics, are disposed of; and in this respect the book may be very serviceable to doubters. Carr becomes a priest. The next convert is Adelaide Dunbar, and the third, Eustace Hillyard, a naval officer, who is brought to the Church by the very interesting method of getting him into the interior of China and letting him see the kind of life led by the Catholic Missionaries whom he found preaching the Gospel there. This part of the book is very novel and very interesting. In proper fashion, after Hillyard returns from China he meets the fair Alice, and a marriage follows, whose joy, however, is clouded by the tragic death of a priest on his way to a sick call. But that also has its moral.

Mary, the Mother of Christ, in Prophecy and Its Fulfilment. By Richard F. Quigley, Ph.D. Third edition. Revised and enlarged, Fr. Pustet & Co. New York, 1907.

This is the third edition of a work that appeared originally under the title, *"Ipse, Ipsa: Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum: Which?"* The author has rightly changed it to its present form, which better expresses the scope of the work and is not so puzzling to the layman. As many of our readers know, the book is made of controversial letters in vindication of the position assigned by the Catholic Church to the Blessed Virgin in the economy of man's salvation. The present edition contains an excellent review of the work from the pen of an Anglican scholar, who shows that Mr. Quigley proved the error of the Protestant Bishop Kingdon's statement that the substitution of *ipsa* for *ipse* in Gen. III, 15, was "the foundation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception." Though one may regret the vigorous language used here and there by the disputants, the book is full of useful matter that has not lost its timeliness, both on the main subject and on the incidental questions that arose. We call attention especially to the reprint in Appendix B of Bishop Strossmayer's letter denouncing the calumnies circulated about his conduct at the Vatican Council, and in Appendix C of Dr. Lee's crushing letter on Littledale's "Plain Reasons," a book that is still used by Protestants to deter people from entering the Church of God.

The Question of Anglican Ordinations. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D. The Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. 1907, pp. 52. 15 cents.

This pamphlet, by one eminently fitted to speak on the question of Anglican ordinations, puts before us the historical groundwork of Pope Leo's decision that these ordinations "have been and are absolutely null and utterly void." The subject is important, and it behooves the Catholic priest and the educated layman, of to-day, to know clearly why the Protestant Episcopal clergymen who fancy themselves priests, and believe that they can say Mass, or that our Lord is really present in their churches, are laboring under a sad delusion.

The pamphlet covers practically the same ground as Father Semple's useful book on Anglican ordinations (Benziger Brothers, N. Y.), but different presentations may reach different readers and do good. We welcome the Abbot's pamphlet as a valuable addition to the series of "Ave Marie Pamphlets" on timely questions.

Essentials and Nonessentials of the Catholic Religion. By the Rev. H. G. Hughes. Ava Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

There is no question here, of course, of the essentials and their contraries between sects, which Protestants used to dream of so as to get a ***modus vivendi*** with Catholics, a search which of course is hopeless; but the book merely deals with what is of faith and what is not in the Church. The papers originally appeared in the *Ave Maria*, and are now republished in handy and neat book form. The author is also careful to state that his title does not imply that what is non-essential is superfluous if it has received the authoritative approval of the Church. He reminds us, however, that this approval may have different degrees; from precept down to the declaration that there is nothing contrary to faith or morals in the matter in question. The book is printed in the usual good taste of the *Ave Maria*.

Folia Fugitiva. Edited by Rev. W. H. Cologan. Benziger Bros., N. Y. $1.50.

The "Folia" are papers read in the St. Erconwald's Deanery of Westminster, by the clergymen who voluntarily met every month and read essays connected with their pastoral work. It received the encouragement of Cardinal Vaughan, and his successor, Archbishop Vaughan, to whom the present collection is dedicated. The subjects treated are, for instance: "The Number of the Saved," "Alienation of Church Property," "Catechizing," "Mental Prayer," "Pious Penitents," "Americanism," "The Grammar of Assent," etc. The idea is suggestive. It would be an excellent thing to introduce it elsewhere, and much of the latent ability that has no exercise now except in an occasional sermon would have a field to work in.

Father Gallwey. By Percy Fitzgerald. Burns & Oates, London.

This is only a bit of a book, but it is, of course, very interesting, for it is about Father Gallwey, and is written by Percy Fitzgerald. It is a case of master and scholar, and the reminiscences of school days in Stonyhurst make most pleasant reading. It will be a surprise to hear that Father Gallwey was a musician and something of a poet. Some of the verses he wrote for Academy Days are given in support of the latter assertion, and certain criticisms on Fitzgerald's own musical screeds give assurance of the latter. The greatest part of the book is made up of letters of Father Gallwey to "Dear Percy." They are not common letters; not one of them. Of course the book is only an installment of a larger life of Father Gallwey, which we hope will be soon forthcoming.

Historical Notes on English Catholic Missions. By Bernard W. Kelly. Herder, St. Louis. $2.00.

The notes are in reality a directory. If you want to find about "Grays, Essex," for instance, you turn to *G* and find the whole story of that mission. Some are recent. Others will bring you back to remote times. Prefixed to the index is a very valuable "Historical Introduction" of 43 pages, which

gives the reader a general view of the hard conditions that prevailed in England from the Reformation to Catholic Emancipation. The book is, in fact, a little encyclopædia, of modern English ecclesiastical history.

Among the World's Peacemakers. Edited by Hayne Davis. Progressive Publishing Co., N. Y.

The editor gives us in this paper-bound volume an epitome of the Interparliamentary Union along with sketches of the chief figures in it. There are plenty of photographs in the book. A glance at them reveals how the modern intermixture and familiarity of the races with each other seems to be obliterating the characteristic traits of each. Unless they were labelled, it would be hard to make out that this one is a Russian, that other a Swede, the third an American, etc. The people from the Far East, of course, are not yet rubbed down to the proper uniformity and are easily recognized. The editor gives us some very interesting notices of people, not commonly known to us, on this side of the Atlantic, such as Apponyi, Kossuth, etc. Andrew Carnegie writes the introduction.

LITERARY NOTES.

Father Ethelred Taunton died on Ascension Day, May 9. He was the first of his family who took holy orders since the Reformation. Born October 17, 1857, he was educated partly at home, partly at Downside, and subsequently joined the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater. He left that community in 1888, owing to ill-health, and lived in Belgium until 1895, when he took up literary work, attracting considerable notice by his unfriendly work on "The Jesuits." He also wrote on "The Black Monks of St. Benedict."

Among the associates of Zola, not very long ago, was Joris Karl Huysmans, a Dutch Frenchman. His especial use for literature was to make it describe the pleasures of the palate. No French writer ever dilated with such complacency on the mysteries of the kitchen. Of course, he did not stop there. He wrote much. It is surprising, indeed, that a voluptuary could be so active. Among his writings are "Sac au Dos," which describes what he intended to show was the disgusting and useless barbarity of the life of a soldier; "En Ménage," the disenchantment of married life, its mediocrity and inferior cooking; "En Rade," the grotesque realities of rural life; and "A Rebours," the impossibility of finding satisfaction in the antipodes of a normal ideal. "After that book," says a writer, "he had to choose between the muzzle of a pistol and the foot of the cross." He chose the latter. "He had wallowed with swine," says another, "and rose up and went to his Father."

How did it come about? Huysmans himself says, "I was not educated in a Catholic school, but in a lycée; I was never pious in my youth, and first communion and all that had no place in my life. I did not go to church, knew no practical Catholic and no priest; I felt no impulse that prompted me toward the Church; I lived tranquilly in my Augean stable; and it seemed to me quite natural to satisfy all the desires of the senses,

nor did the thought ever come to me that it was forbidden. I wrote 'A Rebours' in 1884, and in 1892 I set out to get converted among the Trappists. That was eight years, during two or three of which there was a dull, obstinate, sometimes sensible working of grace; consequently for five of those years I do not remember feeling any Catholic velleity, any regret for the life I was leading, any desire to change it. Why have I been prodded forward on a road which was for me then lost in the night? I am absolutely unable to say; nothing, except perhaps the influence of certain beguinages, cloisters, and the prayers of a very fervent Dutch family, whom I scarcely knew, will explain the perfect unconsciousness of the last cry, the religious appeal of the last page of 'A Rebours.' Providence was merciful to me, and the Blessed Virgin was good. I confined myself to not contradicting when they revealed their intentions; I have simply obeyed; I have been led by what are called extraordinary ways; if any one can have the certainty of the nothingness which he is without God's help, it is I."

This wild profligate, whose chief enjoyment in life was to gratify his palate, was finally afflicted with cancer of the mouth, so that the delicate feeder was literally starved to death. Six months ago an operation was performed. Since then his life was a martyrdom, which he bore heroically, and death at last found him sitting on his chair reading the Prayers for the Dying.

For two years he had been living in a little house under the shadow of the monastery of Ligugé, where he had begun to write "L'Oblat." He was affiliated to the Benedictines, and when dying he was given the habit of an Oblate, which he received with the greatest satisfaction. His disease had attacked his eyes, and when he dared to use them, it was only to look at his prayer book. He tore up his unpublished manuscripts and threw them into the fire. He died on Monday evening, May 13, adding one more brilliant literary name to those of Brunetière, Bourget, Coppée and others, whom the Church has lately won back to God. It is curious that these conversions should be made just now when Catholicity is so downtrodden in France.

Frederic Harrison who, after his many wanderings, now professes to be a Positivist, has published a book with the double title: "The Creed of a Layman—Apologia pro fide mea." A high Anglican at first, then, under the influence of Mill, an Agnostic, and now a Positivist, he furnishes an example of what contradictory things a man may do when he leaves the truth. Abandoning Christianity, because it was supposed not to be in accord with science, he embraces Positivism, of which Huxley long ago wrote: "In so far as my study of what specially characterizes the Positive philosophy has led me, I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal which is thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science, as anything in ultramontane Catholicism. Comte himself had but the most superficial and merely second-hand knowledge of most branches of what is usually understood by science." Evidently Harrison has not gained much by the change. Secondly, he has adopted

a philosophy which is now commonly discarded and is by no means inexpugnable, as he asserts. Thirdly, he has rejected the Supreme Being of Theology, for the supreme being of Humanity; and lastly, he assures his readers that it takes many years to grasp this new faith, which by that very fact, though he does not grasp the conclusion, cannot be true, for it cannot be the faith which the human race can build on.

Gladstone was always regarded as a spoiled theologian. All through the turmoil of his political life he had an insatiable desire to dabble in Church questions. In fact, he has written so much about them that Morley, at the request of the family, did not include them in his "Life." They are now going to be published separately. How many volumes will be required, is not announced. His letters, also, are to appear. They will be interesting reading.

When England left the faith, Roger Ascham and Sir John Cheke pursued the Roman microbe into its last lair by changing the pronunciation of Latin, so as to make the Catholic liturgy unintelligible to the people. At least that is what L. C. Miall, in his "Thirty Years of Teaching," asserts. It may have had that result, but it also made Englishmen ridiculous and unintelligible to Continental scholars. It has taken three hundred years to convince Oxford and Cambridge of that, and they are only now thinking of reforming their Latin pronunciation. The scheme has, in fact, passed the planning stage, and the Education Committee has adopted the resolutions of the two great universities. With the same old perversity, however, the English worthies have concluded to adopt what they call the Augustan pronunciation. Whereupon Father Gerard remarks that the result would be as great an isolation from the rest of the world as is effected by the present method. If we are, for instance, to call *Cicero* "Kikero," and *vicissim*, "we kiss him," and *jacio*, "yakio," it will be no less puzzling to the French, Italian, Spaniard, or German, who speaks Latin, than it is now when we pronounce *mihi* as "my high," and *ante mare* as "Aunty Mary." Another disturbing element is the proposal to mark the quantity in speaking; for instance, calling *pater* "patter," and *sumus*, "summus." Instead of shortening the vowel, we give it a different sound. If the "Augustan" pronunciation is foisted upon English schools by such artificial means as officialdom can command, nothing but confusion, worse confounded, can be expected.

We are indebted to Father Castle, C.SS.R., the writer of the article on Father Bridgett in the July MESSENGER, for a letter which shows his love and esteem for the Society of Jesus and may fittingly find a place in the pages of THE MESSENGER. In the month of June, 1891, after the publication of his *Life of Blessed Thomas More*, he received an address of congratulation from the community of St. Bueno's,(1) North Wales, the house of studies of the English Province of the Society. It was signed by the rector, Father Sylvester Hunter, and all the professors and scholastics, fifty-four names in all, and ran as follows:

(1) Pronounced Byno.

"For the last few weeks we have, every day, been indebted to you for so much pleasure that we think you will not begrudge us the further satisfaction of most heartily thanking you. We have been listening in our refectory to your 'Life of Blessed Thomas More,' and seldom indeed have we heard anything more beautiful or more interesting. It is not, to be sure, the first time we have had occasion to admire and to be grateful for your learning and literary skill, but in the case of this latest work our obligations seem to have made themselves more deeply and universally felt than before, so that we could hardly rest satisfied without, in some feeble way, expressing our gratitude for your labors and our high appreciation of them. We beg you then to accept our congratulations on the work you have done to the honor of the Catholic Church, and our thanks for the profit and pleasure we have ourselves derived from it, and we heartily pray that God may bless your future efforts with equal and even greater success."

To this Father Bridgett replied:

St. Mary's, Clapham, June 19, 1891.

"Very Reverend and Dear Father Rector and Reverend Fathers and Brothers:

"I think you may easily guess the mixed feelings of surprise and confusion with which I read the letter addressed to me by the community of St. Beuno's. If I had heard accidentally from one of your Fathers that my book had been read in your refectory, and had been listened to with pleasure, I should have considered it a great honor. But I am utterly bewildered and confused to have received so unusual a testimony of approval. The first thought that occurs to me is that of the ass carrying the relics. The charm of the character and writings, of the wit and pathos of Blessed Thomas More's life and death is upon you, and the beast of burden gets a share in the honors. Yet though I am not such an ass as to take pride to myself for having brought before the public some old and rare, though half-forgotten relics, I admit that your letter has given me the greatest possible joy. Allow me to explain its nature.

"The Breviary tells us that when St. Thomas found St. Bonaventure writing the life of St. Francis, he said: 'It is right a saint should labor for a saint.' This, notwithstanding, I could never think that no one but a saint should write a saint's life, none but a scholar that of a scholar, none but a statesman that of a statesman, or a wit that of a wit. Had I thus thought I should have been insane in attempting the life of Blessed Thomas More. Yet on the other hand I did and do think that a biographer should be able to admire and appreciate that of which he writes, and as I was bold enough to undertake the biography of a many-sided man, I had a very natural and reasonable fear lest I should do him injustice, at least in some of the phases of his life. It has, therefore, been to me a great consolation to be assured (as by Mr. Gairdner in *The Academy*) that I have fairly presented 'the whole man;' for the English public is now disposed almost for the first time since the martyr's death, to consider his whole character and career dispassionately. But if the appreciation of literary men relieved me from anxiety the approbation of your large and distinguished community has caused a joy of a very different nature. While writing the life of Blessed Thomas, I often thought of what England might have been, had such men as he and Blessed Fisher moulded its future life instead of such men as Henry and Cranmer, or Burleigh and Parker. I used also to imagine what would have been the

feelings of Blessed Thomas had he lived to see that true Catholic revival in the Church which he had so ardently desired. Amongst other things I often pictured to myself the joy he would have experienced had he witnessed the foundation and spread of your illustrious Society, where he would have found united the things he loved best—the religious life in its sincerity, the highest intellectual culture, solid theology, and zeal for God and for souls.

"This association of thoughts in my mind was a very natural one, for your first saintly Fathers met at Montmartre while More was imprisoned in the Tower; and the last of his descendants who bore his honored name was Provincial of your Society in England. Your letter confirms me in these thoughts, for why do you by this spontaneous movement recognize in Blessed Thomas More a man after your own heart, but because you are yourselves men after his heart? This then is the source of my joy. I look over the long list of names subscribed in your letter, some indeed familiar to all Catholic England, but the greater part of men whose work is yet before them, and I rejoice in the prospect before us. By your present and future labors the great Englishman will live over again, and be multiplied in better days (as I trust) than his own. I am old and infirm and shall not live to see those days; but I heartily wish you all health and strength in your glorious vocation, hoping, as More used to say, to meet you at last where we all 'may be merry together,' I am, dear Reverend Fathers,

"Yours respectfully and gratefully,

"T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R."

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

After July 1, 1907, THE MESSENGER will no longer be published in conjunction with THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. Since January, 1902, THE MESSENGER has been a magazine of general interest, distinct from the organ of devotion to the Sacred Heart, but controlled by the same editors and issued from the same publication offices. Henceforth it will be separated from the devotional periodical. The Rev. John J. Wynne, late editor of both magazines, with his associates, the Rev. T. J. Campbell and the Rev. Edward P. Spillane, will in future edit THE MESSENGER. The editorial rooms will be at Fordham University and the publication office at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

It is a pleasure to announce that the development of both magazines has been so extensive during the past few years as to necessitate a separate management. We are also happy to assure our readers that this new arrangement will enable us to carry out long-cherished plans in regard to THE MESSENGER.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

VIEW OF AN ANCIENT COPTIC CHURCH.

THE MESSENGER

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HURREL FROUDE.

"THE austere beauty of the Catholic *ethos*" is a phrase which struck my eye in reading *Hurrel Froude: Memoranda and Comments. By Louis Imogen Guiney.* "Must it not be owned," asks Froude of Newman, "that the Church of England saints, however good in essentials, are, with a few rare exceptions, deficient in the austere beauty of the Catholic *ethos?* Keble will be severe upon me for this, but I cannot deny that Laud's architecture seems to me to be typical." The man who, though an Anglican, could speak thus intelligently concerning the Catholic ideal of sanctity, deserves to be known by Catholics. He may have something to tell us about ourselves, either by his words or his conduct.

The name of Richard Hurrel Froude cannot be unknown to anyone who has ever read Newman's *Apologia.* He was the link between Newman and Keble; he brought them to understand one another; and in the years when Newman was growing out of Evangelicalism, and in danger of passing into Liberalism, Froude's influence infused into him the "Anglo-Catholic" ideas which he had himself derived from Keble, and which he expounded with more force and developed with more fullness than his master. "No one, probably," writes Dean Church, "of the many whom Cardinal Newman's long life brought around him, ever occupied Froude's place in his heart." And the editor of Newman's Anglican *Letters and Correspondence* says that Froude was "the friend whose influence Newman ever felt powerful beyond all others." When Froude, in his twenty-third year, was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, Newman, one of the electors, wrote to his mother: "Froude is one of the acutest and clearest and deepest men in the memory of man." Fifteen years after Froude's death, in the *Lec-*

tures on Anglican Difficulties, he said: "He, if any, is the author of the Movement of 1833." Froude died, at an early stage of the Movement, in 1836, and at the early age of thirty-three, before his convictions were fully matured or his principles had worked themselves out to their consequences; and ever since the conversion of Newman, men have disputed whether his friend, if he had lived, would have taken the same course. It can only be a question of probabilities, since the issue in such a case depends upon divine grace; we cannot expect Anglicans to view it as we do. But this may be said: men's course in life is determined by their moral sympathies; the man who recognized that the Anglican ideal of sanctity, the character which the system at its best tends to produce, is inferior to the Catholic ideal, and to the typical Catholic character would be likely to follow his ideals, to "go out into the land" in which they could be realized, and in which he could feel at home, and to recognize that this difference in moral and spiritual principles and standards is the strongest among the arguments which prove that the Anglican Church is not a "branch" of the Catholic Church of Christ.

Hurrel Froude (as his friends always called him) was born in a parsonage, and educated at Eton and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he had the good fortune to have Keble for his tutor. When Keble, in 1823, "the first man in Oxford," retired from the university to a country curacy, Froude, with two others, Robert I. Wilberforce and Isaac Williams, spent the long vacation studying with him. "Keble took us into his house," Williams tells us. "We found religion a reality, and a man wholly made up of love. . . . Here were many of us, taught with much pains and care by one till then a stranger, and altogether gratuitously. . . . Froude was always maintaining some argument with Keble, occasionally some monstrous paradox. He was considered a very odd fellow at college, but clever and original. Keble alone was able to appreciate him. If he had not at this time fallen into such hands, his speculations might have taken a very dangerous turn; but (as his father told me) from this time it was much otherwise; he continued to throw out strong paradoxes, but always for good." Frederick Rogers, Lord Blachford, who, though a younger man, came to know him well, says: "Mischief seems to have been his snare as a boy, and a controlled delight in what was on the edge of mischief gave a kind of verve to his character as a man." Frederick

Oakeley, who was his contemporary and competitor, tells us that Froude was popular among his companions for his skill in athletics, and his constant good temper, and forbearance, and humility. He had "a countenance of that highest kind of beauty which flows from purity of heart and mind," and his presence alone was a check upon profanity or indelicacy of conversation. He possessed "that rare gift of changing dangerous conversation." Oakeley says that no one can read Froude's *Remains* without seeing that the ethical system taught in Oxford tended to form great minds on "a semi-Catholic type," and that Froude and his correspondents were deeply influenced by it. But, in truth, he rose above it to wholly Catholic ideals.

When he became a tutor of Oriel, he took his office in a most serious spirit and set himself to master his natural character and to train himself in the ways of sanctity, fasting, mortification, rejection of luxuries, obedience to his father, good example to his younger brothers—these were the virtues which by the sternest self-analysis he worked to acquire. These aspirations were powerfully aided by the journals and prayers of his mother, whom he had lost five years before. He had never had till this time resolution to read them, so much did his heart ache for her, and in them he found her anxieties, her hopes, her prayers for him. "I did not recollect that I had been so unfeeling to her during her last year" (when he had been in his eighteenth year). These are the remorseful regrets that come to any man who has a heart when he thinks of his conduct to the dead. "I thank God some of her writings have been kept; that may be my salvation. . . . I pray God the prayers she made for me may be effectual, and that God in His mercy may have chosen this way of accomplishing her labors for me, and that my reading them so long after they were made may be the means by which the Holy Spirit will awaken my spirit to those good feelings which she asked for in my behalf." A letter of Keble's concerning the death of his own sister, speaking about the way of treating feelings of bitter remorse for neglect or selfishness towards the dead, drew from Froude this reply: "It may seem an odd sort of thing to say, but I got from your letter something more like happiness than I have known since my mother died. Since that time it seems to me as if I had been *atheos en to kosmo* ["without God in the world"], but I hope I may yet get right at last. It is a great comfort to find so many expressions in the psalms

like 'O tarry thou the Lord's leisure,' as they serve to keep up the hope that, weary and unsatisfactory as are my attempts to be religious, they may in time comfort my heart.'" He, a man and a fellow of Oriel College, wrote thus to Keble: "I wish you would say anything to me that would do me good, however severe it may be. You must have observed many things very contemptible in me, but I know worse of myself, and shall be prepared for anything." It was a saying with him that every man may know worse of himself (that is, in the way of ingratitude to God) than he can possibly know of Charles the Second. He concealed a profound spiritual melancholy under an ordinary demeanor of great cheerfulness. "They talk of Froude's fun," said Samuel Wilberforce (the bishop of Oxford), "but somehow I cannot be in a room alone with him for ten minutes without feeling so intensely melancholy that I do not know what to do with myself. He was with me at Brighstone,(1) in my Eden days, and I was overwhelmed with the deep sense which possessed him of yearning which nothing could satisfy, and of the unsatisfying nature of all things."

Yet Frederick Oakeley says that at the time he knew Froude best, "that air of sunny cheerfulness, which is best expressed by the French word *riant*, never forsook him," and that he diffused it in every circle in which he moved, though in his last years anxiety about the spiritual condition of his church combined with ill-health to damp his spirits. And Frederick Rogers says that when Froude was a tutor and he an undergraduate, Froude had more of the undergraduate in him than any other Oxford "don." He took an interest in everything, and he was always ready to sail, or ride, or skate with any of his pupils; and, says Rogers, "if in a scrape, he was not pharisaical as to his means of getting out of it. I remember climbing Merton gate with him in my undergraduate days, when we had been out too late boating." And when irregularities were only a matter of high spirits or mischief, and did not threaten authority or substantial decorum, he was always very lenient, or rather felt an amused sympathy. This character made him charming to those whom he liked. But then, says Rogers, he did not choose to like anyone whom he did not respect; "and he could be as hard and sharp as you please on what he thought bad, profane, vicious, or coxcombical."

There was no young man, except Arthur Hallam (the hero of

(1) Wilberforce's charge, in the Isle of Wight.

In Memoriam, whose birth came eight years after Froude's), of whom higher hopes were held. But the last five years of Froude's life were spent wandering from place to place in search of a respite from consumption. During his brief life, he set going the "Movement." Keble, says Dean Church, gave the inspiration, Froude gave the impetus, and Newman took up the work. "You and Keble are the philosophers, and I the rhetorician," was Newman's humble way of saying that he had greater persuasiveness, and that his sermons were more effectual than those of his friends. And speaking of Froude's influence, Newman says: "He delighted in thinking of the saints; he had a vivid appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibility, and its heights. He had a high, severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of virginity, and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great pattern. . . . He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to her, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence. . . . He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system and full ecclesiastical liberty." To understand this, we must remember that in 1833 the "Liberal" Government of the United Kingdom took the Erastian step of transferring the trial of the ecclesiastical causes of the Church of England from a court of which the majority were ecclesiastics, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in which all the judges were lay, and only one (the Lord Chancellor) need be a member of the Church whose cases were tried. This helps us to realize what Newman meant when he defined Liberalism as "the anti-dogmatic principle."

During the last year or two of his life, his opinions were rapidly advancing, as it appears to us, Romewards. Thus, in January, 1834, he writes to Keble: "I am every day becoming a less loyal son of the Reformation. It appears to me plain that in all matters that seem to us indifferent or even doubtful, we should conform our practices to those of the Church which has preserved its traditional practices unbroken. We cannot know about any seemingly indifferent practice of the Church of Rome, that it is not a development of the Apostolic *ethos;* and it is to no purpose to say that we can find no proof of it in the writing of the first six centuries; they must find a *dis*proof if they would do anything." And at the end of the year, to Newman: "Really, I hate the Reformation and the Reformers more and more, and have almost made up my mind that the Rationalist spirit they set afloat is the [false prophet] of the Revelations. I have a theory about the Beast and the Woman,

too, which conflicts with yours. . . . I shall never abuse the R. Catholics *as a church* for anything except excommunicating us." And about the same time, he wrote to the same friend: "I must enter another protest against your cursing and swearing" [Newman's invective against "Romanism" at end of the Via Media]. "What good can it do? And I call it uncharitable to an excess. How mistaken we may ourselves be, on many points that are only gradually opening out on us!" And Newman long after told us: "I recollected Hurrel Froude's words to me, almost his dying words." Three months after those words were written, he was dead. Newman was dissuaded by Froude's father from coming to see him at the last. He had paid him a visit four months before. "I took my last farewell of R. H. F. on Sunday, Oct. 11, in the evening. . . . When I took leave of him, his face lighted up and almost shone in the darkness, as if to say that in this world we were parting forever." A few days before, Newman wrote to his sister: "God is teaching me, it would seem, to depend on Him only . . . [the loss of Froude] is the greatest loss I could have. . . . I shall be truly widowed." And after his death, he said to another friend: "I never on the whole fell in with so gifted a person. . . . I cannot describe what I owe to him as regards the intellectual principles of religion and morals. . . . It has pleased God to take him, in mercy to him, but by a very heavy visitation to all who were intimate with him."

Then it was that Newman added to an earlier poem on the parting of friends by death these beautiful lines which make his *In Memoriam:*

"Ah, dearest! with a word he could dispel
All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
And turning prayer to praise.
And other secrets, too, he could declare,
By patterns all divine
His earthly creed retouching here and there,
And deepening every line.
Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know;
And yet we both refrain.
It were not good: a little doubt, below,
And all will soon be plain."

"Peace be to him!" said Wiseman in a review of his *Remains*, "is our parting salutation. The hope which an Ambrose expressed for a Valentinian, who died yet a catechumen, we willingly hold of him. His ardent desires were with the Truth; his heart was not a stranger to its love. He was one, we firmly believe, whom no sordid views, or fear of men's tongues, would have deterred from avowing his full convictions, and embracing their consequences, had time and opportunity been vouchsafed him for a longer and closer search." "Never again," says Oakeley, "will Anglicanism produce such a disciple; never, till she is Catholic, will Oxford boast of such a son."

M. RYAN, Ph.D.

A VISIT TO AN ANCIENT COPTIC CHURCH.

FEW tourists will leave Cairo without paying a visit to an interesting Christian monument known by the name of Abou-Sargah. It is an ancient Coptic church, and forms part of a small village consisting of three other churches and a few dozen houses, all enclosed within a Roman fortress. The four and a half miles which separate it from the city may be covered by boat, camel, donkey or electric tram. Assuming that the visitor has chosen the last of these conveyances, and started from the Canal-Tsmaliat station, his attention will first be attracted by the Giseh Museum, where he may make the acquaintance of the mummified inhabitants of ancient Egypt and learn something about their manners and customs.

A little further on there are the spacious, mysterious-looking Khedivial palaces, half-hidden behind mud-brick walls. A six-foot Nubian Eunuch, black as the modern frock coat which he wears, is sometimes stationed, statue-like, at the massive wooden gate, through which, even should it chance to be fully open, the passer-by will rarely be able to catch so much as a glance of the palace, purposely concealed as it is by a thick screen of acacias or palm-trees. Strangely enough, one can rarely traverse this road, bordered with rich palaces and Pashas' residences, without meeting one or more funeral corteges. The rapidity with which the hearse and file of mourning carriages hurry to the resting-place of the dead is rather surprising, and indeed, quite shocking to Western feelings and ideas.

About a mile out of the city, one will notice a quaint-looking domed hut, with shaded verandah and courtyard; this is a monastery of Mohammedan fakirs or monks, better known by the name of Spinning or Whirling Dervishes. On Friday, the Mohammedan sabbath, crowds of visitors come to witness the ghastly performance of these ascetics, whose uncombed beard and dishevelled hair, ragged clothes and queer, comical hats, inspire anything but religious feelings. Their violent dancing and pirouetting usually end in well-rehearsed fainting fits and ecstasies.

The accompanying illustration shows the main street of Old Cairo, or Masr-el-Atikah, as the natives call the small town, consisting mainly of bazaars, which must be traversed before reaching the

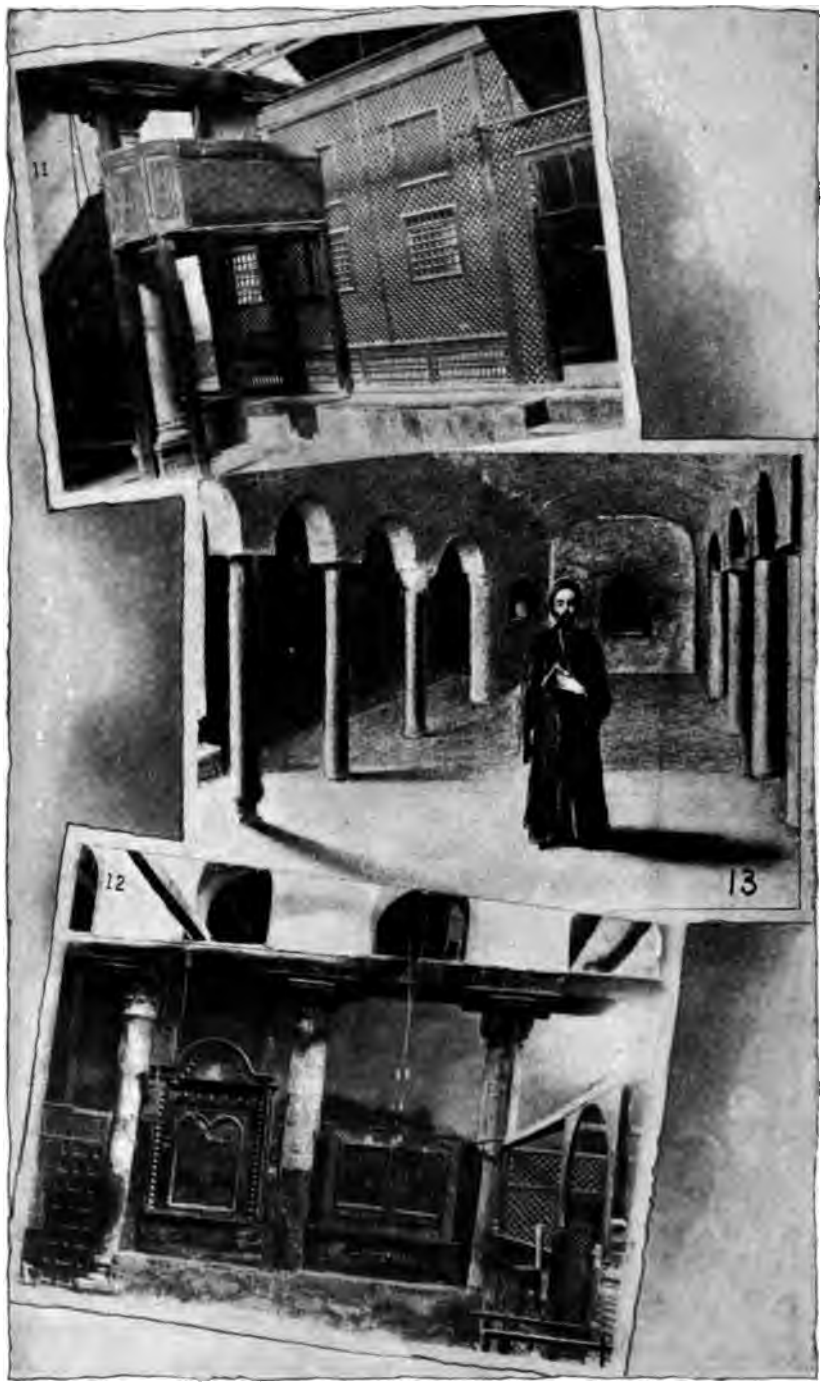
1. VARIOUS MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION.
2. CANAL ISMALIAH TRAM STATION AND RAILWAY STATION.
3. GISEH MUSEUM ON THE WAY TO OLD CAIRO.
4. TELUCCAS IN FULL SWING.

goal of our excursion. Here we leave our tram and are at once assailed by numerous guides, who address us in English, French and Italian in succession, and whose sole recommendation is the knowledge of the way leading from the tram station to Abou-Sargah. But as they may lead us by a longer and more difficult route, in order to secure a title to a more considerable reward, they had better be avoided.

A narrow street, but little frequented and that only by foot passengers, laden donkeys and camels, leads straight from the bazaars to the Roman fortress; it is here that the assistance of a guide is somewhat more necessary, for the entrance is a low doorway, now below the level of the road and half concealed at the bottom of a pit some eight or nine feet deep. The door of the fortress, as shown in the subjoined print, is made of thick pieces of wood, studded with large nails, and provided with a primitive wooden lock. It probably dates from the time of Mohammedan persecutions, but its framework, the construction of the wall and especially the heavy, round bastions betray Roman workmanship. On entering the fortress, the visitor finds himself in a narrow, dusty lane, between high, sombre-colored, gloomy-looking houses, many of them tenantless and still more of them in a melancholy state of ruin and dilapidation. Here, if anywhere in the Land of the Pharaohs, the expressive and so oft-repeated "Maalesh" (It does not matter) is well exemplified in almost every door-post and in many a squalid rag, doing duty here and there for blind and even window pane. Now and then a woman draped in a long black veil, wearing neither head-dress nor shoes, may be seen gliding noiselessly along the shaded side of the lane as she carries home in a large, dripping jar the family's supply of Nile water.

The silence which seems to reign supreme about these lonely dwellings, better adapted for owls than human beings, is only broken by the wailing tones of the blind beggar so often met with in Egypt, or the insistent voices of a group of small boys and girls asking for an alms, a picture, or a medal. These unkempt, half-naked living pictures of poverty and neglect, on hearing the footsteps of the approaching stranger, rush out of their sordid hovels and stretch forth their puny hands, making their claims good by baring their little arms and showing a tattooed cross as a proof of their genuine Christianity. Some of them appear in the subjoined print illustrating the lane leading to Abou-Sargah, whither they

6. EGYPTIAN BAZAAR. 8. LANE LEADING TO ABOU-SARGAH.
9. ABOU-SARGAH, REAR VIEW.



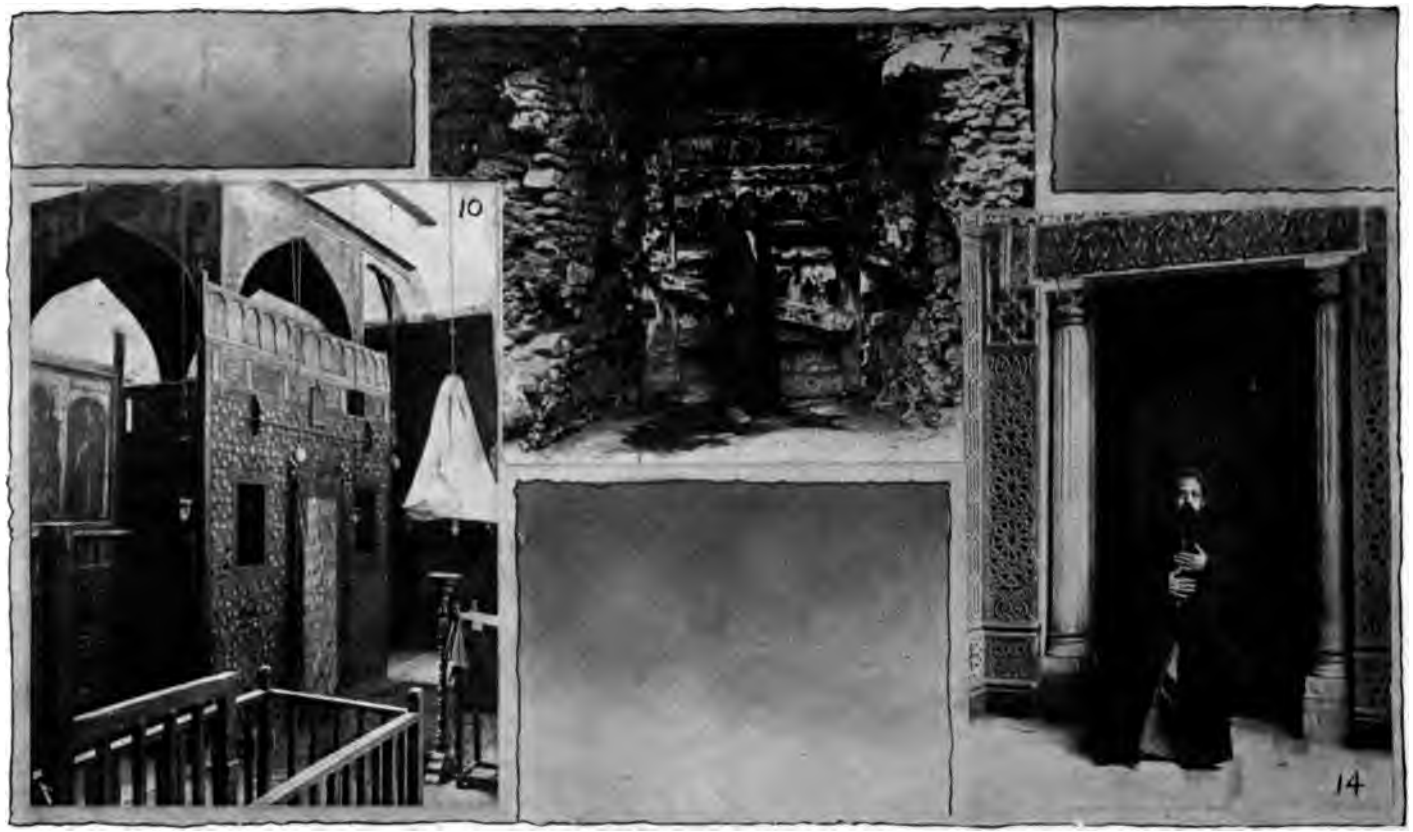
11. LATTICE SCREEN BETWEEN CHOIR AND NAVE. 12. NAVE, SIDE VIEW. 13. CRYPT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

had followed the writer, and were patiently waiting for his return in order to renew their touching appeals with increased earnestness and finally receive a few more pennies. They are shown sitting by the door of the church, which a plain Coptic cross carved in more recent times distinguishes from the adjoining buildings by which it is hemmed in and concealed.

On entering, you still labor under the impression that you are anywhere but in a church; you go down a narrow passage, turn a sharp bend, and then a second corner, to be ushered at last into a sort of antechamber furnished with plain wooden Oriental couches. Here you must wait and possess your soul in patience till the tardy and reluctant sacristan appears on the scene, carrying a large, rusty key with which he unlocks the clumsy door giving access to the body of the church.

The first impression on entering this well preserved monument of ninth century architecture is one of deep reverence and religious awe. The soft, diffused light, the musty screens and roof, the half-blurred paintings on walls and columns, all suggest antiquity and long ages of unbroken worship. No place, perhaps, would more readily inspire feelings of devotion and silent prayer, were it not that a regrettable want of order and neatness intrudes itself as a source of distraction.

The style of the church is essentially Coptic, with some traces of Byzantine and Roman. The nave is separated from the aisles by two rows of marble columns, and divided across by wooden screens, as shown in the ilustration. The altar-screen, which completely shuts off the whole sanctuary from the rest of the church, is a fine specimen of Coptic work in ebony and ivory. On a close examination of the left-hand side of this screen, the reader will notice the absence of some of the richly carved blocks of ivory, which bears witness both to the sacrilegious greed of some unscrupulous tourists and to the deplorable spirit of carelessness, which is responsible for the fact that the empty places have not been filled up long ago. The square openings on either side of the veil and door are used for the distribution of communion. The altar, a mere piece of solid masonry, stands under an arched wooden canopy supported by four marble columns and adorned with rough paintings of angels. The space in front of the altar-screen is occupied by the choir, and contains two large lecterns, each of which is provided with a candlestick and a chandelier.



7. DOOR AND DOORKEEPER OF FORTRESS. 10. ALTAR SCREEN AND BALDACHINO. 14. A COPTIC PRIEST.

According to a symbolical arrangement often met with in ancient Eastern churches, the columns of the nave are twelve in number, and each bears a life-sized portrait of one of the twelve apostles. The side view given of one of the aisles shows the columns, beams and rafters supporting a gallery, which, as is customary in Coptic churches, was originally reserved for the women; this one has long ago been turned into apartments, and forms the actual residence of the parish priest and his family.

From the choir a steep stone staircase, the balustrade of which appears on the left of the altar-screen, leads down to a low, dark and damp crypt with a small nave and two narrow aisles adorned with marble columns, apparently borrowed from other chapels or temples, as the scrappy remains of their capitals of various styles testify; the one nearest the steps has for some unknown reason been placed upside down. The Coptic priest tells visitors that the round stone basin, let into the wall at the extremity of one of the aisles, serves the purpose of a baptismal font for baptisms by immersion. The other niches, now disused, are perhaps remains of ancient altars, for they contain stones not unlike the altar-stones found in the neighboring churches.

This little chapel in the crypt was built long before the eighth century, and is in fact attributed to St. Helena. Towards the end of the seventeenth century it was bought by some Venetian merchants and entrusted to the care of the Franciscans, who had for some time past been allowed to keep a lamp burning in it. Later on the Schismatic Copts took possession of it by fraud, and since that time no Catholic pilgrim has been allowed to say Mass in it. According to the liturgical books of the Copts and certain itineraries of the time of the Crusades, the Holy Family spent part of their exile in Egypt at Old Cairo, and it was reserved to St. Helena, that most pious of imperial pilgrims, to perpetuate the memory of that event by her little chapel. And it was her example which induced the Copts to build upon the same site the venerable church which has formed the subject of the preceding pages.

A. M. DAIGNAULT, S.J.

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

I fly on the wings of the morning,
  The shades of night uproll;
I mount and run in the light o' the sun
  In the early dawn of my soul.

The storms of the night are over,
  The wind is soft and still'd;
The grass is ablaze with the diamond's rays
  And the cups of the flowers are filled.

The mists float out of the valley;
  I see a shining road;
It says to my feet: "Be fleet! be fleet!
  The Lord hath lightened the load!"

He hath taken my grievous burden,
  He hath borne it quite away;
He hath dried the tears of the lonely years
  In the dawn of the Perfect Day!

I fly on the wings of the morning
  With a glory in mine eyes;
I mount and run in the light o' the sun
  To the hills of Paradise!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

THE MASTERPIECE.

IV.

FRANÇOIS was prospering; in the atelier of M. Marotti, he was learning famously; he modelled and studied, he learned to know all about the marble, he was trusted to chisel and polish and finish the finest pieces, he was well paid, and he was saving his money for Rosa, who was waiting patiently.

And so time went on, and at last the day came when he could go home and claim his bride. The earthquake, though it had done no bodily harm, had been a great shock to Rosa, and the months of François's absence had been hard to bear. He found her looking paler than of yore, and she laughed and cried, clinging to his side while he promised that they should never be separated again; and as the preparations for the wedding went forward, Rosa became more like her old self and appeared to regain her former cheerfulness. They went together to see all their old friends. To François it seemed as if nothing had changed since he was a very little boy. The baker stood kneading great masses of dough in a cellar where the red flames from the oven lighted up the low, vaulted interior, and grotesque shadows were thrown upon the walls by those who descended the steep steps which led down from the street to obtain their daily loaves. The old cobbler bent over his last, hammering away at the wooden soles of great, clumsy, hob-nailed shoes; and because his leather apron had become too dark from constant use, and the room in which he sat, with its low ceiling and blackened oak rafters, was very sombre, he kept on the window ledge one or two pots of bright red geraniums, which made a great splash of color on which he delighted to feast his eyes. The tailor sat cross-legged behind a low, broad, arched window through which one could look into his shop, and bent over to draw his long thread in and out, now stopping to turn a seam, thread his needle or to take up a great lump of dirty yellow bees-wax which lay on the bench beside him and pull the thread across it. He delighted in fancy touches, and would sew on rows of small gilt buttons and add a red or a green collar to a jacket with far more satisfaction than a great sartorial artist feels in turning out velvet coats and satin knee breeches for a brilliant function at court.

Old Madame Cailloux sat on the steps of her house, turning her spindle, and children played about the streets or cried and quarreled as of old.

It was a great day for Castellar, the day of the wedding. Everyone, dressed in their best, stood watching the procession as it filed through the streets. Rosa wore a white dress and veil and a wreath of orange blossoms, placed on her head by old Fanchette. As for the costume of the bridegroom, made for him by his friend the tailor, it was far and away the greatest success of his life, and François supplemented it with a pointed hat with a feather and a flower in his buttonhole, besides, of course, his little gold earrings.

After the ceremony in the church, the married pair walked twice around the square, followed by the bridesmaids and groomsmen and their relations in their Sunday best, so that all could see and admire; and there was a breakfast at the café on the terrace where everyone made merry, eating much and drinking the health of the newly married pair. And then there followed a dance in the public square which lasted till late into the night.

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Before very long François and his Rosa were comfortably established in a tiny *casa* overlooking the beautiful Gulf of Genoa. They were a happy pair. François worked away with M. Marotti, who found him a promising pupil. Indeed, he sometimes wondered if he himself would not be left behind while his workman won the laurels he coveted. But he was a kind and a just man, and François endeared himself to him as he did to everyone who came to know him, so the sculptor said to himself: "Well, at least the world will say, when he becomes famous, he owes it to Marotti; he was his pupil, his favorite *elève*."

As for Rosa, she kept the little house tidy, she washed and mended and cooked for François. She made wonderful salads, tossing the ingredients together with great skill, and she fried small round potatoes in olive oil which were so appetizing that François seemed never to get enough.

A great fig tree grew in the garden which bore luscious purple fruit, and the trellised arbor which led from the gate to the house door almost broke under the weight of great bunches of grapes, which hung down only waiting to be gathered.

In the evenings, sitting side by side on a bench in the garden,

they would gaze far out over the dark, still water, while the stars came out one by one and twinkled in the deep blue sky, making little sharp points of silver light. The fragrance of the flowers was sometimes almost overpowering in the heavy, dew-laden air, and as they joined their voices to those of the strolling musicians, both felt that subtle, mysterious charm which goes to make up the enchantment of the soft Italian night.

* * * * * *

Word came from America that there was room over there for artists. Decorative sculptors and plasterers were beginning to emigrate, drawn thither by the hope of amassing riches in an incredibly short time. As for real artists, it was said they could command almost any price they chose to ask from the rich signors, who were fairly rolling in gold. So many of them came to Genoa, their pockets filled with gold pieces; and no matter what price one asked for one's wares, there were always among them those ready to pay. They never seemed to think of bargaining. When the great ships came up the bay and the small peddlers went to meet them, the cheap, coarse coral, the poorest quality of tortoise shell, the second rate articles of inlaid wood, were bought at sight by the tourists, whose only thought seemed to be to throw their money away.

That was what François heard from the men who, coming back from the ships, laughed and wagged their heads together over their empty sacks. In the shops it was the same thing; silks, velvets, laces, articles of filigree and mosaic were carried away in enormous quantities, and in the sculpture galleries the demand for works in alabaster and marble was something to wonder at. M. Marotti had more orders than he could fill in a lifetime, and, of course, François being his best workman, was soon advanced. He listened to the tales of America at first carelessly, then began to pay more attention, and gradually the idea came to him that he too must go across the sea.

He said nothing about it to Rosa, but quietly listened to the stories, then sought out those who were returning after a few years spent in that great, far country; and hearing their travellers' tales, which lost nothing in the telling, he said to himself: "These marble palaces of the great millionaires have room for works of art; the great museums must be filled; there must be fountains and statues to decorate the parks and squares, and there must be sculp-

tors to do the work, which in future years will be to America what the works of Praxiteles and Canova are to Greece and Italy. There is money to be had there, but what to me seems even better, there is reputation, there is fame."

He had quite made up his mind before he spoke to Rosa. She was always timid, and since the earthquake she had never been quite her old self. What! cross the sea? Leave Genoa, where they had been so happy together? Leave *casa Rossa* and the garden, the fig tree and the vines? Leave their friends and the little church where they had so often prayed together, the kind old priest and those dear Little Sisters of the Poor, who always smiled and said "God bless you" when they passed the garden?

But François convinced her that he did wish it. He answered that only in America could they find all that he hoped for, all that was most to be desired, and finally—for Rosa was young and loving and believed in François with all the strength of her heart and soul—she ended by saying: "Yes, you are right, we must go, only it won't be for always; a few years and we will come back again, and live and grow old in our own beloved land."

Of course he kissed her and promised all that she wished, and she began, not uncheerfully, to make her simple preparations. She packed up their principal belongings; she even began to look forward to the change. It was a great country to which they were going; they would see so much that was strange and new; they would learn another language; they would gain knowledge and experience and —*enfin*—in a few years they would be back again, rich and happy and prosperous, and their friends would come to meet them and listen to and wonder at the stories they would have to tell.

* * * * * *

They found themselves in an incredibly short time, once it had been arranged, standing looking over the rail of the great ship that was to bear them away to the Promised Land. The sun was shining high in the sky, the water sparkling with every rainbow tint, hills and slopes aglow with color of varied flowers, of red earth and black rocks, gray green of olive, dark shimmering green of orange and lemon trees; there was fragrance of pink and white blossoms, golden glow of fruit. The ship moved slowly out of the harbor. They strained their eyes for a long last glimpse of Genoa—La Superba—where she sat proudly looking down from

her sloping hills, and following the coast they came to Naples. "Oh dolce Napoli." The musicians who came out in their little boats sang the song so dear to all lovers of Italy; the words sank into their hearts, the tears sprang to their eyes. The strains of music grew fainter in the distance, "Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia," and as they left the beautiful bay the glow from Vesuvius was reflected against the evening sky; Capri slowly receded; they were going out into the great unknown.

* * * * * *

Could it be that they were in the world of yesterday! The great ship was rolling and tossing; she strained and creaked; now they were plunging deep, now rising high upon waves that looked like mountains. The great rock of Gibraltar, gray and strong and impenetrable, was slowly disappearing, and they were out on the black, illimitable sea. For days they were kept below the deck in the narrow, dirty, uncomfortable bunks. There were emigrants huddled together from every corner of the world in every condition of squalor and discomfort; crying children, scolding women; sullen, scowling men. Rosa, frightened and weeping silently, clung close to her husband's side. "Oh, why did we come away, why did we ever come?"

But it ended at last, the rough, horrible voyage, and on a cold, drizzling day, under a leaden sky, a bleak wind blowing and whistling dismally, they disembarked.

The city slums, the ugly streets and tenements, an occasional spectre of a tree bare of foliage—was it for this they had forsaken sunny Italy. François felt his heart sink, but "Courage, Rosa, courage!" was what he said. "To-morrow the sun will shine; spring is yet to come." And it did come, but only after days when the rain fell in a slow, sullen, seemingly unending stream, when streaks of uncertain, sickly, yellow sunlight broke through the lowering clouds, but to hide away again, as if hating to look upon a world where everything was cheerless, where the buds seemed as if they would never unfold; the blossoms forgot to open; even the birds kept out of sight, as if nest building would never begin. When at last the sun did come out it was only a faded yellow light. Hardly were the pale white blossoms opened, than a cold, driving rain came and scattered them on the ground. Hot days followed, sometimes dry and dusty, without the faintest breeze to stir the air, and again heavy and humid. The people in the streets.

in their dark, monotonous, ugly clothes, hurried and jostled against each other with anxious, unsmiling faces. Here was no *dolce far niente,* no joyous greetings and cheerful companionship; even the language was harsh and incomprehensible. It grated on Rosa's ears. The rough, unsympathetic surroundings—the people of different nations rushing madly about their business—the contrast to what she had always known, lay upon Rosa's heart like a leaden weight; she could not throw off the feeling of homesickness and desolation; she could not learn the language, and she was much alone during François's absence. He, busy and interested, mingled with men and was forced to learn to speak with them. His ambition grew from day to day. He, too, felt the artistic craving, but was so taken up with his work that he had no time to sit down and let his mind dwell upon the past. After some weeks he discovered an out-of-the-way corner where a number of their country people were gathered in a little Italian colony. They had planted vines and trained them over trellises built about their houses, and here and there someone had painted a light blue door, or added a dash of pink to the whitewash with which they colored the walls. In the little home which they made here Rosa became more cheerful, though she was never very strong. François had no trouble in finding work, indeed, there were too few skilled workmen; he was offered more than one good position and of course he chose the best. Soon he began to save money; he went about his work with a smile; he felt a constantly increasing confidence in his own powers; the buoyant hope of youth was in his veins, and looking forward with eager, expectant eyes, he fancied himself rapidly outstripping his contemporaries and only waited for the day when his ambition should realize its accomplishment.

It was spring again. Rosa had been ailing, but there seemed no cause for alarm; she would be better soon, the doctor said, and the neighbors who came in to do little kindnesses, and to offer words of encouragement and cheer, added: "This will soon pass; she will be well before long, and once she has her baby in her arms she will forget the present suffering."

She smiled and tried for François's sake to be cheerful. When he came home at night she was always in the garden to meet him till towards the last, when she did not leave the house, but lay on the bed while a woman whom François engaged to be with her

did the work and kept her company through the days that seemed so very long.

But one morning she insisted upon rising and walking to the gate with François when he went off to work. He promised to come back earlier than usual, and when he left her he hurried down the road, looking round at the turning to wave his hand and smile back at her as she stood under the trellised grapevine, watching him with her whole soul in her eyes, till he was out of sight.

Then she turned back to the house. Old Marietta urged her to go to bed, and she was only too glad to lie down. "I am so tired," she said, "and I am homesick. Oh, if I could but see my beautiful Italy!"

* * * * * *

A boy came running into the studio. "Come quick, quick," he said, going towards François, and he dropped his chisel and his mallet and without a word hurried away.

When, out of breath and quite exhausted, he flung himself down beside Rosa's bed, she was unconscious. All the long day she suffered, but when the sun was going down she opened her eyes and recognized François; a light came into her face and, gazing away into the distance, she whispered softly:

"Home, I am going home."

* * * * * *

The priest had administered the last sacraments; neighbors were crowding in, and all knelt about the bedside where, with the baby clasped to her breast—the baby who had never lived—Rosa breathed out her life, while Father Bernardino slowly repeated the prayers for the dying.

* * * * * *

It was all so sudden, so unexpected, François could not realize it; he was sick and dazed; he sat by the bedside with his head in his hands, moaning and repeating her name over and over again:

"Rosa, Rosa——"

They did not know what to do with him; when he was spoken to he seemed not to hear, but when hours had passed and the women had made Rosa ready for the grave, he roused himself.

"I must go out," he said; "I must go out and find the place where Rosa is to sleep."

Father Bernardino looked at him with compassion. "Yes, that is right," he said; "but first you must eat—you are not strong

enough to go out till you have taken food. And," he added, "I must also eat. Marietta will give us some of her good soup, then we shall both feel better."

Marietta, who had the soup all prepared, brought it and placed it on the table, and François got up and followed the priest mechanically. He crossed himself as Father Bernardino repeated the grace, and then both sat down and each took a smoking bowl of the soup, which was strong and refreshing.

"Now we can go," Father Bernardino said. "I will myself go with you to the cemetery to choose Rosa's resting place."

* * * * * *

"I tell you, Father, I have the money. I have it in the bank. I will use all that I have. I will work and get more, but I have plenty for everything now," François, shaken with sobs, insisted.

It was useless for Father Bernardino to protest. "No, no, I tell you, nothing else will do. Rosa shall lie here. She shall lie where she can look across the sea, where she can see the sun rising, where she will see the ships as they sail away to Italy. There are flowers here that she loves, and the sun is warm and bright. She shall lie here high above the water. It will be more like home, with the boats coming and going. This is the place I will buy for her: nowhere else shall my Rosa lie."

V.

When Rosa was buried, it seemed to François as if everything was ended. He no longer went to his work; he seemed to care for nothing. He would rise listlessly from his bed in the morning and, after taking a little food, urged on him by the faithful Marietta, he would wander away to the cemetery and, sitting down by the low mound in which lay the bodies of all that he held most dear, he would remain for hours—his elbows on his knees, his head hidden in his hands, his shoulders bent, and his whole attitude that of dreary, hopeless despair. For days this went on; he grew gaunt and pale, his clothes hung loosely upon his shrunken body, his eyes had great rings about them, he scarcely spoke to anyone. People began to notice him. "He will die," they said, "if he cannot be brought out of this. He should not be always hovering about a grave." Father Bernardino came and tried to comfort him; tried to interest him and draw him out of himself, but his efforts were in vain. Marietta was in despair; she had insisted on staying with

François after Rosa's death; it was with her a labor of love. She knew that François could give her nothing; almost everything that he had saved had gone to pay for the funeral, for the lot in the cemetery, for Masses to be said for Rosa's soul.

One day a musician from over the sea, on one of his visits among the foreign population in the poorer parts of the town, heard the story of the young sculptor, and his heart was moved with compassion. He was a man full of feeling, gentle and brave and tender as a woman. He had a tall, lithe figure, and his head, set above rather sloping shoulders, was wonderfully beautiful; gray hair was brushed back from his broad, high forehead, and the clear blue eyes of Scandinavia looked out from under straight, heavy brows with the illuminating light of genius, but genius in which a beautiful, tender sympathy predominated. For years he had been the idol of two continents, and his exquisite art had rejoiced thousands to whom the greatest joy to be had in life was found in listening to the notes of his incomparable violin.

François, sitting beside Rosa's grave as he had done for many days, suddenly lifted his head to listen. From a clump of trees just above there came strains of music. He bent forward, not understanding, hardly believing in the reality of the sweet, mournful melody which, slowly and exquisitely modulated, seemed like music played by the angels of Fra Angelico. Were the angels there—were they playing near by? François strained forward, a new light in his face. The music grew louder; there was a joyful sound in the notes that rose higher and higher, then grew soft again, and yet seemed to come near. The tears welled up in his eyes, and suddenly he covered his face and burst into a fit of sobbing.

The music ceased. Someone was approaching, but François did not raise his head. A hand was laid upon his shoulder. "You are unhappy," the musician said gently; and François answered through his tears, "Yes, I have lost Rosa."

"Would you like me to play for you again?" the musician asked.

"Was it you?" François said, looking up and staring into the face of the musician. "I thought the music came from heaven."

"It was I playing on my violin," and lifting it again and laying it against his breast, he drew the bow gently across the strings; and once more François's eyes grew bright and he listened, even

smiling as he caught the eyes of the man, who seemed to put his very soul into the melody which he drew from the beloved violin.

When he had finished playing he sat down beside François. "I wish I could help you," he said.

"You are very kind," François replied; "the music is beautiful."

"Ah! You like it. Would you like to have me play for you sometimes?"

"You are very good. Yes, I would like to hear you play."

"Well, I will make a bargain with you. You must go home; it is not good to sit here; you will be ill, and you know it does no good."

"I know, I know," François sighed. "She has gone, my Rosa, and nothing can bring her back again."

"That is true," the musician answered. "She has gone, and sitting here cannot help her; it can only do you harm."

"François drew the back of his hand across his eyes. "What does it matter, what does it matter? There is no reason for me to live now."

"Listen"—the musician spoke very kindly and smiled, taking François's hand in his—"I know about you. I have been told that you are a good workman. They say there is none here so good, that you have talent, that you have it in your power to do a great work."

François, for the first time since Rosa died, began to look interested. The musician was watching him carefully, and he continued: "You know God gives to some people power which is greater than that possessed by others; He gives them talent, genius even. I can play the violin. From the time when I was a child I felt the music stirring within me. I knew that I could play, that I could make people listen to me, that I could touch their hearts. When I was a very little boy I had a tiny violin given to me, and I used to practice on it night and day. Whenever I had any spare time, I would run away by myself and play on the little instrument; on holidays it was my delight to wander off where the peasants were working in the woods or in the fields, and I would hide where they could not see me, and commence playing—softly, very softly—till they began to listen and to look at each other, and I would hear them say, 'It is the fairies making music.'"

"And when I heard you just now," François said, "I thought it was the angels."

The musician smiled. "Well, you see this talent was given to me by the good God. He did not give it to me just for myself, He gave it to me to use for others. He put it into my heart to wish to make the talent good for my fellow creatures, and I have tried to use it to give pleasure to those about me at the same time that it has been the joy of my own life. Now I understand that you, too, have a gift—a gift, mind you, from God, and when he gave it to you, he meant that you should use it."

François nodded his head.

"Yes, I am told by those who have seen your work that you were intended for a sculptor, a great sculptor. God never intended you to let the life he gave you go out simply because you refused to keep the lamp burning. Suppose that you *are* alone, that it seems to you as if there were no more happiness for you in this world—do you believe you have the right to let that perish which God gave you with which to do His work? Would Rosa like to see you throwing your life away? Would she not rather wish you to do the work that God intended you to do, so that hereafter, when the time comes to join her, when God calls you into His heaven, she can hear Him say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant'?"

"Yes, yes, you are right," François replied, and drawing himself up, he folded his arms across his breast and looked straight out to sea.

"And you will try now—you will come back to your house and you will go to work again?"

"Yes."

"That is right; that is right. And now, let us make a bargain. I am lonely sometimes myself."

"You!" François looked at the musician incredulously.

"Yes, I. You see, I am far away from my own country and—well, sometimes I feel homesick."

"Oh, *le mal du pays*." François nodded his head. "It is here," and he put his hand on his heart.

"Yes, we both know well what it means, so I would like sometimes to sit with you in the evenings when the day's work is over, and I would play to you, and you could tell me of yourself, and I should be interested to see you achieve. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, and you are very kind," François said, wringing the musician's hand. He rose and, casting one long, lingering glance

at the low mound of brown earth, both turned away, and soon, the cemetery behind them, they plunged down into the great city with its throbbing, pulsating life and bewildering possibilities.

* * * * * *

François was working again. The musician came as he had promised, and often played beautiful songs without words, which came from his own heart and gave joy to his eager listener. Time was passing, and the dream of other days was renewing itself; the ambition which he had cherished awoke and daily became stronger, and gradually the idea was born which was to grow and thrive and finally reach its culmination in a work which should be the crown of his life, and place his name securely among the great ones of the earth. He told no one, not even the musician, what he was planning; but, the day's work over in the *atelier,* where he toiled with other men, he would sit in his own room with a great lump of clay before him, and from this he would form the little *figurines* which had been his delight in boyhood. Sometimes, when he was satisfied, he would take plaster casts of them, and gradually the shelves about the room were filled with his conceits, which were unlike the work of any other, and sometimes were of extraordinary strength and originality. He was very intent, and the musician forbore to question him, only showing his pleasure when François showed him some special piece by playing a lively air which he would improvise for the occasion, and which made them both smile. There was the touch of genius that made each understand and appreciate the other even without exchanging a single word.

At last, after a couple of months had passed, François despatched a letter to M. Marotti in Genoa, and he begged that he would select for him a block of pure Carrara marble, "the most beautiful that can be found," he said, "no matter what the cost"; for by this time he was laying up money again, and having only himself to support, his expenses were almost nothing. He sent a certain sum to his master, promising to forward the rest from week to week; and then he went to work harder than ever. The inspiration had come to him; he wished to lose no time.

The musician, forced to leave the city, went away regretfully, but satisfied that François was on the right track and would no longer neglect his work. When they parted, and François thanked him for his goodness with tears in his eyes, he only said, "God bless you," and promised to return in the early spring.

In due time the block of marble arrived. François went down to the dock to meet the ship which brought it; he saw it lifted out of the hold and placed upon the dray which was to carry it to his studio. He had had a building erected in the garden, where he worked by himself and into which no one was allowed to enter. A curtain divided the room in the middle, and when the men had unpacked and put the great block of marble in its place, they went away, leaving him quite alone.

He walked around the great white stone, looking at it critically. It was absolutely flawless. He touched it lovingly and drew his hands caressingly backwards and forwards over its smooth white surface, thinking what it would be like when he had finished with it, and the creation of his brain should have taken shape under the chisel held in his hand.

There was a crucifix hanging near one of the windows, and he looked at it frequently when he was at work, praying silently that he might be given the power to accomplish the work which God had entrusted to Him. He had made the clay model from which the plaster cast was taken, which now stood behind the curtain waiting to be copied in marble.

One day a ship from Italy was expected to arrive, and François went down to the wharf, and, returning, brought home with him a taciturn, morose Italian who could neither speak nor understand a word of English. This man he engaged to rough-hew the precious block of marble, making it ready for his own skilled hand to perfect.

There now remained only the mechanical work of the sculptor to be done. François threw into it his very life and soul. Early and late he worked; he scarcely took time for eating or sleeping; he allowed himself no rest; he seemed to forget all physical need, and gradually the constant application began to tell upon his health. Sometimes a stifling feeling about his heart would compel him to pause and sit down for a little while, but as soon as he recovered his breath and had taken a glass of wine he went on working harder than ever.

To old Marietta, who would sometimes beg him to rest, to be more careful, he would answer, "By and bye, Marietta, when I have finished, there will be plenty of time; then I will rest. I will sleep all night and all the day long, if that will please you, but now you must not interrupt me; the work must be completed. Before

Easter Day it must be put in its place, and even now the time is all too short."

He kept always before him the photograph of himself and Rosa, taken shortly after their marriage, and he would sit often holding it in his hand, studying it as if he would imprint both faces indelibly upon his mind; but no one knew what was the work which engrossed him. He steadily refused admission to the studio, and almost before he realized it, spring had come round again.

When the neighbors, at first inclined to be overfriendly, came again and again and received only rebuffs, they gradually ceased to think of him. They had their own affairs which were all-engrossing, and a poor devil of a sculptor who chose to keep himself to himself and refused all offers of companionship was not worth the trouble of their going out of their way to be agreeable to, so it came about that only old Marietta, who kept the house and to whom he now paid a small weekly sum, and Father Bernardino, who looked in upon him occasionally and urged upon him the necessity of going regularly to Mass, were the only ones who continued to think about him.

A week before Easter he finished his work, and it was good; of that there was absolutely no doubt. His youthful dreams were realized. In the statue before him, into which he had put all his heart, all his imagination, the very best of his God-given talent, he realized that his powers had reached their culmination; he had produced a work that would endure, that would touch the hearts of the people, and place his name high up among those of the famous sculptors of the world.

Father Bernardino and Marietta, admitted at last to see that which had occupied him for so many months, were dumb with amazement. They had no words to express their delight, their surprise at the marvellous beauty of the statue, which, with only his vivid imagination and his sculptor's skill, François had conceived and executed.

"It should be placed in a great cathedral," Father Bernardino said. But François shook his head.

* * * * * *

In the cemetery, high above the water, facing towards the east, where the morning sun threw its earliest beams as it rose out of the sea away towards Italy, those who passed that way saw for the first time the wonderful monument which the young Italian sculptor

had erected above the grave of his beloved. Rosa, seated in a chair, light draperies folded gracefully about her, held in her arms the form of a slumbering child. She was leaning forward, the child clasped close to her breast; her face was uplifted, and there was a look upon it almost impossible to describe. A sort of wondering smile full of joy and of hope fulfilled. The figure appeared almost to live; it seemed ready to spring forward as if answering to the summons from above. It was as if, carrying her child upon her bosom, Rosa were about to soar joyously above the earth, away from every hampering care or sorrow or ill, to the gates of paradise, there to enter forever into the joy of the Lord.

On the pedestal, on a medallion cut in the marble, was the face of the sculptor, and beneath were the words "*François Clairin fecit.*"

* * * * * *

François had been to confession, he had put on his Sunday clothes, and down in the market he had bought a great armful of flowers—roses, lilies, heliotrope and mignonette. He walked up to the cemetery and made his way towards the spot that had become so dear to him. It was getting late, and he was tired; he had promised Marietta that to-morrow he would begin to rest; besides, he was expecting a visit from the musician, and he smiled as he went along, thinking of the pleasure he would have in bringing his friend to the spot where he had first sought him out, and proving to him that his good counsel had not been in vain. He wished to make the musician realize that he had understood his words when he spoke of the duty of making the most of his God-given talent. He had thought of it every day since, and surely he had done his best; he had felt the power working within him, the thing that men call inspiration; he knew that he himself had not produced this wonderful thing, but that the hand of God had guided his own, that the unseen power working within him was that of the Father of us all.

He laid the great mass of flowers at Rosa's feet, and then, for he was very tired, he sat down and leaned his head against the pedestal. The branches of the great elm trees were gently shaken by the breeze, and little shadows thrown by the moving leaves danced upon the ground; sunshine and flowers seemed inextricably entangled. He remembered the day, so long ago, when he and Rosa had knelt together at the shrine of Nôtre Dame de Laghetto. He thought of the time when he sat alone beside Rosa's grave

bowed down with grief, and how, suddenly, he was roused by the music of the violin.

He shifted his position and caught his breath. There came a clutching at his heart, a curious feeling of numbness in his left arm. The musician was coming to-morrow. He smiled, he seemed again to hear the music. The music of angels. Surely it was there again—rising up—up—floating away on the air—and Rosa and the baby were floating away with it—and he—was going with them. Heaven had seemed so far off—so far—and yet there—where the crescent moon was hanging high up in the deep blue sky—and the silver stars were shining as they used to shine away over in Italy—there was the open portal—and through it he heard the music of all the spheres. The smile on his face was full of sweetness—the music was growing fainter. "Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them," he whispered, as his head fell forward and rested against the great mass of flowers heaped about Rosa's feet. "My work is finished—it is done—it is well done—I am coming, Rosa, coming——"

* * * * * *

When the early morning light touched the faces of "Mother and Child," it fell also on the form of the sculptor, who, his face turned towards the east, seemed himself to have become a part of the marble group which dominated the hillside above the waters of the bay.

Together they were enveloped in sunshine brighter than that which gilded the slopes of far-away Castellar, and in the light of the Easter morning, in the fulfilment of the glorious promise of the resurrection,

"That which made their lives so sweet
Had rendered Heaven's joy complete."

PATIENCE WARREN.

MODERN PHYSIOLOGY AND THE PSYCHIC ACTIVITIES OF MAN.

FRANCIS JOS. GALL, who died in 1828, and his devoted friend Spurzheim surprised their contemporaries by telling them that there were no less than twenty-seven (or even thirty-five) internal senses, and that all of these were localized, that is, possessed definite territories on the outer surface of the brain. The names for the various sense-areas indicated their nature. There was a "sense of reverence," a "sense of poetic talent," a "sense of happy moods," a "sense of cruelty," and many more no less curious. Even the form of the skull was said to be in agreement with the characteristic feature of each sense-area, so that the natural dispositions and talents of a man could be known by merely studying the outer form of his skull. On the other hand, another scientist, Flourens by name, insisted much upon the unity of all psychic actions, and argued that there could be no question of localizing any one of them, since a small, healthy remnant of brain hemisphere was able, though in a less perfect degree, to maintain the functions of the whole.

Both views met a similar fate as the unlucky choice of Descartes, who imagined the soul to be seated in the pineal gland or epiphysis, a "rudimentary" organ for which modern physiologists have little use. They were completely set aside, and the so-called modern theories of localization took their place. These theories and the real or imaginary facts on which they are based have a direct bearing upon the most vital questions of psychology. The present essay purposes to answer the question: *What has modern physiology to say about the localization of the psychic activities of man?*

The only organ whose function can come into question is, of course, the brain, and within the brain the cerebral hemispheres, or, more exactly, the cerebral cortex covering the latter. The position and structure of this most wonderful organ can be seen by glancing at the figures accompanying this essay.

I. SENSE-ACTIVITY AND THE CEREBRAL CORTEX.

In 1870 the two scientists, Fritsch and Hitzig, observed the phenomenon that, if certain parts of the cortex are electrically stimu-

lated, definite groups of muscles show a clear reaction. Other scientists applied mechanical and chemical stimuli with the same result. It was, moreover, observed that extirpation of those regions was followed by considerable derangement of muscular movements. The regions of the cortex concerned, comprise the anterior and posterior central convolutions, including the paracentral lobule and a part of the precuneous. These are the very places where the motory pyramidal tracts(1) terminate. They are known as motor zones, or motor areas, of the cortex, and are characterized by a prevalence of large pyramidal cells and longitudinal fibres. It is remarkable that the effect of the stimulation occurs always on the opposite side of the body, which agrees with the morphological fact known as the crossing or decussation of the pyramids. It has also been observed that the degeneration of the motor areas in man causes paralysis of the opposite side and is followed by the degeneration of the pyramidal tracts. But the paralysis is only total for some time, and later on merely refers to the performance of more delicate movements, such as are generally brought about by an act of the will.

Separated from the main motory centres, is the central sphere for controlling the organs used for speech, notably the tongue, the mouth and the lower jaw, and is located in right-handed persons in the left third frontal convolution, and in left-handed persons in the same region of the opposite side. This centre is in apes merely rudimentary, in deaf-mutes ill-developed, and in the brains of highly distinguished men less simple and of greater size than in others. In the case of Gambetta, for instance, who excelled as an orator, the speech-centre showed a remarkable development. Injury to the motor speech-centre is followed by a more or less complete inability to perform the movements necessary to speak or to write words; another consequence of such injury may be the loss of the memory of words or the inability to express a given idea by the corresponding word.

A third set of regions in the cerebral cortex, characterized by stellate cells and numerous plexuses of nerve-fibres, has been marked out as standing in an evident relation to the organs of special sense. A dog in which these centres are completely destroyed is said to have lost thereby all powers of conscious perception; but if the

(1) The pyramidal tracts are collections of nerve-fibres, leading from the spinal cord and serving to excite the muscular fibres.

MODEL OF HUMAN BRAIN, SIDE VIEW.

PLATE No. I.—This model of a human brain was constructed under the direction of Dr. Chr. Aeby, Professor of Anatomy, Prague, for the U. S. Medical Museum, Washington, D. C. The wires are supposed to represent the white matter of the brain, that is, the paths of the various nerve-fibres, while the solid bodies, with the exception of the white curved mass in the center (corpus callosum), represent the large collections of gray matter or nerve-cells, situated in the interior of the brain as well as constituting the cerebral cortex. The corpus callosum binds the two hemispheres of the cerebrum together. Taking the corpus callosum as point of reference, we have in the upper part the central convolutions (mainly motor areas); to the left, the three frontal convolutions (the third, the lowest, being the speech area); to the right, the occipital convolutions (visual area). In front of the corpus callosum, toward the reader, but extending downward, are the temporal lobes (auditory area).

The bundle of wires leading up to the brain represents the spinal cord. The wires to the left the pyramidal tracts, which are clearly seen to cross upon entering the brain. The crossing itself lies at the lower end of the medulla oblongata. Between the medulla oblongata and the occipital lobe of the cerebrum is found the hind or small brain (cerebellum). The cerebrum, cerebellum, and medulla oblongata are bound together by the pons (bridge) varolii, a collection of white matter interspersed with nerve-cells and comprising millions of fibres.

injury be only partial, the dog merely loses the consciousness of its perceptions, but reacts still upon sense impressions like a reflex mechanism, having no power of spontaneous motion. The dog is said to see objects without recognizing them, having lost the memory of former perceptions of the same objects.

The two central regions for visual perceptions are situated principally within the whole surface-region of the occipital lobe, including a narrow marginal zone of the angular gyrus on the outer surface. Both retinas are connected with each optic centre, but so that each centre receives but a small number of fibres from the optic nerve of the same side, and by far the larger number of fibres from the optic nerve of the opposite side.

The total destruction of the optic central region is followed by total blindness, whilst it is said that the destruction of the central part of the optic region merely gives rise to loss of conscious sight-perceptions. Luciani, however, maintains that the total destruction of the cerebral optic centres does not cause optic blindness, but merely "mind-blindness," that is, loss of conscious vision. In other words, the animal is merely capable of appropriate reflex movements.

Similarly the auditory sphere is located principally in the posterior portion of the first temporal convolution, but likewise extends to the parietal and frontal lobes. Destruction of one of the centres is followed by deafness of the opposite ear, whilst lesion of the innermost region of that sphere merely deprives the animal of becoming conscious of its perception of hearing.

But, as may be said of all centres, partial destruction of any of their parts, and sometimes even total destruction, is merely followed by temporary effects. Other regions seem to take the part of the injured ones, and conscious seeing and hearing may be restored within a comparatively short time. The animal stores up anew, as it were, its lost memory-images. It is also known that in men like Helmholtz the auditory layer was found to be rich in convolutions.

The olfactory centre was located by Munk and Ferrier in the hypocampal convolution to which Luciani added the *cornu Ammonis*. The larger bundle of olfactory fibres, however, do not cross, but remain on the same side till they reach the cortical layers. It seems, moreover, probable that fibres from the organ of taste

lead to the same region. Thus it was found that monkeys lost both taste and smell after the olfactory centre was destroyed.

There is not much reliable information regarding the other senses. It seems to be certain that the central convolutions are not only motory centres, but also sensory with reference to superficial tactile impressions and sensations of movement. The presence of stellate cells, together with the large pyramidal cells, would suggest the same fact. Some maintain that the marginal gyrus must likewise have some relation to the sense of touch. Munk and others believe that they can map out the boundaries for the motor and sensory centres of the single members of a dog. Others, however, especially Luciani and Wundt, reject such precise limitations. In fact, the well-founded phenomena of functional substitution and adaptation, as also numerous experimental investigations, point clearly to a merely relative localization of function. The various centres are not on the surface of the brain, but within the cortical layers. Their boundary lines are not well defined and mathematically constant; on the contrary, they clearly admit of a decrease and increase of territory. Lastly, it may be added that Landois claims to have succeeded in marking out a definite cortical layer which influences the temperature and size of blood-vessels in the opposite extremities.

Besides these special facts, there are a few of a more general nature which must be taken into consideration, before we can state the true conclusions to be derived from the phenomena. These general facts are contained in the following principles of Wundt with reference to central functions:

1. The various functions of the brain are in a more or less intimate union with each other, millions and millions of fibres leading from, to and between the various sensory and motory areas.

2. No sensation can originate unless the peripheral organs of sense, such as the retina of the eye in vision, have been active for some time. "Those who are born blind or deaf, and even those who have lost the sense of sight or hearing in early childhood, lack the sensation qualities of light and sound."(1)

3. Functional disturbances produced in consequence of central lesions are not always permanent. Other parts of the brain that

(1) W. Wundt, Principles of Physiological Psychology. Translated from the 5th German Ed. (1902) by E. B. Titchener (London and New York, 1904), Vol. I., p. 329.

are connected in the proper manner may take the place of the injured ones.

4. The cells of the cerebral cortex are the better able to perform a certain function, the more frequently they have been forced to do it.

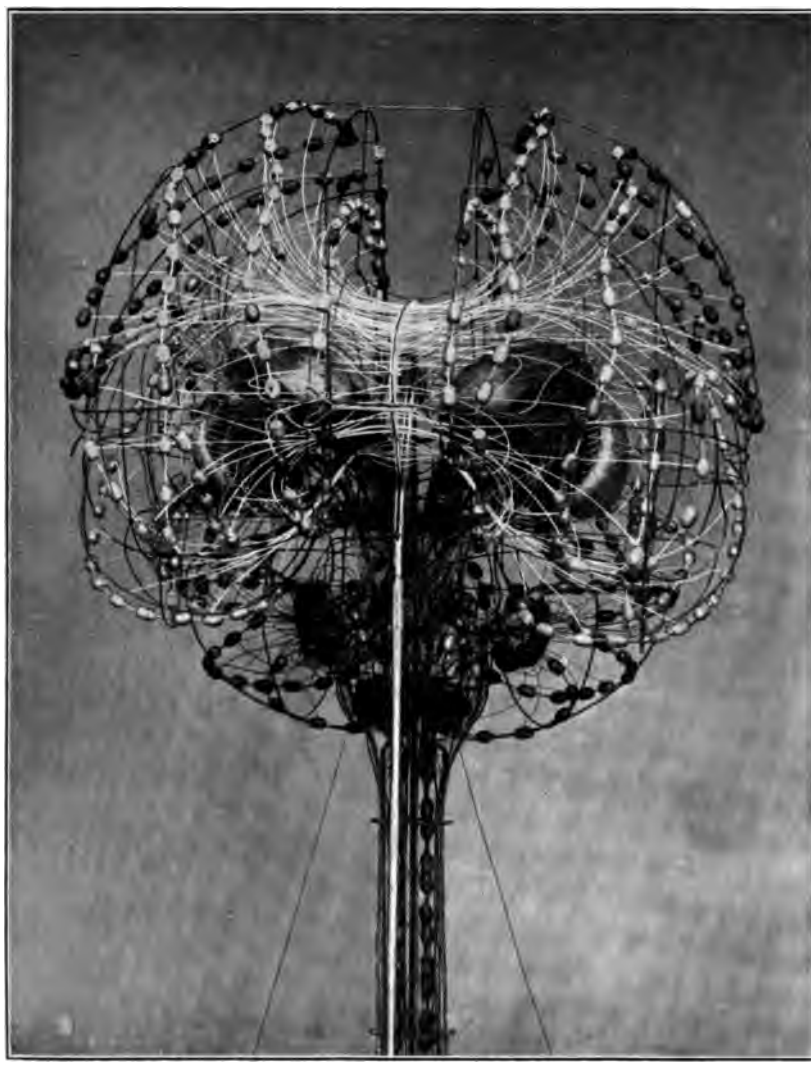
5. The localization of function in the cerebral cortex is limited in two ways: (*a*) By the fact that every central function includes a number of auxiliary centres situated in the lower parts of the brain; (*b*) by the fact that functions lost through injury of certain parts of the brain may be regained by other parts properly connected.

What follows from the facts which we have explained in the preceding pages?

1. The living cerebral cortex, united by living nerve-fibres to the living peripheral organ, is really the organ of sensation, of sensuous memory, and of that consciousness of sensation which consists in the mutual awareness of the activities of the various senses by one another. The latter is rendered possible through the fibres of association, millions of which are distributed throughout the cerebral hemispheres. These fibres serve likewise to render possible the wonderfully co-ordinated actions proceeding from animal instinct and subject to a thousand modifications of sense-experience.

2. The layers and parts of the cerebral cortex essential for sensation are not confined within absolutely unchangeable limits, so that Wundt is correct in speaking of a merely *relative localization*. On the other hand, there are definite paths of nerve-fibres leading from the cortex to the various sense-organs, and there is a clear structural distinction between motor areas and sensory areas with reference to nerve-cells as well as nerve fibres. This is undoubtedly indicative not of an original indifference of function, as Wundt holds, but of a relative localization of them from the very beginning, at least as to motory and sensory areas.

3. The famous law of the specific energy of nerve-fibres cannot be admitted without an important modification. It maintains, in its extreme form, that by an interchange of the optic and auditory nerve thunder can be perceived with the eye and lightning with the ear. This, of course, is a mere phrase, not based on any experimental facts; but the law seems, at least, to account for the imagined feeling of pain in amputated members of the body and for certain indistinct visions of light after section of the optic nerve. These



MODEL OF HUMAN BRAIN, FRONT VIEW.

PLATE No. II.—Front view of the same model, showing, in addition, the large fissure, which separates the two cerebral hemispheres, the aggregation of gray matter in the middle part of the brain, the crossing of the pyramidal tracts in the medulla oblongata, and the fibres of association (perfectly white), connecting the cerebral cortex of one hemisphere with that of the other.

phenomena are produced, no doubt, by mechanical and other stimulations of the respective nerves, and if we admit that each nerve-fibre of its very nature always produces a characteristic specific sensation, no matter of what nature the stimulus is, we have, indeed, an explanation of the phenomena, but we have Kant's idealism in the bargain.

But the explanation is wrong, even from a physiological standpoint. The sensations of sight produced by mere stimulation of the optic nerve are simply due to the fact that the part of the brain connected with the retina by nerves was accustomed, through long and continued exercise, to react upon the stimulation of the optic nerve so as to produce some kind of sight. For, as we have said above, those who are born blind and deaf have no sensations of light, no matter whether their optic nerve be stimulated or not.

4. Neither the will of man, nor the analogous faculty in animals, is able to act upon the muscles of the limbs without a definite aggregation of pyramidal nerve-cells in the cerebral cortex. But this does not mean that the will is localized in those nerve-cells. For by their destruction, the will as such is in no wise impaired, but merely some of the external manifestations of its activity are lost, since the cells upon which it would act are no more. Wundt, too, declares that we cannot speak of the localization of the will in the centro-motor centres. But Wundt's reason is false, because he considers the will an abstract concept with no objective reality. Nor is Wundt correct in calling the concrete individual volition a complex process made up of nothing else than numerous sensations and feelings. In reality the will is a spiritual faculty which of its very nature acts upon a spiritual cognition.

II. INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY AND THE CEREBRAL CORTEX.

Merely sensuous actions intrinsically and of their very nature depend on several more or less rigidly defined layers of the cerebral cortex. But must we maintain an equal dependence with reference to the actions proceeding from intellect and will? Philosophy answers that intellect and will are of a spiritual nature and depend on the material body only extrinsically. What is the meaning of this phrase? It is that as long as body and soul are united to one personality, the intellectual activity of the soul is conditioned upon a certain activity of the body. All the ideas of the intellect and the aspirations of the will subsequent to them enter the mind origi-

nally through the medium of sense-perceptions. It is not the nature of the spiritual and invisible that is the appropriate object of cognition for the human intellect, but the nature of material and visible things. Nor can the soul continue to think and reason out new truths without being constantly fructified and assisted by the sensuous imagination, which, somehow, is instrumental in that operation, nor without the memory of ideas, which, again, cannot be maintained without the memory of corresponding sense-perceptions.

Philosophy alone is competent to put forward a more or less satisfactory and intelligent proof for these propositions. Physiology can merely show that there are no real, but merely apparent, facts opposed to them. What these facts are, it shall be our purpose to consider.

1. There are first of all some "facts," mentioned in this connection by certain materialistic writers, which are easily rejected as having no argumentative value with reference to the relation of cerebral cortex and true intelligence.

Some claim that phosphorus and thought are related, and that the brain secretes thoughts as glands secrete ferments. James calls this a "lame analogy," and as to phosphorus and thought, he says that "it is not known at all that phosphorus is produced in the brain during mental activity." He is correct, only his expressions are much too mild. There are other authors who call mental activity a common property of all protoplasm, and talk of the chemistry of thought. There is, again, no experimental fact supporting this statement, which, moreover, implies the philosophical absurdity that unity of thought could result from a multiplicity of molecular changes. It would also follow that the more nutrient material a man absorbs, that is, the more protoplasm he accumulates, the more intelligent he ought to be, the contrary of which is often the case.

Again, it is said that the absolute or relative mass and weight of the brain is a direct measure of mental capacity. But it is a simple fact that "uncommonly heavy brains occur at times in individuals who do not rank very high intellectually, and on the other hand, relatively low weights have been found in men of prominence."(1) Ladd is consequently justified when he says: "Any law which refers the intensity and range of mental activities directly to the size and weight of the nervous mass must be held only very loosely. It is to be expected that many unexplained exceptions will

(1) L. Edinger, Die nervoesen Centralorgane, 6 ed., 1900, p. 225.

meet us, whether we compare men with other (!) animals, or certain races of men with others, or individual men with one another. No intelligent physiologist would now think of making mere mass the test of mental capacity."(1) The heaviest brains weighed by Ranke (1,650 g., 1,678 g., 1,770 g., 1,925 g.), belonged to common workingmen, while the brains of Raphael Sanzio and Gambetta did not reach the average weight of 1,330 grams, and the brains of three celebrated anatomists are stated to have averaged 1,232 grams, the average weight of eight negro brains. This leads us to the statement of some authors who cannot distinguish between so-called animal intelligence and rational intelligence. We cannot enter upon this distinction here, and must refer the reader to text-books on philosophy or to our own little volume on the "Humanizing of the Brute."(2) But if the distinction is admitted, there is no difficulty in understanding the truth and argumentative imbecility of statements such as this:

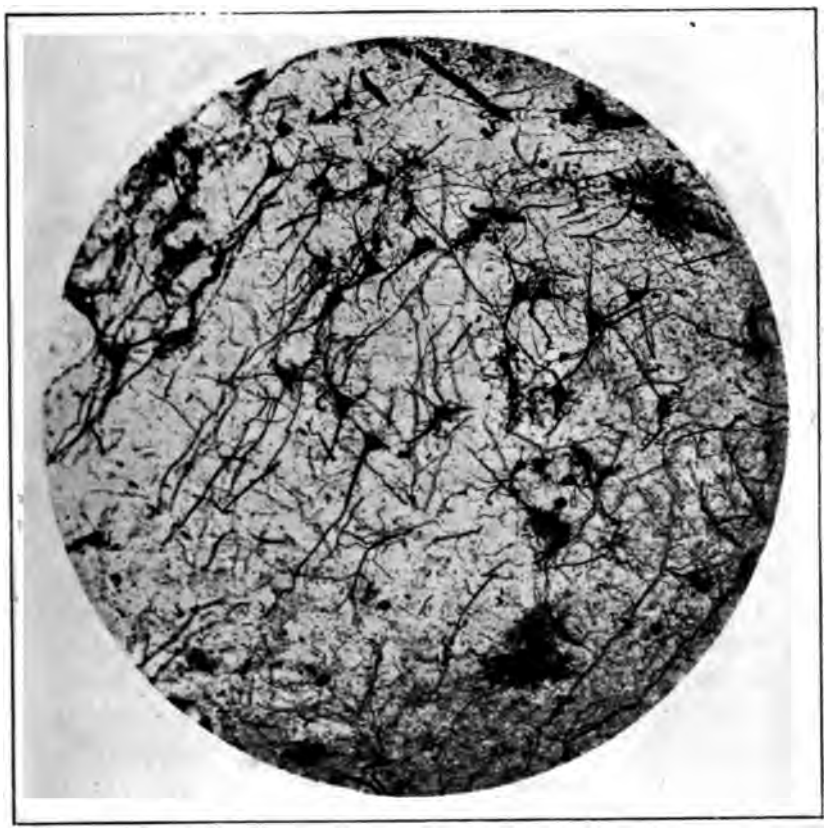
"Complexity of cerebral fissures is wholly wanting in lower animals as fish, frog, bird; is represented by two shallow fissures in the rabbit; is more developed in the dog, especially striking in the elephant, and wonderfully perfect in men of marked mental development. Ergo. . . ."

It is somewhat unfortunate for the argument that of the terrestrial mammals, the herbivores such as cows have the most richly convoluted brains, and that the brains of marine mammals, such as whales, surpass even the herbivores in the number of their convolutions.

2. But there are facts and statements of an apparently more serious nature, partly on account of the authority of the men that have proposed them, partly because the grain of truth contained in them is weighty and not easily separated from the alloy. It is well known that idiots, microcephali and cretins show considerable deformities of the skull, that have impeded the normal development of the brain. On the other hand, brains that were hydrocephalic in their early development, as the brain of the great Cuvier, were found to belong to men of extraordinary mental powers. It was naturally enough to ascribe their unusual intellectual endowment to the unusual development of the brain, resulting from the gradual escape of the abnormal quantity of water within the skull. Such

(1) T. Ladd, Physiological Psychology, p. 246.

(2) B. Herder (St. Louis), Sept., 1906.



PYRAMIDAL CELLS OF CEREBRAL CORTEX OF MAN.

PLATE NOS. III AND IV.—Large pyramidal cells (motory) of the cerebral cortex of man, with the fibres and processes (neurites and dendrites) proceeding from them. The cells have been brought out by different means, though the result is the same. The above is magnified 200 diameters; the plate on page 157, 500 diameters.

and similar observations led Edinger to the assertion that "a considerable development of the frontal lobes is frequently parallel to highly intellectual capacities, and in cases of abnormally small frontal lobes there is frequently found a low grade of intelligence and even idiocy."(1)

It is, moreover, well known that there is a mutual relation between diseases of the mind and corresponding diseases of the brain. To mention a few examples: diseases of the membranes covering the brain, apoplexy; lesions of the cerebral cortex, poisoning of the brain by alcohol or opium, abnormal irregularities in the blood supply, intense irritation in consequence of too much mental work, ill success, melancholy, passion or sudden emotion are followed by corresponding psychic disturbances and brain diseases. Similarly, in cases of idiocy it is no rare occurrence that, in consequence of lesions and diseases, the brain's normal development had been impeded or arrested during the embryonic stage or in the first years that followed it. Finally, if the cerebral hemispheres are eliminated, there are no manifestations of thought and free will, a consequence which is likewise observed in cases of extensive inflammation or when under the influence of narcotic drugs.

Do these and similar facts prove that thinking is a function of the living brain as sensation is? Supposing that the statement of the facts enumerated is complete, it seems to us that they merely show (1) that there exists an intrinsic correlation between sense phenomena and brain development, and (2) the well-known fact that quicker and more accurate sense perceptions will generally accompany more impressive manifestations of intellect; and this because it is the function of the imagination, and consequently of the senses, as it were, to fecundate the intellect and in a way cooperate with it in the formation of abstract ideas. Moreover, as was indicated, the statement of the facts is incomplete. Most facts are general only to a certain extent and admit of exceptions. Brains of incompetent persons have been found to possess a rich development of cerebral convolutions, though it must be granted that Ruedinger has verified in some general way the truth of Edinger's statement from the brains of eighteen prominent men, mostly writers and professors, such as Liebig.

Moreover, it has by no means been proved that in all cases healed hydrocephalic brains show a marked increase in development and

(1) Edinger, l. c., p. 225.

subsequent intelligence. A few single cases that admit of more than one explanation do not constitute an argument. The other pathological facts merely demonstrate that the intellect needs the brain, but not that intelligence is vital brain activity. On the contrary, it is admitted by all physiologists that almost any part of the brain may be extirpated or injured, yea, that even an entire hemisphere may be removed without impairing the usual manifestations of rational intelligence. Here is a striking case mentioned by several authors: A sharp-pointed bar 40 inches long 1¼ inches in diameter and weighing 12 pounds, was driven by accident through the head of a man twenty-five years old. It entered the man's lower jaw and came out at the top of the head all covered with blood and brains. An hour after the accident the victim regained consciousness, called upon a surgeon and gave an intelligent account of the accident. He even recovered and lived twelve and a half years longer. In fact, medical journals contain a great number of cases where bullet-wounds in the cerebral hemispheres, or the injury caused by three inches of a steel blade in the cortex, etc., were not followed by serious results.

Finally, if intelligence and rational will-activity depended on the brain like the various sensations, we should most assuredly expect that there were in the brain more or less definite layers that would bear the same relation to thought as the optic centre does to sight. We know that this is and will ever be impossible, since it implies the philosophical absurdity of a spiritual and inextended faculty becoming coextended with a material body. But spirituality of the intellect is denied by most modern scientists, and consequently we are justified to demand from them the demonstration that the intellect is an extended faculty and hence located in the brain.

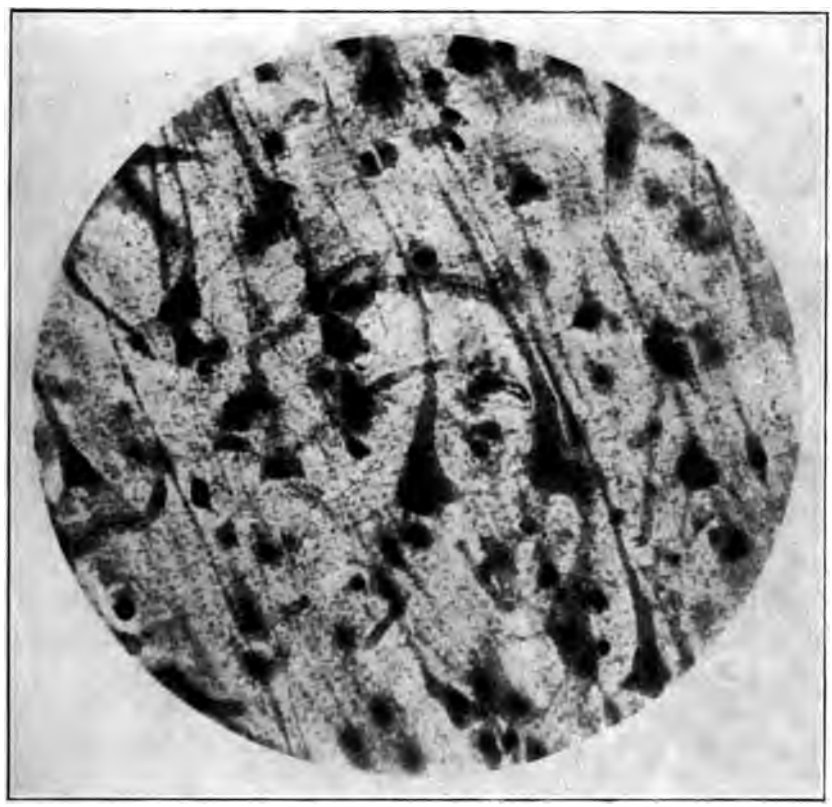
This leads us to the *modern theories of localization*, which may be considered as the very latest attempts to do away with the philosophical doctrine of the spirituality of the soul. These theories are principally two in number. The first is the "*sense centre theory*"; the second, the "*association centre theory.*"

The "sense theory" holds that the cerebral cortex is composed of a number of sensory centres situated side by side. Some of the cells composing the centres are sensation-cells, others idea-cells. But there is no structural distinction between them. The sensation-cells receive peripheral excitations and store them up in the idea-cells or memory-cells.

The second theory assumes special association centres "connected with the well-known sensory centres by fibres of association." In these centres the various sensations are collected and ideas retained. After twenty years of research concerning the brain, Dr. Paul Flechsig, professor of "psychiatrie" at the University of Leipsig, succeeded in locating the association-centres as accurately as one could desire, and styled them without much ado the organs of thought. "Only one-third," he says, "of the human cerebral cortex is in direct connection with the paths which make us conscious of sense-impressions and which set the muscular mechanism of motion at work; two-thirds are not directly concerned with these functions; they have another, a higher significance."(1) What is this significance? Flechsig says he wishes to express himself as clearly as possible, and so he calls the association-centres "spiritual centres," or "organs of thought," in contradistinction to the interior senses. Three different association-centres must be distinguished: (1) The large occipital and temporal association-centre comprising almost the entire posterior region of the cerebral cortex; (2) the frontal association-centre directly above the eyes, and (3) the middle association-centre, hidden in the interior of the cerebrum. Especially the first two association-centres are of great significance. The occipital-centre is the organ of mental apprehension and ratiocination, and enables us, moreover, to associate words with ideas. The frontal centre is the seat of self-consciousness (or, as Flechsig expresses it, "of the representation of one's personality as being capable to act").

Let us now proceed to test the foundations of these two modern theories of localization. The first is exceedingly crude and falls at once to the ground on account of the definition which it attaches to the word "idea." According to Wundt, that word is to cover any kind of memory-image. Hence the theory does not attempt at all to localize "thought," which, in fact, seems to be an unknown quantity among the defenders of "sensation-cells" and "idea-cells." Wundt, too, tries to refute the sense-centre theory. One of the reasons he advances is good and the other is characteristic. He says, if there were "sensation-cells" in the brain that merely receive peripheral excitations, these cells would be superfluous repetitions of the peripheral sensory surfaces, which is certainly true. Wundt's second reason is as follows: "The idea that sen-

(1) Dr. Paul Flechsig, Gehirn und Seele, 2 ed., Leipzig, 1896.



PYRAMIDAL CELLS OF CEREBRAL CORTEX OF MAN MAGNIFIED 500 DIAMETERS.

sations and ideas are absolutely distinct conscious contents belongs to the older spiritualistic psychology, which taught that ideas, as contradistinguished from the sensations evoked by physical stimuli, are purely mental processes, the prerogative of the mind itself. This spiritualistic distinction is, of course, a pure product of metaphysical speculation, and survives at the present time only in a psychology of reflection that has turned its back once for all upon the facts of psychical experience. No truly psychological observer will be found to assert to-day that ideas exist independently of sensations (of course not!) or that the sensations which enter into our ideas differ in any other way than by their intensity, duration and fragmentary character from the sensations aroused by external sensory stimuli."(1) We are sorry to note that Wundt shows here a lamentable ignorance of the distinction between sensations and "universal" or "free" ideas. Consequently, his argument is more than worthless, merely showing the great confusion which pervades the minds of even the foremost representatives of modern psychology who, indeed, seem to have "turned their backs once and for all" upon the philosophy of the past.

We now pass over to the "association-centre theory."

What is the truth about Flechsig's three seats of thought? What of his centres of association, considered in the light of the latest researches?

First of all, it is plain that a theory which establishes cerebral lobes as centres of thought, judgment, and reason is a psychological monstrosity. Our soul, it is true, depends on the body; and as long as the body remains its earthly tenement, it cannot think, or will without the concurrence of the brain. But by what right can we conclude from this dependence, that the action of the brain and the act of the mind are one and the same thing? A painting is created by means of the brush and a statue by the chisel; but is the brush or the chisel the only cause of a painting or a statue? And how could the unity of thought find its explanation in the multitude of cerebral molecules? Indeed, it would be much easier to imagine a mathematical point of no extension to become self-conscious than a brain lobe, which consists of millions of cells and fibres, to squeeze out even one clumsy thought. And how could it be justified in separating logical thought from the knowledge of self and from the moral and æsthetic sense! Hellpach, a devoted

(1) l. c., p. 292.

and very gifted pupil of Wundt, is perfectly right when he says: "Flechsig's theory labors under psychological monstrosities, which are to be classed among the naïve tenets of popular psychology. He, certainly, has never made the slightest attempt at psychological analysis who, on the one hand, throws together pell-mell self-consciousness, ethical views and æsthetical feeling, and on the other, separates them from logical thought and localizes them elsewhere."(1)

But on what facts does Flechsig base his theory? There are two distinct system of fibres in the cerebral cortex of the brain: the projection system and the association system. Both names, as Wundt expressly states, "have, of course, a purely anatomical significance." "The projection system has nothing at all to do with what, *e. g.*, is called in physiological optics the outward 'projection' of the retinal image, and the association system has nothing to do with the psychological 'association of ideas.' This point must be sharply emphasized, because, as a matter of fact, confusions of this sort, due to obscurity in psychological thinking, have often played and continue to play a part in discussions in which these terms are employed."(2)

What, then, is the anatomical significance of the two systems? The projection system comprises so-called fibres of projection, which extend either from the peripheral-organs of the senses to the brain, or from the brain to the muscles. The association system, or better systems, on the other hand, are composed of fibres of association, which connect various regions of the cerebral cortex with one another.

According to their mode of origin and termination, the association systems may be divided into three classes. They may connect: (1) Different areas of the projection system with one another; (2) certain areas of the projection system with other areas, in which no projection-fibres directly terminate; or (3) "it is probable that in certain parts of the cortex, associative fibres of different origin run their course together, so that these areas are connected with the projective system only indirectly, by way of the association-fibres that issue from them and terminate in other cortical regions. Areas of this sort, which must be regarded exclusively as terminal stations of the association-fibres, have been termed by Flechsig

(1) Dr. W. Hellpach, Die Grenzen der Psychologie, Leipzig, 1902, p. 74.
(2) Wundt, l. c., p. 214.

'association-centres.'"(1) Consequently the basic argument alleged by Flechsig for the existence of his organs of thought is briefly this:

There are in the brain certain regions whose fibres are not directly connected with muscles and sensory peripheral-organs.

Therefore, these regions are the seat of the higher mental faculties, the true organs of thought.

Flechsig thinks that this conclusion is greatly supported by the fact that the association-centres show a great complexity of structure, and develop only after the sensory areas are completed.

Granting for a moment that the facts stated by Flechsig are true, what do they prove? It is plain that the supposed existence of Flechsig's centres would merely show, or rather suggest, that the fibres which connect the various centres with the peripheral-organs of motion and sensation, seem to converge again in some other centres. Wundt says: "The only hypothesis that we have the right to make about it, on the score of function, is that its fibres (association system) serve in some manner to effect the functional unity of separate cortical areas." But "there is not the slightest reason for bringing it into any kind of connection with the association process of psychology."(2)

If, therefore, Flechsig's centres of association would really be such places as would take up the fibres of the various sensory and motory centres, then it would follow at most, that there were in the brain certain centres which have a special relation to the 'sensus communis.' But, we ask, is the 'sensus communis' identical with the intellect? Thoughts and ideas are more than mere collections of sensitive perceptions. But we ask, are the facts really genuine?

The best authorities have declined to acknowledge the anatomical value of the facts on which Flechsig based his theory. "The most celebrated experts in brain anatomy," says Hellpach, "have rejected Flechsig's theory. Neither pathological nor experimental investigation concerning the question of cerebral localization have offered any kind of indication for the reality of the fact that these three centres of association do not contain fibres of projection."(3) Similar is the criticism of the renowned anatomist and physician, L. Edinger, who says tersely: "Pure centres of association have no existence."(4) Wundt is of the same opinion: "There is no

(1) Wundt, l. c., p. 216.
(2) l. c., p. 214.
(3) l. c., p. 73.
(4) l. c., p. 228.

region of the brain surface that does not receive association-fibres as well as projection-fibres."(1) And such authorities as Dejarine, Von Monakow, Siemerling, O. Vogt and others insist "that there are no cortical areas to which projection-fibres cannot be traced; just as there are, by general admission, none which are not supplied with association-fibres."(2)

All other facts adduced in confirmation of Flechsig's theory evidently lose their bearing on the subject, since the centres of association as described by Flechsig have no existence.

Hence this latest attempt to localize the highest mental faculties of man has met a fate similar to that of all the theories that preceded. Like Sisyphus of old, they have endeavored again and again to roll their stone up the steep mountain-side, but ever and anon, no sooner does it near the summit than down it falls again.

"Optat supremo conlocare Sisyphus
In monte saxum; sed vetant leges Jovis."

Ranke's statement is still true that, "as far as we are able to judge, until now, it has been a hopeless task to localize the highest psychic faculties of man in any other manner than by stating that the undisturbed manifestations of intellect and will are impossible without the undisturbed anatomical and physiological conditions of the cerebral cortex."(3)

Modern scientists have succeeded in localizing motory and sensory functions; but for the intellectual activity of man they have found no material centre. "Thus," as Father J. T. Driscoll wisely remarks, "their very success as well as their failure prove the spirituality of the soul."(4)

(1) l. c., p. 216.
(2) l. c., p. 217.
(3) J. Ranke, Der Mensch, 2 ed., Vol. I., p. 551.
(4) Christian Philosophy, A Treatise on the Human Soul, 1898, p. 141.

[The four plates are taken from our manuscript of a book on physiology, which is nearly completed. For their reproduction I owe grateful acknowledgment to the authorities of the U. S. Army Medical Museum, especially to Dr. W. M. Gray, who made the sections and took the photographs, and to the kind Curator, Dr. James Carroll.]

H. MUCKERMANN, S.J.

THE FAIRY WELL OF SLEMISH.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

'Twas the gray of the evening when Shaun came over
The mountain's shoulder by Torloch's Tower;
Like clustered pearls lay the dew on the clover;
One pale star burned through that dew-gray hour.

He came to the fairy well of Slemish,
In the cool, green moss like a gem it lay;
And he thought of the girl without blame or blemish,
The dark, proud girl who had said him nay.

He stooped to drink of the sweet well-water,
To the moss-grown stones he bent a knee;
"Oh! sweet as the kiss of a High King's daughter
Is the well of forgetfulness," said he.

"Oh! sweeter far than the sweet well-water
Are the lips of love," said a voice. And he
Looked up and beheld the High King's daughter
Of Tir-na-n'oge,(1) in the realms of Shee.(2)

"Drink three deep draughts," spoke the High King's daughter,
And the wish of your heart I can give," said she.
"Oh! I have drunk deep of the sweet well-water,
And the wish of my heart is yourself," said he.

He kissed her lips as the poppies scarlet;
He made her heart on his heart to lie;
While a rain of tears the one gold star let
Fall through the dusk down the opal sky.

Then away with them over the purple heather,
By dark fir-wood and by star-lit brae,
Their silvery laughter ringing together,
And nor sight nor sign of them since that day.

CAHAL O'BYRNE.

(1) Land of everlasting youth. (2) Shee—Fairyland.

LE MOYNE.

MONOGRAPHS OF NEW YORK PRIESTS—V.

PART FIRST.

IN 1651, two years after the death of Brébeuf, the colonists of Canada were seriously thinking of giving up their fight with the Indians and of returning to France. Their Huron allies had been annihilated; the efforts of the missionaries to establish a permanent settlement near the great lakes had failed, and the conquering Iroquois of New York were threatening the very citadel of Quebec. A little later they had defiantly carried off prisoners from the Isle d'Orleans; they were beleaguering Three Rivers for months; and Montreal would have succumbed but for the amazing courage of its little garrison. The situation was saved by the return from France of Maisonneuve.

Maisonneuve was one of the many splendid picturesque cavaliers who figure in Canadian history. He had accepted the post of Commandant, mostly, if not altogether, for religious motives, and his life there reads like a chapter from the history of the knights of olden times who engraved the cross on their armor, and battled for the cause of Christianity. Very properly his statue adorns the Montreal of to-day and recalls the exalted heroism of his long fight with the red men that made the city a possibility by the victory he won.

All he could get in France was one hundred soldiers. But that was enough to turn the tide of battle and make the Indians come to terms, which shows how easily the French could have held their grasp on their American possessions if the home government had been gifted with better sense. Possibly the Indians thought this corporal's guard was a promise of more to come, and deemed it prudent to make peace, though Thwaites thinks that Father Poncet, who was then a prisoner among the Mohawks, had something to do with this change of heart. But that is doubtful. The Indians had decided to stop fighting for other reasons; though Poncet, on his way back, was paid every honor, and was earnestly solicited to lend his aid in securing peace. But no matter from whom the offer came, Governor De Lauson was only too ready to accept a parley,

and so in November, 1653, it was agreed to let the grass grow on the warpath.

When the treaty was made, a delegate had to be sent to the Indians. A Jesuit would, of course, be the most available representative, not because the Order systematically trained its members to be politicians, as Douglas, in his "Quebec in the Seventeenth Century," assures his readers, but because they knew the Indian languages and ways, and it did not matter much whether they were killed or not. General Clark, who has made such a profound study of Indian customs, used to think that some of the Fathers rather invited that method of happy despatch, which would prove that they were not politicians.

Looking around for the proper man, the choice naturally fell on Father Chaumonot, who knew the Iroquois dialects, and was a *persona grata* to the savages. But he could not leave his Hurons on the Isle d'Orleans, so Father Simon Le Moyne was chosen in his stead.

Le Moyne was then about fifty years of age. He had entered the Society at Rouen, in France, when he was a boy of eighteen, and had been in Canada ever since 1638, working chiefly in the various Huron missions. It is worth noting that while he was a professor at Clermont, in his native country, he was an active member of a "League of Prayer for the Canadian Missions."

On his arrival in America he was immediately sent up to Lake Huron and was there associated with Brébeuf, Daniel, Lalemant, Jogues, and the rest of those splendid heroes and martyrs; from which we can measure his spiritual stature. The Indians gave him the name of *Wane*, probably the result of an Indian effort to pronounce the name *Moyne*. Having no *m* in their language, they compromised on half the sound. In English we should write it phonetically *Won*. Fifteen years later, when he came down to the Iroquois of New York, they called him by Father Jogues' old title of *Ondessonk*.

Le Moyne's first experience of Indian methods was not a pleasant one. It occurred on the way up to the Huron country. The details of it are found in a letter from Father Du Perron to Father Le Mercier (Relations, 1638).

"I left Three Rivers on the 4th of September and reached the Huron country on St. Michael's Day (29th) at twelve o'clock at night." The journey is one of 300 leagues by water, through many

long and dangerous rapids, some two or three leagues in length; consequently, none but savages can undertake the journey. The Huron captain showed me every courtesy along the way, which was not the case with Father Lalemant and Father Le Moyne, who departed before I did. The former was almost strangled by one of the Algonquins, who tried several times to put a bowstring around his neck to kill him, in revenge for the death of one of his children who had been bled by one of our men and had died a few days before."

Evidently Le Moyne did not find favor with the Indians, for he and another Frenchman were thrown out of the canoe, and left to shift for themselves in the forests. They nearly died of starvation, but fortunately Du Perron who was following his party found him two weeks later, and induced the Indians, by bribing them with a blanket, to take in the two castaways. Du Perron's own position was not by any means safe, for, like Lalemant, he also narrowly escaped strangulation. Le Moyne witnessed both these attempts.

The journey was hard enough to satisfy all his expectations.

"Our food," says Du Perron, "was only a little Indian corn, crushed between two stones, and boiled in water; our lodging *sub dio*. Nevertheless, I was always very well, thank God."

We have a characteristic letter from Le Moyne himself, describing his feelings after being thrown out of the boat. An extract will suffice. "I do not know whether it is my sins that close to me the gate of the country I have so greatly desired, but, at all events, here I am, stripped and forsaken, on a point of sand, beyond the little nation of the Algonquins, with no other house than the great world. Only three days ago the canoe that carried our little baggage upset in the water, and our packages were carried away by the current. We fished up one of them with a great deal of trouble, but the other was lost, so that we have nothing whatever with us. God be blessed for all."

After many mishaps he reached Lake Huron, and a letter to his friend, the Curé of Beauvais, in France, describes his feelings. It is addressed to "Monsieur and dearest Cousin," and exclaims: "Marvellous if this scrap of paper should reach you after shooting so many rapids and encountering, as it must, so many dangers. Is it not because my spirit has opened the way for it, not once, but, again and again, a thousand times?" He would have cried "marvel-

ous!" with still more emphasis, if he had been able to foresee that after 250 years a Protestant publishing house in America would rejoice at the discovery of this "scrap of paper" and not only put its words in print, but photograph it just as he wrote it, so that we may see the exact handwriting of the lonely missionary in his little hut far out on Lake Huron, which he describes as "*Notre Residence de la Conception.*" The letter is worth quoting.

"Oh, if you could see me here, in this end of the world, blessing the water, singing at the aspersion, and saying holy Mass for the *Parishioners* of this district—for after eight or nine months we count in this barbarous region two or three Churches or Gatherings of Neophytes. But what a consolation it is to a sympathetic heart to see here every day in our cabins how our good Jesus is adored by a people to whom He is as yet only partially known. I say every day, for, although they do not come to hear the Mass, except at the solemn feasts and on Sundays, yet they come to our bark chapel every morning and often every evening to say their prayers. Do you know how? We have translated into their language the sign of the cross, a suitable Act of Contrition, of 12 or 13 lines, the *Pater*, the *Ave*, and several prayers of that sort, which these faithful Neophytes —most of them adults and aged men—recite after me on all sides, with great feeling. God from the beginning must indeed have made good their defects of understanding, since they themselves so discreetly feign not to notice our blunders in the pronunciation of their language. Until such time as you have the satisfaction of reading our *Relation* of this year, I send to my Brother the Jesuit what will serve to whet rather than satiate your curiosity. I hope that my mother will show it to you. I recommend her and myself to you in your Holy Sacrifices and prayers, for I am from the other world, to you cordially the same as ever, that is,

"Sir, and dearest Cousin,

"Your very humble and obliged servant and cousin,

"SIMON LE MOYNE,

"Of the Society of Jesus."

The letter to "my brother the Jesuit" has not come down to us. Possibly the beloved mother, who was to show it to the Curé, would not give it up. From the portrait of Le Moyne's brother, who was handsome, we may guess what the great missionary looked like. Unfortunately, we have no portrait of the greater of the two.

All this was in 1639 when everything looked rose-colored to the

enthusiastic young missionary. The next ten years was a period of privation, suffering, danger and destruction, such as no mission on the globe at that time was called to undergo. It ended in the awful deaths of Brébeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, Chabanel and others; the massacre of the Huron Christians and the utter annihilation of the tribes, who could have easily crushed the Iroquois, if they had not lost their courage; but they fled like hares in all directions and were either slaughtered or absorbed into the Neuters, Petuns and other tribes.

Where was Le Moyne during that time? The *Relations* merely say that he and others followed the fugitives through the woods and over the mountains, doing all that was possible to bring help in the universal ruin.

The French found him, however, when he was needed for the dangerous mission to the Iroquois. "In accepting it," says Douglas, "he took his life in his hands." Shea tells us: "He left it in the hands of the Almighty,"—which was better.

He started from Quebec on July 2. "At Montreal," according to the *Relations*, "a young man of stout heart and long a resident here, very piously joined him." He kept a careful diary of this remarkable journey, a few quotations from which reveal the light-heartedness of this wonderful old Frenchman, going right into what might be, at any moment, a terrible death. It was written in a canoe, or in the forests, and almost every line of it bubbles over with what seems almost like merriment, while displaying at the same time the most splendid and unflinching heroism.

"On the 17th day of July, St. Alexis Day, we set out from home *with that great saint of many travels* toward a land unknown to us.

"The 19th—The river continues to increase in width, and forms a lake, pleasant to the sight, and eight or ten leagues in length. In the evening a swarm of troublesome mosquitoes gave us warning of rain, which drenched us all night long. *It is a pleasure, sweet and innocent beyond conception,* to have under these conditions no shelter but the trees, planted by nature since the creation of the world.

"The 20th—We see nothing but islands of the most beautiful appearance in the world, intercepting here and there the course of this very peaceful river.

"The 21st—The islands continue. It rains all night, and the bare

rocks serve us as bed, mattress, and everything else. He who has God with him rests calmly everywhere.

"On the 22d we reach the rapids, and the same day see a herd of wild cows proceeding in a very calm and leisurely manner. In the night we wait patiently, while the swarm of mosquitoes attack us—a task often more difficult than facing death itself.

"On the 25th we arrive at the mouth of Lake St. Ignace, where eels abound in prodigious numbers.

"On the 26th a high wind forces us to land. A cabin is soon made; bark is stripped from the neighboring trees, and thrown over poles planted in the ground on either side, and made to meet in the form of an arbor, and there you have your house complete. Ambition gains no entrance to this palace, and it is every whit as acceptable to us as if its roof were of gold.

"On the 28th—Nothing but thunder and lightning and a deluge of rain, forcing us to seek the shelter of our canoe, which, turned bottom upward over our head, serves as a house.

"On the 29th and 30th of July the windstorm continues and checks our progress at the mouth of a great lake, called Ontario, etc."

He was now in Iroquois territory, but his diary does not indicate that to reach it he went up as far as the Oswego River. For, on St. Ignatius' Day, we find him "penetrating pathless wastes, crossing long islands, and shouldering the baggage and provisions and canoe. *This road seems long to a poor man who is thoroughly fatigued.*"

"He apparently followed an overland route," says Thwaites, "from Lake Ontario to Onondaga village, probably from the mouth of the Salmon River southward."

On August 1st the first Indian he meets is a Huron captive, whom he had instructed and baptized some years before. The joy of both can be imagined. The next day there was a tramp of fifteen leagues through the woods. On the 3d he came to a river a hundred or a hundred and twenty paces in width." On that day "*I baptized some little skeletons*, who, perhaps, were only waiting for the drop of the precious blood of Jesus Christ." He found many sick people, and "I was regarded as a great medicine man, although I had as my sole remedy only a bit of sugar to give to those feeble creatures."

On the 5th he arrived at the chief village of Onondaga. "The roads were full of people, going and coming, who are out to greet me. One calls me brother; another, uncle; another, cousin. *I never had so many kinsfolk before.* At a quarter of a league from the

village I began a harangue, which brought me into high favor. I called by name all the captains, families, and persons of importance." (Bressani, who had been a captive among the Iroquois, had coached him in this knowledge of genealogy.) "I spoke slowly and in the tone of a captain. I told them that peace was attending my course; that I was dispelling war in the more distant nations, and that joy was accompanying me. Two captains made a harangue upon my entrance, with a joy and light on their countenances I had never seen in savages. That night I caused the chiefs to assemble, in order to give them two presents. The purpose of the first was *to wipe their faces*, so that they might look on me with favor; the second was *to remove any gall*, etc."

These extraordinary results were, of course, metaphorical and moral, for the children of nature are nothing, if not poetic. Later on we find him applying a poultice of porcelain to an Indian who was stabbed in the neck, and the victim admitted he was soothed.

The 10th of August arrived, Le Moyne in the interim seeing many of the Christian Hurons who were captives there. "The chiefs assembled," the journal continues, "and I opened the proceedings with a public prayer which I offered on my knees, and in a loud voice, *using the Huron tongue throughout*. I appealed to the great Master of Heaven and Earth that He might inspire us to act for His glory and our own good. I cursed all the demons of hell, since they are spirits of discord, and I prayed the guardian angels of the entire country to speak to the hearts of my hearers when my words should strike their ears. I astonished them greatly when they heard me name them all by nations, bands, and families, and each person individually, who was of some little consequence—*all by the help of my written list*, which was to them a thing full both of charm and novelty. I told them I had nineteen words to lay before them."

These "nineteen words" were so many discourses which accompanied the bestowing of belts, each of which bound the Iroquois to one or another act. "With the nineteenth present, I wiped away the tears of the young warriors for the death of their great captain." Then follow, in the diary, résumés of the Indian discourses. After this the convention came to an end.

Le Moyne tells us that on this occasion he strutted around like an actor, gesticulating extravagantly, imitating the manner of their great orators, each time winning great grunts of applause from the

attendant chiefs, and keeping up his flood of eloquence for over two hours. The amusing part of it is that it was all in Huron, of which the Iroquois had only a general knowledge. It was the parent stock. The impressive manner which he assumed—he was a past master in mimicry—no doubt overwhelmed them and possibly whispered interpretations were being given at the same time to let them know what he was saying.

That first council was held on Indian Hill over against the present Pompey, and Le Moyne's eyes were the first to rest upon that scene of enchanting beauty, with its great hills covered by dense forests, with the deep valleys between, and the gleam of Lake Onondaga on the sky-line beyond. The smoke of Syracuse is not far from there now.

It is doubtful if the Huron captives, as is sometimes supposed, were coralled anywhere in those valleys; for Le Moyne met them even in the distant fishing villages when he entered the country.

On the 12th he happened upon a treasure which must have made his heart thrill with delight. "I recovered from the hands of one of these barbarians the New Testament of Father de Brébeuf, whom they cruelly put to death five years before, and another little book of devotion that had been used by Father Garnier, whom these very people killed four years ago. These two Fathers were at their missions when that blessed death overtook them as a reward for the labors of many years which they spent in holy service in these regions. As for myself, who had been a witness to the sanctity of their lives and the glory of their deaths, I shall all my life attach greater value to these two little books, their beloved relics, than if I had found a mine of gold or silver."

On the 13th he convoked the council again, and "in the name of the Superior General of all the Missions of our Society in these regions," he says, "I began by planting the first stake for a new cabin. This corresponds to our French custom of laying the foundation stone of a new building." The exact place where this precious stake was driven is hard to determine.

"On the 15th I give my Farewell Feast. On the 16th we arrived at the entrance to a little lake in a great basin that is half dried up; I taste the water from a spring of which these people dare not drink, as they say there is an evil spirit in it which renders it foul. Upon tasting it, I find it to be a spring of salt water, and indeed we made some salt from it, as natural as that which comes from the sea,

and are carrying a sample of it to Quebec. The lake is rich in salmon trout and other fish." Later on he told the Dutch at Albany of these salt springs, but old Dominie Megapolensis wrote to the burghers of New Amsterdam that it was "a Jesuit lie." The lie is there yet and productive of vast revenues in the world of business.

The route which he took on his return may be roughly indicated as follows: Starting a little S. E. of what is now Manlius he followed the trail leading to the Senecas as far as the Onondaga River. Then descending to Onondaga Lake, he stopped near one of the salt springs, north of the present Syracuse. Continuing down this lake and stream, he reached the Seneca, which is called there the Oswego. Three leagues below the mouth of the Onondaga, he passed its junction with the Oneida. The fishing village where he halted was probably near the present village of Phœnix. Still descending the Oswego, he apparently followed it to where it empties into Lake Ontario, and coasting its eastern shores, he went to "the place assigned for our residence and for a French settlement." It may have been either the mouth of Salmon River or Sackett's Harbor—both good landing points of strategic importance.

The painstaking editor of the new *Relations* makes these suggestions.

On the 19th he is on his way down the river. "On the 20th we arrive at the great Lake Ontario." The journey homeward is of course quicker, for they are going with the stream and over the rapids.

"On the 6th our Sault St. Louis frightens my men. They put me ashore, four leagues above the settlement of Montreal, and God gives me strength to reach that place *before noon* and to celebrate Holy Mass, *of which I had been deprived during my entire journey.* We arrived at Quebec only on the eleventh day of the month of September of this year 1654."

Just before reaching Montreal an incident occurred of which Le Moyne made no report. He probably suppressed it to avert a panic, for it looked like treachery on the part of the Indians and as if their plea for peace had been only a trick and part of a plot for a general massacre. It was found out afterwards from the Iroquois themselves, and Charlevoix gives us an account of it.

Le Moyne was in a canoe with two Onondagas. The Hurons and Algonquins followed. As they approached Montreal they were surprised to see themselves surrounded by several canoes full

of Mohawks, who poured a volley upon them from their muskets. The Hurons and Algonquins were all killed as well as one of the Onondagas. Father Le Moyne was taken and bound as a prisoner of war, and the Onondaga was told to return home, but he protested that he could not abandon the missionary, who had been confided to him by the sachems of his canton, and he menaced the Mohawks with all the wrath of the upper Iroquois. At first they laughed at his threat, but when they saw he would not flinch they unbound their prisoner and put him in the hands of his faithful conductor, who led him to Montreal. The chief who was at the head of these Mohawks was known as the Flemish Bastard; the same savage who was concerned later on in the murder of Father Garreau.

Quite undisturbed by this unpleasant occurrence, which he understood merely indicated the state of the Mohawk and not of the Onondaga mind on the question of peace, he proceeded to the authorities of Quebec to assure them that the upper Iroquois were peacefully disposed, and that a mission could be attempted at Onondaga. In consequence, Dablon and Chaumonot were sent down to begin the work of evangelizing Western New York.

This was the end of Le Moyne's first diplomatic mission among the Iroquois. He would return again soon.

T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM.*

When loved tones pause will not the echoes dear
Of sweet impulsive strains that softly flow
From candid heart and voice, the soul's warm glow,
Resound forever in the list'ning ear?
In Nature's throbs we catch the accents clear
Of ever-wak'ning life:—Soul-whispers low
Murmur of God for aye, that we may know
Into what life life glides—and have no fear:

For us thou livest,—in the sun-kissed morn,
On pearly meads, the perfect flower of spring,
And all day through the wind-harp's mystic song:
At even-tide we hail thee,—star new-born!—
Our angel of the night; thy rustling wing
Wafts to us sleep,—O Love, for thee we long!

—D. W. S.

* James Michael Cooney, d. March 27, 1907.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.—St. Matthew, xi, 12.

If in a passionate mood
One has a prayer to bring,
Not (as the happier would),
Knowing to sue or sing;
Hardly sorry to swing
Clear of a courtly art;
Only aware, O King!
How in his naked heart

Human elements cry,
Cry for a vent and fling,
Storm cloud-like on high,
Freshet-like in the spring;
How he can guidance wring
Not from compass or chart;
Lay in Thy peace, O King!
Thy sceptre over his heart.

Rally unto him: wrest
Out of his fear the sting;
Give, on the bastion's breast,
Birth, and not burying.
Many to shelter cling,
Tame for delight or smart:
Hacked in the wars, O King!
Rather is He, poor heart.

Ah, till the sought shall be
Thou, and no meaner thing,
(Creatures ever with Thee,
Unitive, wing to wing),
Holy, Remembering!
Stand to Thy royal part.
Hear: and succor us, King
Who lovest the rude of heart!

LOUISE IMOGENE GUINEY.

NEW DECREE ON THE ENGLISH MARTYRS

Their Writings Approved.

The Process of the English Martyrs began thirty-four years ago, and twenty-two years have passed since the first approbation came from Rome. By these two decrees and a supplementary one of 1895, we have now sixty-three Beatified Martyrs, and 253 Venerable. These are all large figures. The number of Martyrs to be discussed is great; the rate of progress is by consequence distinctly slow. We have now completed another stage in our progress, and it has also been a large one considering the material handled, and a long one considering the time taken.

The Revision of the Writings.

In all processes of Beatificaton, the *Revision of the Writings* of the Servant of God is an important preliminary. Some good Reverend Mother, some popular preacher or confessor, may have been regarded as a saint by those among whom he or she spent their latter years. Yet there may be early letters which tell of disedifying squabbles, or of other extravagances. They are probably matters which do not really affect the merits before God of the person in question, but which may considerably influence the opinions of men, and the promoters of the Beatification may be strongly tempted to keep such documents in the background. Yet it would never do to have such things sprung upon the Faithful and the Ecclesiastical courts, which preside over the proceedings of Beatification, after it was too late to make any modification in the verdict pronounced. A revision of the *Scripta* is therefore a necessary preliminary to Beatification. Our *Beati* did indeed escape this preliminary, but they had to go through other preliminaries, which, broadly speaking, took the place of a revision, and moreover they only hold their honor *equivalenter* while the discussion of their writings must be gone through later. With our 253 Venerables, however, the preliminary was a necessity, and the letters for holding it were sent from the Congregation of Rites to Cardinal Vaughan on the 29th of March, 1899.

Collecting the Scripta.

The next thing was to collect the writings of the 253 martyrs, and that was inevitably a long and laborious task, though previous

writers and workers had done enough to make such a collection a possibility.

Letters were addressed to the Catholic papers asking for information, the librarians of our Catholic colleges and institutions gave useful assistance, and eventually a goodly collection of writings was gathered together, all of which had to be examined and attested by ecclesiastical notaries deputed *ad hoc* by the Archbishop. All this took over two years to accomplish, for it turned out that papers had to be obtained from all manner of places, Vienna, Rome, Brussels, Spain, as well as from all the chief repositories of Catholic papers in England, Stonyhurst, which is so rich in martyr-papers, the Archives of the Archdiocese, Oscott, St. Edmund's, the Franciscan Convent at Taunton, etc., as also the Record Office, the British Museum, the Bodleian, Lambeth Library, etc., etc. By the time we had finished, there were twelve folio volumes of transcripts in manuscript, and six volumes of printed matter, comprising in all over 500 documents covering more than 2,000 pages.

The Archbishop's Court.

Then persons had to be found to make the Ecclesiastical Court. Mgr. Canon Moyes was President all through. Father Antrobus, however, Superior of the London Oratory, who held the post of "Fiscal," unfortunately died in the middle of our sessions, but Father Sebastian Bowden, who succeeded him in office at the Oratory, generously gave the time necessary for continuing his duties in our court. The "Fiscal," I may explain, is the representative of the *Promotor Fidei* at Rome, and it is his special duty to see that all is carried on with minute attention to the regulations of Church Law. The post of Postulator fell to the lot of the writer of this article.

Witnesses and Proceedings.

The object of the court was to receive the sworn depositions of various competent witnesses upon the completeness, authenticity and general trustworthiness of the collection of writings of the martyrs laid before the court. The witnesses heard were the Very Rev. the Abbot Gasquet, Dom Gilbert Dolan, Dom Ethelbert Horne and Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., Dr. Edwin Burton, Vice-President of St. Edmund's, and Father Joseph Kelly, of Valladolid; Fathers John Gerard, Herbert Thurston and Patrick Ryan, S.J.; Father Thaddeus, O.S.F., Mr. Gillow, and the late Mr. Hartwell D. Grissell; also the

Librarians of Stonyhurst College and of the London Oratory. A body of witnesses of whom we may well say that, taking them all in all, they were *omni exceptione majores.*

We may rest assured, when they each pronounced the collection of *Scripta* to be complete and reliable as far as they could see, that it really deserved to be regarded as such from every point of view.

The evidence of these witnesses was taken at different sessions, the last of which was held on the 17th of June, 1904, when the proceedings were closed by our present Archbishop; Cardinal Vaughan had died soon after the court began to sit, and his death, as may be imagined, caused a considerable delay in our proceedings.

A Survey of the Evidence.

The object of all that had hitherto been done was to gather together the writings of the martyrs declared Venerable. The duty of passing judgment upon them rested not with us, but with Rome herself. Still, without attempting to forestall her verdict, we were quite at liberty to discuss and criticise the writings as they came before us, and the reader will find a full account of them in the *Dublin Review* for September, 1903. Speaking in general, we may say that the writings give a remarkable testimony to the goodness of the martyrs. The absence of disagreeable, unkind, or unpriestlike expressions, in so large a quantity of miscellaneous writings is remarkable.

For those were days when there were some very hot disputes, and when men spoke out very bluntly. There was perhaps more temper shown, and more abuse used, during the Appellate Controversy than during any ecclesiastical debate before or since, and several future martyrs were found among the advocates of either side. Yet neither then, nor in the future controversies about the Oath of Allegiance, or Gallicanism, etc., did any of our martyrs launch out into anything unbecoming the unity of the Faith or the bonds of Charity, though a good many, who ought to have known better, gave them a bad example. The explanation, I suppose, will be that our martyrs were generally missionaries constantly engaged in active work; whereas the men of words were those who for one reason or another were less fully occupied with ministerial work, and with more leisure to brood over rights and wrongs, and to use their pens for offence or defence.

Doubtful Cases.

Still there are a few *Scripta* that make one shake the head. Nearly all of these are written confessions made under fear of torture, or other disturbing causes, but by future martyrs. Some seem to have confessed the names of their fellow Catholics too rashly, one or two, in their anxiety to win favor, seemed to be inclined to compromise even in matters of faith or discipline. The most noteworthy case of this is Father Henry Walpole, S.J., one of whose confessions was an evident attempt at such a compromise, and is distinctly unheroic. Still, on the other hand, the martyr eventually stood firm even to the death, so that there can be no doubt of his predominant intention. What would Rome say to cases like this?

The Preliminary Revision.

What was done was this. In the first place English Theologians were appointed to draw up a preliminary report in order to facilitate the final judgment. The advantages of this course were many. For though the debatable points were to be left for decision at Rome, English minds were best suited to sift out such points from the large number of other matters, as to which there could be no possible room for doubt.

Moreover, if all had been at once referred to Rome, the translation into Latin or Italian would have taken an endless amount of time.

The English revisers were Fathers Humbert Everest, Hugh Pope and Allen King, all of the Order of St. Dominic, whose members are so often entrusted by the Church with delicate inquiries like this.

The *Scripta* were handed to them with the due solemnities, on the 17th of November, 1904, and it took some seven months to prepare their report, which was returned to the Archbishop on the 1st of August, 1905, and finally forwarded to Rome, with a duplicate copy of all the proceedings on the 5th of September, 1905.

The Final Decision.

Here the work of revision was continued, and finally concluded by a session of the S. Congregation of Rites on the 29th of February of last year, and their verdict was confirmed by the Pope on the 2d of March following.

The answer was as satisfactory as could be expected, though its form, as will be seen below, is extremely brief and businesslike and prosy. It says in effect "All right so far." Or, if I may attempt a still more inflated paraphrase, "Whatever difficulties have been

THE GREY LAKE.

In the dawn the grey lake calls me
When the world is lying still,
Ere the opal and the amber
Have kissed upon the hill;
When slow the great mist rises
On silver wings outspread,
And showers of golden melody
Drop from the lark o'erhead.
In the dewy hush of morning
She is calling, calling me,
Drawing the heart from out me
To my home across the sea.

In the noon the grey lake calls me,
When the hum of life is strong,
And the world is filled with sunshine,
With fragrance and with song;
When the leaping, laughing streamlet
Goes singing down the glade,
And the sheep with their wee white lambs
Are seeking out the shade.
In the sultry sunny noontide
She is calling, calling me,
Till my heart nigh bursts with longing
For my home across the sea.

In the hour "between the two lights,"
When those great gates stand ajar,
And our listening souls are waiting
For the echoes from afar;
Then lonesomer than all music
Comes that mournful voice of hers,
To mind me of the lark's song,
The heather and the furze.
Thus morning, noon and night, I know,
She will call me ever, till
She draws me from the stranger
To my home beside the hill.

C. FLORENCE HAIRE.

EDITORIAL.

THE CATHOLIC LAITY AND THE PROFESSION OF TEACHING.

A FEW years ago the projectors of a Catholic literary enterprise addressed letters to the secretaries of the leading secular universities and colleges in the United States, about one hundred and thirty-eight in number, asking to be put in communication with their Catholic professors or instructors. The motive which led them to make this request was obviously so simple that they were amazed to perceive the uneasiness it excited in some quarters. They were seeking the assistance of the ablest Catholic writers and specialists in the country, and very naturally they assumed that some of these would be found in the faculties of our great colleges. Over one hundred courteous replies informed them that there were extremely few Catholics teaching in any of these schools. Some of the secretaries regretted that they could not give the information desired, because the religion of professors was not a matter of record; others regretted that there were no Catholics on the staff at that time, but that there had been one or two some years previously; a few wrote that they never had any Catholic teachers, but that they would not object to having them; finally, that there might be no misgiving about the liberal spirit of his college, one informed us that one of the professors had a Catholic wife, another that the matron of one of the dormitories was Catholic. A similar inquiry twice addressed to the heads of Catholic universities and colleges elicited the information that their lay teachers were comparatively few, that they occupied, for the most part, subordinate positions, and, excepting rare instances, they had not the training or leisure to qualify as writers or specialists. This correspondence only confirms statistically our knowledge of a fact which is generally well known but not sufficiently appreciated. The Catholic layman has no opportunity to teach in our collegiate or professional schools. Ordinarily he cannot command the influences which would obtain a place for him in the secular universities or colleges, which are still largely controlled by denominational, or even, in some instances, unchristian management. Nor yet can he afford to give his time to his own colleges or universities, for the reason that they lack resources to remunerate him properly, or courses of instruction which he is capable of im-

parting. In effect, he is precluded from the profession of teaching, at least in its highest grades, without any fault on the part of the colleges, and without any fault of his own. That he is quite as capable of teaching as the non-Catholic layman, is evident from the fact that he has no difficulty in qualifying for teaching in our public schools of every grade, nor in advancing rapidly to the most responsible posts in our educational system. He is, therefore, at a sad disadvantage, which cannot be sufficiently appreciated without considering the advantages for learning, for acquiring intellectual and social influence, or for advancing in professional and political life which thousands of non-Catholics have enjoyed by teaching in the universities and colleges. The disadvantage of the Catholic layman in this respect is the disadvantage of the entire Catholic body. A really learned and influential Catholic element is impossible unless the laity have the opportunity to do their share of teaching in the higher schools. Our colleges may continue to educate, as many of them have done so thoroughly, a number of young men well grounded in the principles of philosophy and science, and sufficiently acquainted with literature, ancient or modern, to have taste for good reading and judgment capable of discerning between what is true and false, noble and base. This is a great deal; but, unless a large number of our laymen are blessed with the opportunities for wider reading, or for special study in some branch of knowledge; unless they can have the association of scholars and live in an atmosphere of learning; unless they find the leisure and the incentives for lifelong study and research, which can be had only in our higher schools or universities, they cannot hope to become really learned, or to exercise any influence on the thought or spirit of our people.

THE TRANSITION OF CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

The disadvantage under which our Catholic laymen have been laboring, of being practically debarred from teaching in higher and professional schools will gradually be removed in the transition through which many of our Catholic colleges are now passing. Founded, as most of them were, at the invitation of the bishops, chiefly in order to train students who might have vocations for the priesthood, their courses of instruction were necessarily limited, and their resources scarcely sufficient to support them. A classical

and scientific course, for which, however, but few of them could provide the proper apparatus, were the extent of their curriculum, and this they gave generously to many, if not most, of their students, for a nominal tuition fee, or none at all. Endeavoring to prepare aspirants for the priesthood they were in many instances classed with the petty seminary and thus lost many students who, otherwise, would have attended them. Now that preparatory seminaries are beginning in many places to assume the responsibility of training candidates for the priesthood, our colleges must be better appreciated as colleges which give a liberal education to young men who intend to enter the learned professions. They conform strictly with the requirements of the State and other boards of examiners, and, the first struggles of acquiring property and erecting buildings over, they begin to be prosperous enough to extend their courses and to provide for worthy Catholic lay teachers. In several places entire departments are entrusted to them under the supervision of the trustees or officers of the college. This is a favorable beginning, and with the support of Catholic parents, still better opportunities can be made for employing their talents. Indeed, they give promise of solving to some extent the problem of keeping most of our Catholic pupils in the schools which have been established and specially equipped for them. The layman is a means of contact with parents and others interested in education. His association with any college is an assurance that it is not exclusively clerical. He has constantly some occasion for recommending the institution to which he is attached. His own dignified occupation is an incentive to many a pupil to qualify for the teaching profession. Already the presidents of some of our better organized colleges are beginning to remark this fact as one of the most desirable results of the transition of so many Catholic colleges from schools which were primarily seminarist to schools which give a liberal education to all who seek it.

THE CATHOLIC LAITY AND SELECT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.

That the Catholic layman is beginning to enter the teaching profession in other schools than those which are under the control of the State, is evident from the fact that the example so well set and maintained by Mr. Jesse Locke, at Hackensack, New Jersey, has been successfully imitated at New Rochelle, New York, by Mr. Nelson Hume, and is this year to be followed by one of Mr. Locke's instructors, Mr. Charles Schultz, at Summit, New Jersey. These pri-

vate schools are a laudable enterprise, and their success will, we trust, encourage other competent masters to organize them. Indeed, we have often been surprised that the presidents of some of our Catholic colleges do not induce some of their graduates or former students to enter the teaching profession in this way. True it is that the qualities required for organizing and developing schools of this kind are rare, but very frequently the men with the very qualities needed are ready, and yet lack the encouragement or influence which could help them make a good start. It is from the heads of Catholic colleges that such encouragement should come. In giving it they are working for the principle of sound education combined with religious training, which they officially represent. They lose nothing by the fact that a few, who might attend their own preparatory schools, may choose to go to one of the schools under the care of a lay master. On the contrary, they will gain by supporting schools, which will in turn become feeders for their own colleges. The successful existence of these schools, and their gradual increase, prove that Catholic parents, as a rule, prefer to have their boys educated under proper religious auspices. If every leading Catholic college could help forward the formation and maintenance of ten such schools, there would not be much occasion for the complaint, which some of our Catholic educators are making, but which we do not consider warranted, that a vast number of Catholic boys are attending non-Catholic colleges.

CATHOLICS NEGLECTFUL OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

The real complaint that our educators should make is not that Catholic boys go to non-Catholic colleges, but that in proportion to our numbers, so few seek a college education at all, whether in our own or in secular colleges. At least three, if not four-fifths of those who attend secular colleges are in the professional, or technical, or post-graduate schools, not in the academic courses. In making up statistics of Catholic students in non-Catholic colleges, it is confusing not to distinguish between the students who are in the college course proper, and those who are in more advanced departments. Only when this distinction is made can we estimate whether the number is such as to create alarm. The students in the post-graduate, professional, technical or normal schools affiliated to our secular universities, are there because they cannot acquire the knowledge they seek anywhere else. Until Catholic universities or col-

leges can provide precisely what the students seek, the complaint that they do not go to Catholic schools is unreasonable. Even when we enumerate the number of Catholic students in the academic departments of any university, we should carefully ascertain what has brought them there before complaining that they do not attend Catholic colleges. When we know that some of them are there on scholarships, others for special branches fitting them for the post-graduate or professional school, and others still for other legitimate reasons, as for instance, the prospect of employment immediately after graduation, through the agency of the college, we should not conclude that most of them go to such colleges for social advantages or through religious indifference. Thus, in Columbia University, in 1903-1904, among 3,631 students, there were only 202 Catholic students, of whom only sixty were in the college department; and still one of our statisticians of Catholic students in non-Catholic universities tells us that he was informed that thousands of Catholic students attended Columbia University the past ten years. If 200 Catholic students were a fair average for each of the ten years, allowing three years for each student, not fully 700 Catholic students have taken a degree in any of the departments of Columbia University; and allowing for the four years' college course customary, up to that time, but 150 were academic students, only some of whom might have found what they sought in a Catholic college. This is a poor showing in a populous centre like New York, with more than 1,000,000 Catholics within easy access to this university, and at least one-third of these Catholic students had come from distant cities. We are satisfied that elsewhere, as in New York, the fault to be found with the Catholic body is that they do not seek collegiate education at all in proportion to their numbers. Allowing for the large number of immigrants, and of parents who have not the means of keeping their sons the unreasonable term of years to which the college and high school course has been stretched, there should still be at least 50,000, and there are not 15,000, Catholics in our colleges, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. The benefit of collegiate education has never been impressed upon the Catholic body except as a *sine qua non* for the priesthood. The Catholic colleges have hitherto been constrained to adapt their course to prepare a large contingent of their pupils for the seminaries. They have been, much to their detriment, regarded as clerical institutions, and an erroneous impression of their character has kept from them thou-

sands of students, who would not seek education in non-Catholic colleges, but who might still have been attracted to their own. It is the duty of our college presidents to correct this impression, and to take the pains to satisfy Catholic parents, and even some of their own former pupils, that our colleges are in every detail conforming to the requirements upon which the State and other educational authorities insist.

THE NEW PERPETUAL SECRETARY.

The death of M. Berthelot, the distinguished French chemist, who had been for many years the perpetual secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, was made the occasion and the text of many remarks with regard to science and faith. There is no doubt that M. Berthelot was probably the greatest living chemist of our time. He was a great scientist in the best sense of the word and a distinguished investigator whose original researches had added no little precious information to modern science. The fact that with this he was absolutely an unbeliever, that he was indeed without any tincture of religion, was taken advantage of by many to emphasize the supposed opposition between science and religion. The point that was supposed to be particularly brought out by his career was, that when a man submitted his mind to faith in things that he could not understand, he did not have that openness of intellectual disposition that would enable him to face scientific questions in such a way as to enable him to make great discoveries.

Of course, there are many answers to this argument in the lives of distinguished scientific investigators who have been faithful believers and devout Catholics, but it is interesting to note that the best answer and a very direct one has been given by the French Academy of Sciences itself. The successor to the perpetual secretaryship—an office which is usually considered as probably the most important in the domain of science in France, and perhaps in the world—has been elected, and he is not only a Catholic, but a Catholic who has been very prominent in his public adhesion to Catholicity in recent years. The new secretary is, according to recent newspaper reports, M. A. Lapparent, who is known as one of the most distinguished geologists in the world. His treatise on geology is considered one of the most authoritative text-books on the subject ever published, and has been widely read and is referred to by writers on geology in all languages. Besides this, he has

written on mineralogy, and is acknowledged to be one of the world's authorities on everything relating to science as it concerns things beneath the earth. It is all the more interesting to have French scientists make such a choice, because it was more than hinted that the reason why Berthelot, in spite of his infidelity, was elected to be perpetual secretary was that among Catholics, even in a Catholic country, there was no representative scientist worthy of the honor.

In 1900, M. Lapparent was the president of the International Congress of Catholics held in Munich, and was acknowledged to be one of the great forces behind that movement. Occasionally in Paris he has accepted invitations to lecture to ecclesiastics, and especially to seminarians, on phases of his favorite subject, and many American students who made their philosophy at Issy or their theology at Saint Sulpice have had the privilege of hearing him more than once. He is at present the professor of geology at the Catholic Institute in Paris, the educational institution which French Catholics some years ago found themselves compelled to establish because of the rationalizing tendencies of the University of Paris. Almost more than any other, M. Lapparent's connection with the Catholic Institute has attracted the attention of the world to the new educational movement, and has made people realize how much in every country genuine Catholics are ready to sacrifice apparent educational advantages in large state and secular institutions in order that their children shall not have their faith disturbed. His election as perpetual secretary of the French Academy of Sciences will still further call world attention to this matter, and should make American Catholics feel proud that they too are associated with the movement corresponding to that with which this great geologist has preferred to connect himself, in order that while science is taught, faith might be maintained in its purity.

RE-MAKING HISTORY.

In the last number of *Scribner's Magazine,* Mr. Sidney Lee has a striking article, which so frankly contradicts much that has crept into ordinary English histories, with regard to Spain during the days of the discovery and the settlement of America, and which so candidly declares that the false impressions in English history were due to theological bias, which is, we suppose, a milder term for religious bigotry, that it is worth while for all Catholics to read it. The period of which he treats ends, as he says himself, with that annus

mirabilis—the wonderful year 1607, when "An English settlement in the new hemisphere first took permanent root at Jamestown, and the shadowy American scene at length assumed for Englishmen firm outlines which justified sure hopes of the future." As we are celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown this year, young folks particularly are likely to be interested in the history which led up to it, and Mr. Lee's article is all the more welcome. Catholic teachers particularly should know it, for Mr. Lee, who is considered our best Shakespearean scholar, and who is acknowledged as an authority on the Elizabethan period, yet has no special leaning towards the Catholic Church, can be depended upon not to say a whit more than the absolute truth.

In doing this, however, he changes completely the usual outlook in English history as far as Spain is concerned. He says: "Spain's successful adventures in the New World are often consciously or unsciously over-looked or under-rated in order that she may figure on the stage of history as the benighted champion of a false and obsolete faith who was vanquished under Divine Providence by English defenders of the true religion." He adds: "That while the English adventurer has been credited with a touching humanity and with the purest religious aspirations, cruelty in all its hideous forms, is indeed commonly set forth as Spain's only instrument of rule in her sixteenth century empire." In contradiction of this Mr. Lee finds "that religious zeal inspired the Spaniards more consciously and conspicuously than it stimulated his English contemporary," and the study of contemporary authorities brings into a dazzling light, which illumines every corner of the picture, the commanding fact of the Spaniard's priority as explorer, as scientific navigator, as conqueror, as settler. The Spaniards are seen to have created an elaborate machinery for governing the great Indian Empire of the West the best part of a hundred years before any conception of the kind dawned on the English mind.

It is not difficult, after reading Mr. Lee's article, to understand how the present state of affairs as regards the natives in North and South America came about. In North America, as in everywhere else that England made colonies, the native has disappeared. In South America the Spaniard lifted him up, transformed him, and at the present time he constitutes much more than one-half of the population of South American countries, with possibilities of culture, which we are prone to ignore, but which has given much better

governed cities to all of South America than we can boast of in North America. Catholic teachers should especially realize the different point of view that is thus presented and learn to undo the false impressions usually derived from English history. History is much more stained by them than is usually thought. We are sorry to see, for example, that in the same number of *Scribner's* the article on the Field of Art, which takes up the consideration of Miss Oakley's pictures in the Harrisburg State House, does not call attention to the fact which we so clearly pointed out in the MESSENGER, that they are the result of exactly the same kind of "theological bias" which facilitated the misconception of Spain's rôle in the sixteenth century drama of American history. Whatever they may be as pictures, and Mr. Sturgis finds them at least interesting from an artistic point of view, they will always be a blot on the supposed education of this first decade of the twentieth century since they emphasize "history lies," which recent historical writers, Protestants as well as Catholics, are engaged in obliterating. It will evidently be long before we shall be able to remove all the Protestant traditions in English history, but let us be ready to welcome such fair advances as that of Mr. Lee, and make the most of them.

THE CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

St. Anthony's Chapel Car.—An era of progress in the field of missionary endeavor is foreshadowed in the recent blessing and dedication of a chapel car in honor of St. Anthony of Padua. The plan of spreading the Gospel by recourse to a "church on wheels" is not new. As an experiment it has been tried with more or less success by various denominations. Its acceptance by Catholics marks a phase of development along American lines, which is at least interesting. The chapel car was blessed with elaborate ceremony by His Grace, the Most Rev. James E. Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon and nearly one hundred priests. It is fitted up to meet the requirements of a long journey by rail through sparsely settled districts, where Catholics are few and far between. Besides the chapel, with its altar and rows of pews capable of accommodating fifty or sixty persons, there is a small but appropriately furnished apartment for the Bishop and another for the priest who accompanies him. The car is to make the rounds of those dioceses wherein it may be serviceable. Bishop Hennessy, of Wichita, Kan., will be the first to test the usefulness of the new chapel car, and on his report may depend its acceptance and trial by others. Mr. Ambrose Petry, of New York, gave the money for the undertaking, which is under the auspices of the Catholic Church Extension Society.

First Filipino Ordained in the United States.—Rev. Gelasio Ramirez, of Cebu, P. I., recently ordained by Bishop Haid, O.S.B., at Maryhelp Abbey, Belmont, N. C., is the first Filipino to attain that distinction in the United States. Father Ramirez is a cousin to the Governor of the Province of Bohol and received his early training in the parish schools of his native place. Before coming to this country he was a student in the Seminary of San Carlos, Cebu. At the invitation of Bishop Colton he is to spend the coming year in the Buffalo diocese in the study of the sign language, and on his return to his native land will take charge of the work among the deaf and dumb in the diocese of Cebu.

Missionaries to the Philippines.—The Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus has sent to the missions of the Philippines three of its members chosen from among a number of volunteers. The new missionaries are the Rev. William M. McDonough, of St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y.; the Rev. Thomas A. Becker, of Fordham University, and Mr. John J. Daley, a professor in the University of Georgetown. They left New York for their new field of labor on June 25.

Catholic Summer School.—The sixteenth annual session of the Catholic Summer School of America opened at Cliff Haven with bright prospects.

The President, Rev. John Talbot Smith, inaugurated the serious work of the season with a course of lectures on the three French Republics. The names of the lecturers are a sufficient guarantee of the high intellectual standard that will be maintained throughout the session. Among the lecturers this year are: Prof. Denis O'Sullivan, of the Catholic High School, Philadelphia; the Rev. James J. Fox, D.D., of the Catholic University at Washington; the Rev. Michael P. Smith, C.S.P., New York; Dr. James J. Walsh, of Fordham University; Prof. J. C. Monaghan, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington; Michael J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, President of the United Irish League of America; the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., Albany; Mary Catherine Crowley, Boston; the Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.; the Rev. Francis Clement Kelley, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society; the Rev. William L. Sullivan, S.S.P., St. Thomas College, Washington; the Rev. Robert Schwickerath, S.J., and the Rev. John Donlon, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The New Bishop of Fall River.—Rev. Daniel F. Feehan, of Fitchburg, has been appointed by the Holy See Bishop of Fall River to fill the vacancy made by the death of the Rt. Rev. William Stang. The new Bishop was born in Athol, Mass., in 1855. He was graduated from St. Mary's College, Montreal, in 1876, and was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop McNeirney, December 20, 1879. At the time of his appointment, Father Feehan was permanent Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Fitchburg, where he had formerly been associated with the Rt. Rev. P. J. Garrigan, now Bishop of Sioux City, Iowa, when the latter was Rector of the parish.

Archbishop a Census Commissioner.—Archbishop John J. Glennon, of St. Louis, has been appointed by the United States Census Bureau as special agent to compile complete statistics of the Catholic population of the country, estimated at 15,000,000. Archbishop Glennon has appointed Rev. J. J. Tannerath, of St. Louis, chief assistant, and has written to all the Bishops in the United States asking their co-operation.

Convention of the Catholic Educational Association.—This Association held its fourth annual convention, at Milwaukee, July 9th, 10th, and 11th. Archbishop Mesmer, in his address of welcome, urged the establishment of a uniform standard of education for all the dioceses. The president-general, Mgr. O'Connell, made the opening address, in which he called attention to the progress already made towards the establishment of a real system of education in the United States. Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, emphasized the value of the parochial and primary school system and made an earnest appeal to the clergy to encourage the people to love it and give it their support. The subjects under discussion covered a wide range, embracing Free Parochial Schools, Religion in All Studies, the Study of Latin in the Colleges and Seminaries, the Need of Catholic Text Books, the Educational Status of Deaf Mutes, the Industrial and Religious Education of the Negro, and the Support of the Catholic Indian Missions. Perhaps the

most interesting topic discussed was the attendance of Catholic students at non-Catholic colleges. The general consensus of opinion semed to be that greater efforts should be made to build up our own Catholic colleges and universities so as to prevent students from attending non-Catholic institutions, whenever possible, and furthermore that students who are forced to attend non-Catholic universities, especially for graduate work, should be looked after in such a way that no official approval or sanction such as would seem to be implied in the erection of Catholic halls or dormitories, might seem to be placed by the Church on such institutions. Attention was called to the need of more teachers, both religious and lay, in the schools, and it was suggested that pastors should be urged to induce talented persons in their parishes to take up this work. Another subject discussed was the teaching of music, particularly the Gregorian chant in the parochial schools.

The sessions of the Seminary Department were attended by representatives of eleven seminaries—Baltimore, Emmittsburg, Brooklyn, Niagara, Pittsburg, Columbus, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, St. Paul, St. Louis and San Francisco—about half the total number of seminaries for diocesan priests in the United States. Professors in Benedictine scholasticates and Jesuit universities, also were present, as well as former seminary professors. The subject of general interest, to Catholic parents, as well as to teachers and priests, was the question of the best means to foster vocations to the holy priesthood.

On Thursday the following officers were elected for the coming year:

Cardinal Gibbons, honorary president-general, and Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., president-general. Vice-president, representing the seminary department, Rt. Rev. Mgr. John M. Mackey, of Cincinnati.

Vice-president, representing the college department, Rev. James A. Burns, Brookland, D. C.

Vice-president, representing the schools, Rev. Walter J. Shanley, Danbury, Conn.

Treasurer-general, Rev. Francis T. Moran.

In the college department:

President, Rev. John A. Conway, S.J., Georgetown.

Vice-president, Rev. Father Hehir, Holy Cross College, Pittsburg.

Secretary, Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.

Executive board, Rev. M. A. Hehir, Very Rev. D. J. Flynn, Emmittsburg, Md.

The officers elected in the graded school department were:

President, Rev. P. R. McDevitt, Philadelphia.

Vice-president, Rev. Thomas Thornton, New York.

Secretary, Rev. F. W. Howard, Columbus, Ohio.

Executive board, Very Rev. B. J. Mulligan, Trenton, N. J.; Rev. E. A. LaFontaine, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rev. Thomas Devlin, Pittsburg; Brother Victor, New York; Brother John Waldron, Cleveland.

General executive board, Rev. P. C. Yorke, San Francisco; Very Rev. John A. Connelly, St. Louis.

Seminary officers elected are:

President, Very Rev. E. R. Dyer, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Vice-president, Rev. Dr. E. M. McSweeney, Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md.

Secretary and treasurer, Rev. J. Fenlon, St. Anthony's College, Washington, D. C.

Church Property in Manila.—The War Department announced July 12 that an agreement had been reached between the Secretary of War, on behalf of the Government of the Philippines, and representatives of the Catholic Church in the islands regarding the question of titles to valuable property in and near the city of Manila. The matter has been in controversy for a long time, and the agreement will obviate prolonged litigation, which was threatened.

The most important of the properties involved in the dispute now settled is the hospital and foundation of San Lazaro, valued at $1,000,000, and including, beside the hospital, church and cemetery, a large area of unoccupied land which will have a high value for building purposes as the city develops. The active negotiations have been conducted by Gen. Clarence Edwards and Major Frank McIntyre of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, representing the Philippine Government, and F. J. Wade, of St. Louis, and Archbishop Harty, of the Philippines Archdiocese, representing the Church. The Spanish-Filipino Bank came into the settlement, because a majority of the stock is controlled by the Church.

The agreement reached in regard to the landed properties is that the Church is to take and possess in absolute title the Hospital of San José, the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, the College of San José, the Hospital of San José in Cavite, and the College of Santa Isabela. The Church relinquishes to the Government all claims on the estates of Santa Potenciana, on the hospital and foundation of San Lazaro, except about 125 acres.

The property awarded to the Church has much historic interest. The College of San José was founded in 1601 by the legacy of Señor Rodriguez Figueroa, which provided for the establishment of a college for the Christian education of sons of Spaniards, and that it should be free from ecclesiastical domination, but conducted under the supervision of the Jesuits. When the Jesuits were driven from the islands the King of Spain placed the institution under the Dominican Order, which continued its supervision until the American occupation.

The question whether the Government or the Church is to administer the property is pending in the Supreme Court of the Philippines, but a decree will be entered under the terms of the present agreement. The property is valued at $500,000. The other properties involved and their values are: Hospital of San José, $400,000; Hospital of San José in Cavite, $66,000; College of Santa Isabella, $100,000; estate and hospital of San Juan de Dios, $1,000,000.

Under the terms of the agreement in regard to the bank the claims to exclusive privileges and to note issues beyond the amount approved by the American Government are waived and abandoned, but certain other im-

portant privileges are secured to the bank. The circulation to be allowed is twice the amount of the capital of the bank—2,400,000 pesos, representing capital and surplus, and 600,000 pesos, secured by deposit of bonds and stocks. The agreement is likely to put an end to the uncertainty regarding the legal status of the bank.

The approval of the Philippines Commission already has been obtained to the essential features of the agreement, and the Church has also concurred.

ENGLAND.

The Recovery of the Abbeys.—Glastonbury was for sale the other day under the red flag of the auctioneer, and went off for £30,000. A Mr. Jardine, M. P., bought it, in conjunction with the Anglican Bishop of Bath and Wells. "The main motive of the purchase," says *The Manchester Guardian*, "was to prevent the historic building from falling into the hands of the Roman Catholic Church." If "historic" spells Catholic, as it should, it looks like keeping us out of our own. As an offset to this 3,000 Yorkshire Catholics went on a pilgrimage to the Abbey of Kirkstall. It included a procession headed by cross bearer and acolytes starting from Leeds and going a distance of three miles to the shrine. The City Council owns the abbey and gave permission, although the Parliamentary Agent of the Church Association had written to say it was illegal, as *Mass was to be celebrated there at* 4 P. M. The demonstration was organized by the Catholic Federation of Leeds.

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.—For forty-nine years the English Parliament has been trying to determine whether the law forbidding a man to marry the sister of his dead wife should be abrogated, and as yet has come to no conclusion. The question seems simple enough at first blush, but then the cognate difficulty presents itself, viz: if you can marry your *deceased* wife's sister, why not your *divorced* wife's sister; and why cannot a woman marry her deceased husband's brother, or her divorced husband's brother? A Catholic man, of course, can get a dispensation for marriage with his deceased wife's sister, or a woman for marriage with her deceased husband's brother, but then, the Anglicans reproach them with getting a dispensation for something that is immoral; and moreover, as the civil law forbids such marriages, Catholics so united are not only considered as living in "notorious sin," but also, as before the law, they are not husband and wife, and very grave difficulties ensue with regard to property, legitimacy, etc. To make confusion worse confounded, Cardinal Wiseman in his time was in favor of changing the civil law and of permitting such marriages; Cardinal Manning was a vehement opponent of it; and Cardinal Vaughan had received instructions from Rome to urge the Catholic peers to maintain the present status quo. The very fact that the Church gives dispensations declares that she has a law against such marriages. Her law coincides with that of England on that point, and she cannot consistently advise its abrogation. She would be in a foolish position if she should advise its repeal in England, and yet continue to maintain it through the world, and to dole out dispensations from it. From all appearances, the Bill will not even reach the House of Lords. If it got that far it would be killed anyhow.

Unrest in the Empire.—The disturbed condition of India is causing serious concern in England. The trouble, according to a recent writer, springs from the absolutely alien rule in India. In 1833 Parliament enacted that race, religion, birth, etc., should be no disability to holding office. Queen Victoria's proclamation, in 1858, made the same declaration. In 1878, May 2, Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, in a private despatch to the Government, said that all sorts of subterfuges were resorted to to evade the law. "We had to choose between electing them or prohibiting, and we have chosen the least straightforward course. In 1898-99 the expenses for salaries was $55,500,000. Of that the natives received an average of $210, Europeans an average of $3,300. Sir John Malcom declared that "it was impossible to control so vast an empire, which excludes the natives from every station of high rank and honorable ambition. Moreover it has been drained of its wealth, and "the grinding extortions of the English Government have effected the impoverishment of the country and people to an extent almost unparalleled. They have been taxed to the utmost limit, and it has always been our boast that we have raised the revenue above that which the native rulers were able to extort. The Indians have been excluded from every post that the lowest Englishman could be prevailed upon to accept. The British Indian Government has been the most extortionate and oppressive that has ever existed in India."

Donald Sweeton, formerly a member of the Indian Viceroy Council, declared at Edinburgh, in 1903, that the great coronation Durbar at Delhi was celebrated with unexampled extravagance, while from 20,000 to 30,000 people were dying weekly from the plague. This act has been lately denounced by the whole native press. "The enormous expenditures," he says, "incurred by the chiefs of the native states in this meretricious show seriously crippled their resources, and brought one royal prince to bankruptcy." Militarism is another curse, and the taxation wrung from the poor to pay for wars.

The seriousness of the situation is hardly realized. Revolt is being preached in many provinces. Authority is defied and the natives are being trained to fight. The discontent has spread, not only among the peasants and coolies, but even among the landholders and the Bengal aristocracy.

Lord Ampthill, presiding at a meeting of the National Indian Association, referred to the danger of young Indians coming to England and falling into the hands, in cities and universities, of men as disloyal to the Crown as any of the sedition-mongers in India. It was certain, he maintained, that sedition in India was as much due to deliberate encouragement from England as to any causes in India.

Regarding the question of the unrest in the Punjab, the main cause of the disturbances, Mr. Morley declared in the House of Commons, was not the Colonization Act. The agitation was a political one, inspired by malicious incitements to revolt. Until now the source whence the agitation started gave color to the official belief that it was ephemeral; that treated with mild doses of sympathy the symptoms would soon disappear. In consequence the whole movement has been either treated with indifference, or regarded

as a phase of national development that deserved encouragement. It was forgotten that what was mere effervescence in Bengal, translated to provinces inhabited by more virile races, has a different significance. "In talking of the unrest in India," says Ameer Ali, in *The Nineteenth Century*, for June, "we are apt to forget the new conditions which have arisen there within the last twenty-five years, and which have effected a great change in the sentiments of large bodies of peoples, and considerably altered the complexion of even ordinary affairs. The facility of travel; facility in the interchange of thought through the medium of a common language among those who have passed through the Government schools; the disappearance, to a great extent, of those linguistic and racial divisions which formerly kept the inhabitants of the different provinces so widely apart; the community of traditions revived and rehabilitated; the intensification, in many cases, of religious and racial antipathies have all conduced to a solidarity among certain sections of the population and given birth among many to ambitions and aspirations of which it is difficult for most outsiders to form an adequate conception." The Government of India have followed up their action against seditious speeches by a warning to the seditious Press. His Excellency, the Governor-General in Council, empowers local governments to institute prosecutions against newspapers in all cases in which there have been wilful attempts to disseminate sedition, to promote ill-will between different classes, and to incite the disorderly elements of society. The hope is expressed that this warning may avert the necessity for numerous prosecutions, but if it does not the local authorities will be expected to deal firmly with the evil.

A correspondent thus explains the unrest: "There are two distinct phases of unrest in India. The first and by far the most blatant is the political unrest, finding frequent vent in the virulent articles of native newspapers. In the midst of the highly colored views of irresponsible writers, one can clearly enough discern the signs of the times, and even so shrewd a statesman and observer of Indian happenings as Mr. John Morley, had the candor to admit in Parliament that though he felt sure that India was not disaffected towards England, there yet was reason for India's discontent and dissatisfaction. These feelings are being voiced over the land by the National Congresses, the Educational Conferences, and Industrial meetings held in the important cities of the Empire. An efficacious remedy for the present condition of the country has been suggested in the proposal to send out a Prince of the blood Royal to be Viceroy. Novel as it may seem at first sight, the suggestion has found favor with statesmen of great weight, both here and in England. Indian loyalty is the product of religious sentiment and historical associations, and to the teeming millions of the peninsula, the presence in their midst of a person in whom they behold a parcel of 'such divinity doth hedge a King,' would appeal with a marvelous force. But whatever may be thought of the diplomatic outlook of Indian affairs, it must be readily granted that the present agitation has in certain directions been fruitful of salutary improvements. Patriotism and loyalty do not necessarily go together, and it is to be feared that the former is to-day emphasized somewhat at the expense of the latter.

Among the tangible fruits of the Swadeshi movement, as patriotism is styled here, must be mentioned the development of the resources of India from within, by the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures and commerce in accordance with methods European and American. Other contemplated benefits are irrigation works and increased facilities for transport by railway extension, the encouragement of native in preference to foreign manufactures, and a fiscal policy, to include duties for revenue purposes, with reciprocal preferential treatment between India and other colonies.

"The religious unrest of India, though infinitely less obstreperous, is far more real to all concerned in the future well-being of the diversified peoples of this country. The traditional Hinduism of centuries is slowly but surely disintegrating under the influence of Brahmoism, Theosophy and Theism. Add to these the general tendency of Western education, deprived of the aid it receives from Christian morality. An English writer on India has recently confessed that the Indian Educational Department possesses no adequate force for the amelioration of Hindu thought and Hindu manners. Nor does the new educational policy, which is just being carried out, promise a brighter day for evangelical work. Its distinctive feature is to make education a Government monopoly, and even though missionary bodies will be free to conduct the work in their wonted way, it will be often ruinous to compete with the State institutions, well equipped with men and money. The new system has already made its influence felt: some of our Catholic establishments in South India have had to be either suppressed or reduced to a humble scale. And yet the excellence of the Catholic schools and colleges is acknowledged and balanced, and from time to time the Indian universities manifest the appreciation of their services, in the cause of education, by the grant of academic honors and privileges. Among the seven Fellows of this year, in the University of Madras, two Catholic names are to be found: Rev. F. J. Froger, M.A., the head of St. Joseph's College, Bangalon, and Rev. F. T. Terini, S.J., Rector of St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore. An honor of a very high order was conferred on Rev. Fr. G. W. D. Sewell, S.J., manager of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, when at the invitation of His Excellency the Governor of the Presidency, he addressed the University convocation for degrees on March 21, 1907. With the varying influences at work in this country, it is impossible to say what the moral and social future of India is destined to be."

The Education Bill.—Mr. McKenna writes to the Bristol Free Church Council begging them to "accept his assurance that notwithstanding the rejection of last year's Bill, the Government will in the very next session press forward another Bill with all the resources at their command, in the endeavor to place our educational system on a satisfactory basis."

ITALY—ROME.

Reform of Seminaries.—The Pope's Letter regulating what is to be done, and what plan of studies is to be followed in the readjustment, is published in *Catholic Mind*, July 22. It will be interesting to note that the

studies in the preparatory seminaries are generally those of the State, and that Propedeutics is in the course. The programmes of the State are adopted "because they are generally regarded as representing the culture of the day, and because there is more esteem for a student educated according to that standard. To reject it would be to put the clergy, at least in the eyes of a great number, in a position of inferiority to laymen." Moreover, as students cannot decide whether they have a vocation to the priesthood until they reach a certain age, it is thought advisable to enable them to provide themselves with a diploma in case they go out. Besides, a diploma will be a help and not a hindrance to a priest. "Will not this encourage students to remain in the seminaries merely to get a diploma for the Lyceum? That must be obviated by a "judicious superintendence." The first step in this new arrangement is what is called the Gynasium. The second is the Lyceum. The programme of the Lyceum adds nothing to the matters which should form a part of the Philosophy course in the seminaries, except the continuation of the study of Letters and History; a study which is most necessary for seminarians in order that they may be *instructi ad omne opus bonum*. The Propedeutics have to be studied for a year as a preparation for the Theology course, but a dispensation may be obtained from the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. The course of theology is of four years, and a time table is proposed as a guide for the Prefect of Studies. Nothing is said about scholastic theology, but that is taken for granted.

The Masons.—Ferrari, the Grand Master, has issued a circuar declaring his profound discontent at the flattery paid by several governments to the clericals. He says "it is tearing up the brightest pages of our revolution." But he adds "let us keep our secret. It is a homage to our ancient traditions and to the uniformity of our methods imposed by the universal character of our institution. This prudent reserve will help us to protect ourselves, and to conquer every liberty." It appears that the Grand Master is deluged with petitions from the free and accepted not to let their names be divulged. He assures them that the secret will be kept, and that "there is no danger in being a Freemason; but we must have courage and risk something for the cause."

This worry has been occasioned, by many things; for instance by the military honors which were accorded to the newly created Cardinal Lorenzelli, on the occasion of his formal entry into his See of Lucca. About the same time Cardinal Cassetta was honored with a gun salute by an Italian man-of-war, and the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, on presenting himself before the King during the latter's visit to the city, was given precedence over all other officials and rendered military honors due to a prince of the blood. More irritating to anti-clerical opinion has been the growing participation of the troops in religious fêtes and processions. Deputies, so the charge runs, who are professed non-believers, but who are naturally interested in retaining their hold on their constituencies, have bargained with equally infidel ministers for the assignment of a military escort or a military band to take part in the festival of some local saint.

The appeal of the Grand Master was evidently not without its effect, for the news comes over the wire that "Italian anti-clericalism has just had its innings with the capture of the Roman municipal administration by the Radicals. The Catholic party in Italy is described as having a splendid organization, while their opponents have been weakened by factional strife. The present triumph of the anti-Catholic party was undoubtedly due in great measure to the profound dissatisfaction aroused by the recent policy of the Government in repeatedly giving official recognition to the dignitaries of the Vatican, and manifesting its good will for the Church in other ways."

Mass Intentions.—*La Croix,* June 18, says that the Sacred Congregation of the Council, after discussions held on March 23 and April 27, has just issued a most important and far-reaching decree. It obliges *sub gravi.*

1. Whoever, henceforward, wishes to have masses celebrated by priests, secular or regular, living outside of the diocese cannot do so except through the Ordinary, or at least after having consulted him and obtained his consent.

2. If bishops or priests, in case of a superabundance of intentions, wish to send them to priests of the Church of the Orient, they should do so always, and each time through the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda.

The Holy Father, in an audience of the 28th of April last, has confirmed these decisions, and ordered their publication.

Condemnations.—The *Rennovamento,* of Milan, which was condemned in April, replied on May 13, acknowledging the receipt of Cardinal Steinhuber's letter, and renews its expression of entire respect, but assures the Archbishop of Milan that it does not propose to discontinue publication, because it would imply a recognition of the right of the Congregation of the Index to compel laymen to abandon scientifico-religious, political, and religious studies; otherwise it would be said that only outside of the Church could such research be made.

Le Roy's *Dogme et Critique* has also incurred censure, and is proscribed. The *Revue d'Histoire et de la Litterature Religieuse,* one of whose most assiduous contributors is Loisy, has been declared to have published many articles besides its *Chroniques bibliques,* which are set down as disrespectful, rash, and dangerous; three articles by Dupin on the Trinity, and an article by Herzog on the Virginal Conception of Christ. Finally the bishops, protectors of the Institut Catholique, have forbidden the professors of that establishment to write in the new publication known as *Demain.* which is "suspect and dangerous."

GERMANY.

The Late Professor Schell.—Mgr. Commer, Professor of Theology in the University of Vienna, who recently wrote a book in which the errors of the late Professor Schell, of Würzburg, are shown forth and refuted, has received from the Holy Father a letter of approbation which has made a sensation in Germany. To understand the full significance of the Pope's action the reader is reminded that the theological works of Schell are on the

Index of forbidden books, and that his friends and admirers have formed a committee for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory.

The Pope after praising Schell for the purity of his life and his piety, and for his zeal in the defense of religion, discloses the unsoundness of his theological teaching which caused his works to be placed on the Index. Hence it was to be expected that Catholics would not follow those dangerous doctrines, much less proclaim them as promoting the progress of Theology. Still, the Pope says there are men who praise and recommend his doctrines, as if he had been a foremost defender of the faith, a man to be compared to St. Paul, and worthy of a monument for the admiration of posterity. These of course are men who are either ignorant of Catholic teaching, or resist the authority of the Chair of St. Peter under the calumnious pretext that it clings to antiquated views and opposes the progress of science. The Pope concludes by congratulating and encouraging Mgr. Commer, bidding him despise the attacks directed against him which rather redound to his honor.

The *Germania* states that the Pope has given orders that this letter should, through the nuntios, be communicated to all the bishops. The Schell Memorial Committee have written to the Holy Father professing loyalty to the Holy See and complaining that Prof. Commer has misrepresented their purpose. The enemies of the Church have eagerly seized upon this Papal document to fan the fires of the Kulturkampf. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* declares the letter to have been inspired by the leaders of the Bavarian Centre party and by the Jesuits. Of course! The paper calls upon the "national" German Catholics to unite themselves and rebel against the Pope.

Prince Karl von Löwenstein a Dominican Friar.—From Germany comes the startling announcement that the noblest, the best, the most beloved of German Catholics, the venerable Prince Löwenstein, now in his seventy-fourth year, has entered the Order of St. Dominic at Venloo in Holland. The news was received by the German Catholics with mingled feelings of sorrow and of joy. Of sorrow, because this rare man and wise guide has disappeared from public life; of joy, because this is a fitting climax to a beautiful and holy life. Since the beginning of the Kulturkampf early in the seventies the Prince has stood in the front-rank of Catholic action. For some years he was a member of the *Reichstag*. Owing to his princely estates, which are scattered over Germany and Bohemia, he has been an hereditary member of the Upper Chamber of Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden and Hesse. For twenty-five years he was the permanent Commissary of the Catholic Congresses, upon whom devolved the immense labor of preparing, year after year, the *Katholikentag*. He was also the founder and President of the German Anti-duelling League. He was identified with the political, social, charitable, religious ideas and works of the German Catholics. With voice and pen and purse he showed his devotion to the Holy See, promoted the cause of Loretto, of the Holy Land, of the Society of St. Boniface. At the last meeting in March of delegates of the Bavarian

Centre the Prince unexpectedly appeared and spoke these memorable words: "The purpose of my presence here to-day is to give expression to my full and warm sympathy for the Bavarian Centre, at a time when so many attacks have been made against the party, and when there is good reason to fear that another season of hard fighting is coming for the Centre. At such a time it is the duty of every one who believes in the principles of the Centre party, not to conceal his sentiments in his heart, but to give public expression to them." His eldest son, the hereditary Prince, has already given proofs that he is a man after his father's heart.

The Saint Peter Claver Sodality.—The Countess Ledochowska, a niece of the late Cardinal Ledochowski and foundress of the St. Peter Claver Sodality in aid of the African missions, came to Berlin in the middle of June to explain her work to the Catholics of the capital. She spoke in a large hall that was crowded to the doors, aroused the enthusiasm of her hearers and succeeded in founding a branch of the sodality in Berlin.

A Windthorst Biography.—["Ludwig Windthorst." Von Dr. Eduard Hüsgen. Köln, Bachem. xvi and 477 pp. 154 illustrations.]—This is the first complete biography of the great leader. Windthorst has left no memoirs and scarcely any private letters. As a public man he entrusted very little to paper, and the little he did write was destroyed, by his orders, as soon as received. His oral confidences have either sunk into the grave with the death of his friends, or are even now sacredly guarded. All which goes to show how difficult it is to write a satisfactory "Life" of Windthorst. For the heart of a great man, his inner life is chiefly revealed by his intimate communications to family and friends. This life, therefore, is mainly the history of the public man, of the incomparable leader of the German Catholics in days of storm and stress, and is consequently at the same time a history of the Kulturkampf and of the Centre party. We behold, therefore, in these pages Windthorst the politician and statesman, we admire his prudence and caution, his surpassing tactical skill and farsightedness, his marvellous debating power and readiness of repartee, qualities which enabled him in the end to win the victory over his mighty adversary and make the Centre party a controlling factor in positive legislation. The biography shows that Windthorst is, and must be, to this day the master and teacher of the party created by him. The biographer also gives an intelligent and sympathetic character sketch of his hero; he demonstrates beyond peradventure the sincerity of his religious convictions, and, above all, his wonderful disinterestedness, which particularly distinguishes him from his great opponent, and is the best proof of the honesty and sincerity of his whole public life. Windthorst was not only a wit, but he was also the occasion of wit on the part of others. Hence the author has added a pleasing chapter on "Windthorst in caricature," with many illustrations taken from the comical papers of the times.

Dismissal of High Functionaries.—Count Posadowsky-Wehner, for ten years Imperial Secretary of State of the Interior, is the first great victim of

the Liberal-Conservative "mating" and of the new "era Bülow." He has been dismissed in unmerited disgrace. During his term of office he earned the gratitude of the whole German people by his tireless activity and his devotion to social legislation. His dismissal is universally regretted. The reasons why he had to go are public property: He overshadowed Bülow, was regarded as the latter's rival and as aiming at the Chancellorship; he leaned too much on the Centre party and was opposed to the dissolution of the *Reichstag* last November. His successor is von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Minister of the Interior in Prussia. The new Prussian Minister of the Interior is Count Friedrich von Moltke. The *bête-noire* of the Liberals, Dr. Studt, Minister of Public Instruction in Prussia and staunch upholder of the denominational schools, has also been dismissed and is succeeded by Dr. Holle. This appointment, however, has created no enthusiasm in the Liberal ranks, who thought that Professor Harnack was the coming man, whereas Dr. Holle seems to be a Conservative.

The Succession to the Throne of Luxemburg.—The personal union between the Kingdom of Holland and the Grandduchy of Luxemburg came to an end in 1890 when King William III died. He was succeeded in Holland by his only child Wilhelmina, who, however, could not reign in Luxemburg, where the salic law obtains. Hence the next male claimant, the late Duke Adolf, of Nassau, became Grandduke of Luxemburg, and was succeeded in 1905 by his only son, the now reigning Grandduke Wilhelm. He has only daughters, but being the last male member of the House of Nassau-Orange, he assumes the right to transmit the crown, at his death, to his eldest daughter, Marie Adelheid. A law has just been passed in the Luxemburg legislature satisfying the family statute made by the Grandduke and thus irrevocably determining the succession to the throne. The eldest daughter is now thirteen years old and in the event of her succeeding to the throne during her minority, her mother will be regent. It is interesting to note that while the Grandduke is a Protestant, mother and daughters are Catholics. In 1905 the population of the Grandduchy was 246,455 souls; of these, 32,339 were foreigners; there were 241,883 Catholics; among the natives of the country there were only 189 Protestants.

FRANCE.

Anarchy.—All the Government leaders publicly admit that anarchy everywhere prevails in the country. Clémenceau, while hinting that there were dangers ahead more grave than people were aware of, still revels in his boasted "incoherence," which he admitted to be the characteristic of his government. Briand alone is becoming conservative, but his conversion is angering the extreme left. Reproached with it he coolly said he was "like a helot awakening from a debauch"—a precious phrase for future historians to describe the last ten years of France's political life. Millerand, himself a Socialist, demanded Clémenceau's resignation, which he would have forced, had it not been that the enemies Millerand had made, when he was a member of Waldeck-Rousseau's cabinet, found a chance to punish him, and so gave a vote

of confidence to the Government, though in reality they were bitterly opposed to Clémenceau.

The vinegrowers' revolt, which was so menacing, seems to be at an end, at least for the moment. Little attention has been given to the fact that the persecuted bishops were active in pacifying the peasants. Albert, however, has lost caste among his people, who hailed him as their "Saviour," by accepting the money Clémenceau very cunningly induced him to take; and Ferreoul is quiescent, though he referred in his speeches to the Midi as French Catalonia, and illustrated present conditions by the Middle Ages, when the barons of the North crushed out the life of the South, an allusion to the Government's support of the northern mercantile interests as against the needs of the vinegrowers. It is a suggestion of secession. Meantime nothing has been done to the soldiers who revolted, except to send them elsewhere. Whether intentionally or not, the Minister of War so arranges his troops that the men generally find themselves in their own part of the country, and consequently in case of a disturbance are not likely to fire on their own people. The destruction of war vessels goes quietly on, and reports come frequently of this or that torpedo boat, or submarine, going to the bottom, no one knows why. Nor have the anti-militarists, who are inciting the soldiers to shoot their officers, been punished. They were haled to court, and the defence offered by their lawyers was the production of speeches by Briand and Clémenceau some time ago, advising the same anti-militarist tactics. Whereupon the judges ruled that the accused must be tried with Clémenceau and Briand, or not at all. As the original culprits were not forthcoming, the actual ones were discharged. To make matters worse Clémenceau described the mutineers as a *soldatesque dechainée,* a phrase that has startled all Europe, for if they were soldiers who had shaken off their chains, those who have not are invited to do so. In spite of this he claims to have made a military alliance with England. Will England go to war with such allies? The Emperor of Germany, who insists that he is for peace, is said to have intimated that danger of it is to be apprehended from the activity of his uncle.

From the Devil to God.—Such is the title of a book written by a poet named Retté, who seems to have some renown in France. His standing must have been more than respectable for he was a friend of Coppée. Retté had been baptized a Catholic but brought up a Protestant, and soon became an atheist, a socialist, and a frenzied hater of everything Catholic. One evening at a conference in which he railed at religion with more than usual fury, some friends who applauded his eloquence asked him afterwards to explain the beginning of the world. Retté was dumfounded. He could not reply, and asked for time to study. He soon discovered that the scientific theories on which he had been building were all nonsense. He was on the point of committing suicide, when Coppée advised him to see a priest. It ended in his complete conversion, and adds one more name to the long list of literary men whom the Church has won over recently in France.

A Fall.—Viviani, the arch-socialist, who fancied he had put out the lights of heaven, has been himself extinguished at Corbeil. These French of-

ficials have a fashion of visiting with great ceremony at the public expense various parts of the country. In the present instance there was a fair going on at Corbeil, and Viviani was announced to preside. Five hundred Socialists met him at the station with hooting and hisses, and cries of "Resign." The ministerial cortège was formed, and Viviani took his place in it pale and trembling. His former friends led the procession denouncing him, and singing the *Internationale*. A riot began, and the once popular Socialist took refuge in a hack and escaped. The Socialist paper, *l'Humanité*, tells the story with delight.

Americanism.—Not theological, but social Americanism is threatening to invade Paris. It has not yet reached the stage of letting young girls go out unattended, but the lines are rapidly widening in that direction, in the liberties accorded them of presenting young men to their parents, a thing unheard of before; and even of inviting dancers to come and perform in the house without concerning herself about any previous parental permission. Immense receptions, after the American fashion, are now in vogue, and also balls, which so far were never held in a public hall hired for the occasion, but are now the rage. Subscription balls are also being introduced. Finally dinners given in a restaurant or a club are becoming popular. Dining at home is going out of fashion, and hotel life is growing rapidly.

HOLLAND.

Condition of Catholics.—The Church, according to the Abbé Mulliners, finds much to comfort her in Holland. There is liberty of conscience, and of religion, and equal rights for all. There is no State religion. The Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish are recognized. There are separate cemeteries, and the Minister of Worship has the right to refuse burial to any one who *de facto* in life did not belong to the special cult represented by the cemetery. There is one archdiocese with four dioceses recognized by the State. Parishes are made without State intervention, and the State recognizes them when made. The clergy is generally recruited from people in easy circumstances. Each diocese has a large and small seminary; the larger with two years of philosophy, and four of theology. Seminarians and lay brothers are exempt from military service. The State has nothing to do with ecclesiastical nominations. Parish property belongs to the Trustees, who are nominated by the bishop and responsible to him. Religious associations founded prior to the legislation of 1853 on worship, enjoy civil personality in perpetuity. Those founded since can acquire a like privilege by a royal decree or legislation. While the churches belong to the Trustees the steeple is sometimes owned by communes. This curious arrangement does not give rise to difficulties. The State subsidizes no church unless it is a public monument. If the commune does so the State does not interfere. The buildings for church and school use are exempt from taxation. The State does not concern itself about the relations of the clergy with Rome, nor with national councils. Each parish priest can establish charitable associations. In legacies of a benevolent nature the Government is most liberal and sympathetic.

State education is neuter throughout. If the ecclesiastical authority has its schools subsidized they are subject to rigorous inspection; otherwise they are completely exempt. There are four State universities, all neuter; and one communal university, at Amsterdam, recognized by the State. The different cults can erect universities if they wish, and their diplomas are recognized; but there are none *de facto* on account of the enormous expense. The Protestant university, at Amsterdam, has only three faculties; theology, law, and letters, and the Catholic university at Utrecht is embryonic. The Code Napoleon prevails with regard to civil and religious marriage. Public processions, antedating 1818, are authorized; those inside church enclosures are permitted, but non-authorized processions in Catholic districts are not interfered with. Every attack on freedom of worship is severely punished. Catholics are in the minority, being only thirty-five per cent. of 5,510,000. Conversions are not numerous, but Catholics generally fulfill their religious duties in the Catholic districts, and in the country parts of Protestant districts. In the cities of Protestant sections the number of Catholics not attending to their religious obligations sometimes rises as high as a fourth, the cause being religious indifference. The religious orders are well represented and have schools and colleges. The Brothers of the Immaculate Conception deserve particular notice for their success in primary education. There are many hospitals served by religious. The relations of the secular and religious clergy are excellent.

ASIA.

China. The U. S. Support of China's Policy.—President Roosevelt's announced purpose to ask Congress to restore to China all of the $25,000,000 Boxer indemnity above the $11,000,000 actual damages and expenses incurred by the U. S. and its citizens in 1900, is regarded as showing the steadfast purpose of the United States to assist China's policy of assuming larger responsibility in international relations. The extent to which the Japanese are increasing their influence in Manchuria is far from pleasing to China. The recall from Washington of Sir Chentung Liang-Chang, Chinese Minister, to become Vice-President of the Board of Foreign Affairs, is one of the many indications of a more vigorous Chinese policy. The assertion by China of its rights in Manchuria will no doubt cause friction with Japan, and possibly with Russia as well. Indications are not wanting that the United States will give its moral support to such proper measures as China may take to assert itself.

The "Open Door" Policy.—The reported transfer of the U. S. Atlantic battleship fleet to the Pacific, will, it is claimed by diplomats and naval officers, have the following good results: preservation of peace, so long as the United States is the predominant naval power; support of China's intention to assert its territorial and sovereign rights in Manchuria; maintenance of the "open door" policy in letter and spirit. Even since the Boxer outbreak the American policy has been to prevent the partition of China, and to watch over the keeping of the international agreement guaranteeing equal opportunity for all nations in the trade of China.

India. The New Archbishop of Bombay.—By a Pontifical Brief of June 5, 1907, the Rev. Herman Jurgens, of the Society of Jesus, has been raised to the Metropolitan See of Bombay, in place of the Rev. Séverin Noti, S.J., who, on being appointed to this Archbishopric, begged the Holy See to have that honor conferred on some one worthier than himself. His resignation was accepted.

Lace Making at Chota Nagpur.—The fact that lace has been for some few years made in Chota Nagpur is not widely known, though the lace exhibits of the Ursuline Convent, Ranchi, obtained a first-class certificate at the Calcutta Exhibition of 1907, and a first-class prize at the first Industrial Exhibition of Ranchi during the current year.

The introduction of the lace industry into this part of India is due to the efforts of the holy and zealous missionary, Rev. Fr. Frencken, S.J. The prospect of a girls' school in his district filled him with hope and courage; the religious and practical education of the female portion of his flock was to him, as to all great minds, a matter of vast importance, for the pages of history are there to attest to the power of good women's influence on the welfare of a nation. His desire to have the school girls taught an industry, which would provide them with a higher and lucrative standard of work than that usually adopted by the women of these parts, and which would be in no way an obstacle to the fulfilment of their domestic duties, caused Fr. Frencken to apply for the Ursulines of Belgium. In the autumn of 1905, a nun trained in the lace industry came from Belgium to teach the art in the Khunti school, and good Fr. Frencken witnessed with joy the successful working out of his lace problem, beneath the deft little fingers of the Munda girls.

Persia.—The attempts to deprive Armenians and Parsees of the franchise have led to protests from all the cities, accompanied by threats to emigrate to India.

The disturbances in Persia referred to in the Chronicle for July culminated at Teheran into anti-dynastic proclamations. The Shah's brother, who is Governor of Luristan, is said to have stirred up the warlike nomads, and to have collected troops. Members of Parliament declare that the trouble at Tabriz was instigated by the Government. Since Rahim Khan has been imprisoned, the disturbances have subsided. The Persian and British authorities are taking joint measures to suppress the traffic in arms, by sea, to Afghanistan and Baluchistan.

A telegram received in St. Petersburg from Teheran states that a force of Persian Cossacks, cavalry, infantry and mountain guns, commanded by Hissam-ul-Mulk, has left Kermanshah against Salav-ed-Dowlah, Governor of Lurikan. Already many casualties have occurred on both sides. According to Reuter's correspondent in Teheran Hissam-ul-Mulk defeated Salav-ed-Dowlah near Nihavend.

Mysore. Hindustan.—From a letter of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Basle, titular Bishop of Calinda and Coadjutor to Rt. Rev. Bishop Kleiner, we gather the following interesting data regarding the Mission of Maïssour.

In 1846 when the Mission was erected into a Vicariate Apostolic, the number of Christians was 135,000, scattered over a territory embracing 364 miles, from north to south, and 382 miles from east to west. There were, then, but six missionaries assigned to this vast field of labor. Since the erection of the Mission into a Vicariate Apostolic, the Mission of Maïssour has risen through the energetic, persevering labors of Mgr. Charbonneau and his successors, Mgr. Chevalier, Mgr. Coadou, and Mgr. Kleiner, to a most flourishing vicariate, as appears from the following data: Catholic population, 45,724; churches and chapels, 112; missionaries, 54; native priests, 11; catechists, 80; brothers, 10; nuns from Europe, 129; native nuns, 68; children in the schools, 3,973; baptisms, 3,575; hospitals, 2.

AFRICA.

The Transvaal. The Repatriation of the Chinese.—In announcing the policy of the Government regarding Chinese labor, General Botha stated on behalf of the new Ministry in the Transvaal, that it had been decided not to reenact the Labor Ordinance, but to send the Chinese home immediately on the expiration of their contracts. The repatriation of the Chinese would lead to the restoration of more healthy and stable condition in the mines, to the larger employment of whites, to a more economical use of natives, and to a more extensive utilization of mechanical appliances. The Government Native Labor Bureau would in future, the Premier declared, supervise the recruiting of natives in South Africa, and would improve, control and safeguard the interests of the natives. No doubt, this policy on the part of the Transvaal Government will, in due time, lead to the solution of the much vexed problem of the white man's work in South Africa.

Egypt. Britain's Task in Egypt.—If success is to attend the efforts of Lord Cromer's successor in the difficult part he has to play in Egypt, justice, firmness, tact and sympathy must be his guiding principles as they have been those of his predecessor during more than twenty years of his administration as England's representative in Egypt. Among other dangers threatening the tranquillity of Egypt, and the stability of her government, Pan-Islamism was considered by Lord Cromer as the most serious of all. To avert this danger great intellectual acumen and consummate tact will be required on the part of Sir Eldon Gorst. For Pan-Islamism is a most subtle movement, not only of religious antagonism, but of political ideas whose tendency in Egypt is wholly anarchical and reactionary. With more or less complete subserviency to the Sultan, which carried some of the Nationalist party last year, to the length of denying that Egypt had any rights in the dispute with Turkey over the Sinai peninsula, there is also in Pan-Islamism a retrograde movement, involving the recognition of slavery, and of laws utterly opposed to modern ideas.

Zanzibar. Change in the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction.—A great change has taken place in the ecclesiastical jurisdiction along the Zanguebar Coast. The North Zanzibar Vicariate is now called the Vicariate of Zanzibar. The part of this Vicariate in German territory has been created a separate

Vicariate, called the Vicariate Apostolic of Bagamoyo, whilst the former South Zanzibar Vicariate is now known by the name of Vicariate Apostolic of Dar-es-Salaam. The Mission of Kenia, in British territory, has been separated from the Vicariate of Zanzibar, and entrusted to the Religious of the Institute della Consolata of Turin.

Nyanza.—The Vicariate of Northern Nyanza now numbers 100,000 Catholics, and 149,696 Catechumens. In the course of 1906, the number of baptisms of adults has been 6,995. In the South Nyanza Vicariate the number of Catholics has increased by 1,919.

OCEANICA.

Australia. Rapid Progress of the Catholic Church.—At the closing of the late synod held at Sydney, and presided over by His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, a collective Pastoral Letter, containing a brief history of the Catholic Church in Australia, was sent by the Archbishops and Bishops to their respective priests and laity.

Since 1820, when religious liberty was granted to Australia, and when two priests were sent from Ireland to this distant field of labor, the Catholic Church has made rapid progress. To-day, out of a population of five million souls, there are 1,100,000 Catholics. As for the ecclesiastical hierarchy, there are at present one Cardinal Archbishop, two other Archbishops, 14 Bishops, and 1,400 priests. In the 33 colleges for boys, 160 boarding schools for girls, 205 day schools, and 1,080 primary schools there are upward of 130,000 children in attendance. The Catholics support, besides, 94 charitable institutions. The Pastoral Letter thus concludes: "The visible character of the unity of the Church is obedience to the Holy See. In this, we can affirm it with deep conviction, the Church of Australia, though one of the most youthful daughters of the Catholic Church, and the most remote from Rome, yields to none other in her affection for her mother."

LITERARY NOTE.

James Michael Cooney, until recently Librarian of the Catholic University of America, to whom is affectionately dedicated the "In Memoriam" in this issue of THE MESSENGER, died at the home of his parents in Washington, D. C., March 27, 1907. He was born April 24, 1878, and was the youngest son of Brigadier-General Michael Cooney, U. S. A., retired, and nephew of the late Daniel Connolly, of New York City, journalist, poet and editor in 1887 of a sumptuous volume: "The Household Library of Ireland's Poets, with full Selections from the Irish-American Poets." Young Michael shared in the literary tastes of his uncle, but his modesty confined his productions to circulation among relatives and immediate friends. On leaving Gonzaga College, Washington, his love for books led him to study at the Library Science School of Columbia University, under the direction of Dr. A. R. Spofford, of the Library of Congress. He became Assistant Librarian at the Catholic University of America, and after the death of D. Bouquillon, Librarian. But failing health soon compelled him to resign his charge and brought to an end a career of much promise.

SCIENCE.

Fiction Writers in Science.—Some of our "high-class" magazines have, during the last few years, presented articles on scientific matters in a more or less popular style, but with all the accuracy and clearness of a class-room lecture. Rutherford, Ramsay, Lodge, Newcomb, Mme. Curie, de Vries, Prof. Stratton and others, whose names would demand credit in any magazine, have contributed to *Harper's, The Century* and other monthlies.

There are other writers, however, whose learning is more literary and who are concerned more with the style than the matter. Such hesitate not to set down as fact what they think and to deck ignorance with the garb of poetic imagery. At this the real scientific student will sometimes, like the proverbial worm, turn.

The April *Century* contains an article on Color, profusely and gorgeously illustrated, which is held up to scientific scorn by a writer from Johns Hopkins University (Science), whose criticism is condensed in this sentence: it is a pity that three full pages of bright colored illustration should be wasted in propagating error.

Dr. Gager, of the N. Y. Botanical Gardens (*Science,* June 7) justly censures articles which "in reputable magazines intended for mature minds, poeticize science to the verge of misrepresentation." *Harper's* is the reputable magazine, and the articles, three of them, are on "The intelligence of flowers," by no less a literary light than Maurice Maeterlinck.

The Belgian literateur grants to flowers "reason, will, intelligence, perspicacity, prudence" and other wondrous gifts which Dr. Gager suggests "may be the necessary conclusion of a poet, but to read such statements in cold print congeals the blood of any botanist."

Need we mention Rev. Mr. Long? His animal stories were questioned

months and months ago by professional experts, but their criticisms were bound up in scientific volumes. Lately Mr. Long's romances caught the Presidential eye, and the daily press recorded and elaborated the Presidential word which did not favor Mr. Long. We have not read many of Mr. Long's "fairy-tales" (*facts* he calls them), so we are not certain, with Dr. Hornaday of the N. Y. "Zoo," that he is the victim of "notorious animal liars and practical jokers."

In Dr. Gager's words "sugar-coating the supposed pills of scientific facts in nature-study literature" is baneful enough, but when such writing finds its way into the school room, some one must protest.

Replacing the Falling Forests.—Some months ago we called attention to the disappearing of our forest trees through the excessive demands of increasing manufactures. With praiseworthy foresight the General Government is doing its best to repair the enormous tree-losses and to provide wood for future generations.

Mr. René Bache, in the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia) tells us how the good work is progressing. One hundred and twenty-two million acres of woodland in the West and Northwest have been set aside as Forest Reserves and on this Government land are planted every year five and a half million young trees.

The seedling trees are grown in six stations or nurseries in Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and California. Most of the trees grown for distribution belong to the cone-bearing species, such as pines and spruces, and the collection of the cones, which carry the seeds, is often a difficult matter, for the best are desired and the best are often the hardest to reach. The cone collector receives much assistance from the squirrel; this active climber is not dismayed by the tallest tree while laying up his winter food supply. When the Government seed-hunters find these stores they steal the best of the cones and send them to the nurseries.

The young seedling trees grow for one or two years under artificial shade of varying intensity, then for a like period without any protection, when they are ready for planting in the Forest Reserve. In their final home they are set out about six feet apart. This seems to be close planting, about twelve hundred trees to the acre; but many die and the rest are not grown for foliage or ornament, but for wood. Close planting means tall trees with few low branches. The good effect of this forest protection will be appreciated by future generations, for it takes years (a century for some of the cone-bearers) for a forest tree to make full growth.

The Strength of a Spider Thread.—The extraordinary dimensions of a certain spider thread, length eight and one-half feet, diameter one-two hundred and fiftieth of an inch, induced Dr. J. R. Benton to measure its physical properties. He presents the results of his work in the July issue of the *American Journal of Science.* A spider thread is usually composed of a number of fibres adhering more or less closely. The number in the thread under observation must have been over two hundred, in some places closely adherent, in others apparently in somewhat loose bundles. The breaking load, mean of five trials, was nearly three ounces, equivalent to twenty-six thousand pounds per square inch. This means quite a high tensile strength for spider thread, about double that of most kinds of wood; the value for

pine being ten thousand pounds and for other woods, from six to twenty-three thousand pounds per square inch. With the stretching force constant, the length of the thread varied irregularly, this being due, most probably, to absorption of moisture.

These figures and others obtained from measurement of elastic after-effect, "stretchiness" and specific gravity, make it probable that the material of the spider thread is different from silk.

The Pruning of Fruit Trees.—The seventh report of the Woburn (England) Experimental Fruit Farm, by the Duke of Bedford and Spencer Pickering, F.R.S., is summarized in *Nature*. The conclusions of the fifth report, 1905, showed that several cherished ideas as to the proper treatment of fruit trees need modification and that operations generally supposed to be beneficial to growth and fruit bearing are really prejudicial to both. These reports should attract the attention of all horticulturists, American as well as British, who follow traditional rule-of-thumb methods.

Measurements of leaves, trees and fruits, and weighings of the fruit, show conclusively that heavy thinning of the fruit is of no advantage; hard pruning is unprofitable; summer pruning is undesirable and root pruning injurious. These conclusions apply only to healthy and established trees.

Records have been kept during the last twelve years of the behavior of apple trees when pruned to different extents. From every point of view the pruning of a healthy, growing tree seems to be injurious to wood formation. With regard to crops, however, a reduction of pruning shows to best advantage.

With the dwarf apple trees the crops during the first five years were more than twice as great from the unpruned trees as from the moderately pruned ones, and more than three times as great as from the hard pruned ones. In the second five-year period the differences were still greater, and in the twelfth year the unpruned trees yielded nearly three times as much as the moderately pruned ones, while the hard pruned trees had practically no crop at all.

Apart from the cutting back of freshly planted trees, continues the summary, the present results are emphatic in showing that the less pruning is done, the better. Of course the removal of branches which cross or rub each other, as well as that of any unripened wood, is desirable. But a tree which is growing freely, and is properly tended in other respects, will require very little pruning to keep it in shape.

Another Try for the Pole.—The leading article in *McClure's Magazine* for July, by Walter Wellman, describes the "America," a huge hydrogen-filled, motor-driven balloon now under construction at Spitzbergen for a flight to the North Pole. The Wellman air ship is 183 feet long and its greatest diameter is 52 feet. The steel car which is to carry the 80 horse-power motor, the crew, supplies, etc., is 115 feet long and the distance from the bottom of the car to the top of the gas reservoir is 65 feet.

The character of the gas envelope, the ingenious "sausage" guide rope (formed of steel-plated leather), which serves as food carrier and automatic elevation regulator, the peculiar retarding rope and anchor, the method of welting the snow cap off the balloon, the marvelously built steel car and gasolene motor, are all evidently the result of high theoretical knowledge and

especially of practical acquaintance with the combined needs and difficulties of air navigation in a dangerous enterprise.

Mr. Wellman's crew consists of three picked men: Major Hersey, of the U. S. Weather Bureau; Mr. Vaniman, the designer and constructor of the "America," and a third whose name is not yet announced.

With a south wind of ten or fifteen miles an hour to help the motor, it would be possible to make the trip from Spitzbergen to the Pole in a day. With calms or neutral winds it would take two days. With a contrary tenable wind it would take five days. With his carefully built air ship and his expert crew, Mr. Wellman seems to have a fair chance to solve the problem of the Pole.

Improving the Sunday School.—An essential characteristic of a good Sunday school room is the easy division of the main floor into separate classrooms. It is always important that the whole school should be together at least at the opening and closing exercises. It is equally important that a division into groups be made and that each group should be entirely shut off from the others. Distracted teachers can prove only too well the truth of this statement. This proved to be difficult to do, until the introduction of Wilson's Rolling Partitions, which in a few moments will make a large audience room out of a dozen different class rooms, and as quickly change the latter back into the former. This is done not only rapidly, but quietly. The same room is thereby made to answer a double purpose at comparatively little expense and no tedious and often undesirable alterations in the permanent construction need be attempted. Some partitions are made with blackboard surfaces for object-lesson teaching, thus answering a double purpose. Many thousands of testimonials from churches all over the United States show that Wilson's Partitions give entire satisfaction, and continue to do so after years of constant use. Those interested can obtain a special booklet free by addressing the James G. Wilson Mfg. Co., 3 and 5 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, provided they mention THE MESSENGER.

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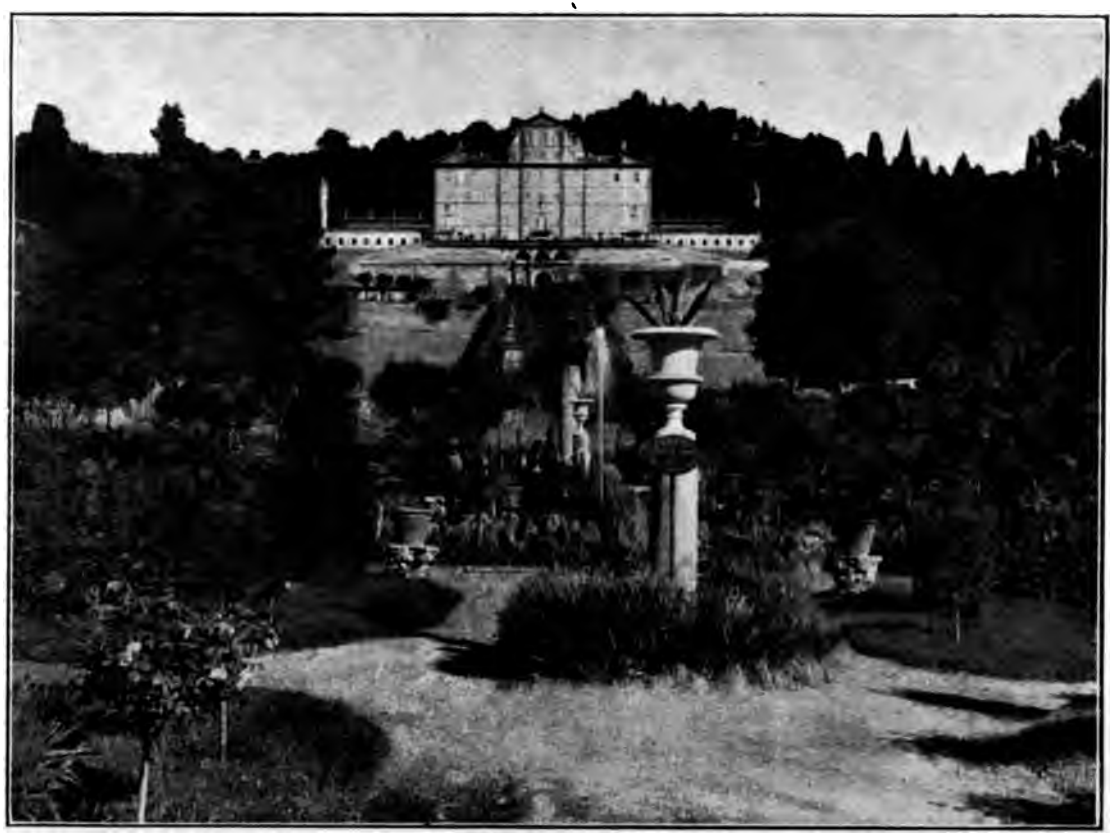

FRASCATI, MUNICIPAL GARDENS AND VIEW OF THE VILLA ALDOBRANDINI.

THE MESSENGER

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VILLAS IN THE ALBAN HILLS.

AFTER passing a pleasant and instructive afternoon exploring the ruins of the Roman Forum in company with a friend from Washington, a gentleman of brilliant capacity and much learning, we sauntered towards the Coloseum in the glow of a beautiful autumn afternoon, congratulating each other on the opportunity of witnessing one of Rome's wonderful sunsets. We mounted to one of the highest accessible points of the Flavian Amphitheatre, whence the view on every side is unrestricted and where a very comprehensive, and also, accurate idea may be formed of the most interesting part of ancient Rome. In truth it would be difficult to conceive any scene more impressive than that which meets the eye from this commanding elevation.

That evening was really enchanting, the sun was going down behind the Janiculum, the limpid sky seemed to blend in delicate and harmonious tints with the edifices of the Eternal City. All the windows were aglow, the hundreds of cupolas and towers seemed burnished with gold, and wreaths of twittering swallows pursued their circular flight to their shelter amongst the ruins. Turning towards the east we perceived a veil of delicate purple which seemed to envelop everything to the extreme limits of the far off mountains. The fields of the vast Campagna, and the countless arches of the acqueducts, which traverse it for miles, glowed in a blaze of color as it spread before us undulating and unbroken, bounded by a chain of most picturesque mountains and apparently devoid of human habitations, save where, on the Alban Hills, the villages gleamed in the setting sun. We gazed in mute admiration on this superb picture, the splendor of which no pen or pencil is capable of transmitting, and I remarked to my friend that, after

all, the wonderful sunsets of Turner, in the National Gallery at London, are not overdrawn.

" Does not this coloring remind you of something you have seen elsewhere? " asked my friend. I paused, and the autumn touches of crimson and gold recalled to my mind the glorious colors of the foliage during the Indian summer in the United States, and as I remarked this, " You have guessed my thought," he replied, " When we are at home we are so accustomed to the beauties of those wonderful colors, and the grandeur of our vast landscapes that we do not appreciate them as they deserve, but when we are some time absent travelling through the lovely scenes of other lands, then, and only then, do we realize how much grandeur and beauty we have left behind." " You are right, you recall to my memory a sight which I can never forget, an autumn-day on the Hudson." My friend then proposed a visit to the historic Alban Hills, and a few days after we were seated on the top of the electric tram which now runs between the Piazza of St. John Lateran and Frascati.

Our fellow travellers were principally English, the remainder of the passengers belonging to the Roman farmer class. At the first halt a peasant boarded the car, and in a few minutes I heard him in such angry altercation with the conductor that I listened attentively, fearing that we might become witnesses of a sanguinary encounter. But, as they continued to discuss loudly my apprehension passed away, for I have been told that when Romans are about to use the knife, they generally become taciturn and silent. My companion inquired what the row was about, and I explained that the new passenger objected to the fare demanded as being excessive, and the conductor was arguing the point with him. We pulled up at a station and the argument was resumed, and lasted until another station came in sight. Here the peasant declared that he would walk rather than pay the unjust demand, and jumped off the car, much to the satisfaction of the conductor, who expressed his pleasure at having got the best of it. But, from a conversation that ensued, I discovered that the man had got to his destination by a trick. My friend thought this a very strange episode, but I have since learned that this and similar tricks are of common occurrence.

Whilst attending to this incident we had passed under an arch of the Felice Aqueduct, on each side of which we perceived an inscription by Pope Sixtus V, dated 1585, also a sepulchral mound called Monte di Grano, which encloses a circular tomb from which

FRASCATI, VILLA TORLONEA AND VIEW OF THE CITY.

was taken the fine white marble sarcophagus, ornamented with four beautiful bas reliefs, which we had admired at the Capitoline Museum. This sarcophagus is said to be that of Alexander Severus and Mammea.

The view of the mountains and Campagna from this part of the road is very picturesque. We passed several other ruins, amongst them those of a very large Roman Villa of Imperial times. At the foot of the hill we noticed the fountain of Vermicino, erected by Pope Clement XIII, which recalled the legend of an ancient fountain in this locality which was poisoned by the Romans, and as a result many of the soldiers sent by the Emperor, Henry VI, to the relief of Tusculum, together with their General Christian of Mayence, died quenching their thirst.

As we neared Frascati, the town, surrounded by villas, olive woods and vineyards, presented a new and most charming aspect. In due time we were set down in the Piazza and were immediately surrounded by beggars, donkey-boys, hotel and restaurant touts. Whilst our fellow-passengers dispersed in different directions, we proceeded to carry out a little programme of our own, and do Frascati and the Alban Hills in Italian fashion.

Espying a promising "*Pizzicheria*," we entered and purchased some delicacies for our lunch; the proprietor kindly directed us to a respectable country-inn he was in the habit of frequenting, adding if I mentioned his name I should certainly be served with genuine Frascati wine. Our inn, located in an uphill street, was clean and tidy, the polite landlord received us well and became quite effusive when he heard that his friend had recommended his cellar. In all native inns a palatable dish is served at midday, called "*il piatto del giorno.*" On this occasion *il piatto del giorno* was pork and beans, and when my friend heard this he was quite pleased. "That will remind me of home," he remarked. "I have not tasted it since I left the States." Our menu was soon filled out: anchovies, salami, green olives, ham and eggs, pork and beans, cheese, butter, fruit and Frascati wine. The table was laid out of doors, and whilst eating we basked in the gentle heat of the autumn sun, and enjoyed the view of the vast Campagna through the opening of the street. The faithful housedog took his place under the table, and little children with curly locks and eyes black as sloes, some of them superbly handsome, played close by. We tempted them with food, from time to time, to come closer, being quite charmed with the modest shyness with which they

accepted and thanked us for our gifts before running to their mothers who sat working at the thresholds of their houses.

The Italian inns are mere taverns, placed as a rule, in side streets, with generally a garden and ball-alley attached. The innkeepers are always civil and speak Italian only. The linen and beds are very clean, the rooms neatly furnished, and the charge per day never exceeds one franc, light and service included. Wine, of course, is the favorite beverage, and the wine of the Alban Hills is celebrated, but as Rome consumes in one year a much larger quantity of this wine than can be produced in five years, there is wine and wine even in Italy.

We found the little town insignificant in itself, all its charm being derived from its position amongst the princely villas that surround it. The Campanile of San Rocco, which was erected in 1305, is the most important monument remaining from the middle ages; this Saracenic tower is quadrangular in form, and has four cornices supported by stone brackets. The church, which is entered from the Piazza San Rocco, was formerly a cathedral, and is more ancient than the Campanile, as it existed before the destruction of Tusculum. It was erected into a cathedral, and Pope Paul III celebrated mass at the high altar when he raised Frascati to the dignity of a city, naming it "Tusculum Novum."

The fine old castle, now the Episcopal residence, was formerly a fortress called "la Rocca," which was demolished in 1480, and rebuilt in its present form by Cardinal d'Estontville. This castle was also the residence of Lucrezia Borgia, and was afterwards given by Pope Julius II to Marc Antonio Colonna and thus became the residence of the governor of the city. Cardinal Henry Duke of York took up residence in this palace on being appointed Bishop of Frascati, in 1761, and became so much attached to the place that he lived there until his death in 1807. The interior of the palace was entirely renovated by the Cardinal, and when Pope Pius VII visited him in company with Carlo Emanuele, King of Sardinia, he received them with regal magnificence. Another distinguished Englishman, Cardinal Howard, became Bishop of Frascati, in 1885, and he also spent liberally on improvements of the castle.

Our next visit was to the Church of the Gesù, which was built by the Society of Jesus in 1705. Here we admired some frescoes by that celebrated master of perspective, Brother Andrea Pozzi, S.J., and his pupil Celli. In one of the chapels we saw the picture of a

miraculous Madonna, "Refugium Peccatorum," the gift of the Blessed Antonio Baldinucci, S.J., who was attached to this church for 30 years. This picture of the Blessed Mother is an object of great devotion, as is shown by the great number of votive offerings by which the walls of the chapel are covered. The Seminary was under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers from its foundation in 1701, until the suppression of the Society in 1773. The Chapel of the Immaculate Conception was erected by Cardinal Henry, Duke of York, to whose munificence the Seminary is greatly indebted.He founded a splendid library enriching it with 11,000 volumes. We were permitted to examine three valuable books, one of which contains all the coats of arms and emblems of the Kings of England down to 1697, beautifully designed on parchment. The other books were Missals richly bound in velvet with silver clasps, and illustrated with exquisite miniatures of Catherine de Medici, Queen of France, and those of her sons, Francis II and Henry III.

We then passed to the Cathedral where there is a monument of interest to all English-speaking travellers, which the last of the Stuarts, Cardinal Henry, Duke of York, erected to the memory of his brother, Charles Edward Stuart. It bears the following inscription in Latin. "Here lies Charles Edward, Duke of Albany, eldest son and successor of James III, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland. He lived 67 years and one month, and died in peace on the last day of January, 1788. Henry, Cardinal and Bishop of Tusculum, inherits his rights, and with love and reverential grief and many tears performed the service over his august brother, and paid great honor to this his sepulchre." In course of time the Duke of Albany's remains were transferred to the tomb of the Stuarts, at St. Peter's in Rome.

Our walk to Tusculum was very interesting. We could not turn our eyes in any direction without resting on an object which recalled some familiar name: Augustus, Galba, Nero, Cicero, Lucullus, and others; and we enjoyed all this freshness of local reminiscences of distinguished persons we had been accustomed to think of or to study. After passing the Villa Falconieri, we noticed an inscription pointing out the modest retreat of the learned Cardinal Baronius. We mounted to the Capuchin Convent, to the right of which we observed an ancient oak, said to have been a favorite resting place of Cicero. The church is very simple, but contains some fine pictures and a statue to Cardinal Massaia, the celebrated Ethiopian

FRASCATI, COLLEGE OF MONDRAGONE.

FRASCATI, COLLEGE OF MONDRAGONE, PORTICO OF VIGNOLA.

missioner, whose work, "I miei trentacinque anni di Missione nell' Alta Etiopia," was compiled by him in this convent at the request of Pope Leo XIII.

Our way led us through the shady avenues of the Villa Rufinella, constructed in 1742 by Vanvitelli for the Roman College. It stands on the site of an ancient Roman villa, which was levelled, and the materials used for the new building. Some of the tiles bore the manufacturer's names, and dated from the second century. This villa was subsequently the property of Lucien Buonaparte, the Duchess de Chablais, Queen Maria Christina, widow of Carlo Felice of Sardinia and King Victor Emanuel II; it is now the property of Prince Lancelotti. The ancient villa upon which the building stands has been the subject of much controversy. Some believe it to have been Cicero's Academy, whilst others assert that it belonged to the Emperor Tiberius. It must have been very sumptous, for numbers of beautiful marble statues and mosaics were found there. Cicero was much attached to his Tusculum Villa, which was "*ad latera superiora*" of the hill. He recounts that his enemy Consul Gabinius lived near by, and mentions that he was in the habit of borrowing books and fetching them with his own hand from the library of his friend Lucullus. (*De Fin. iii.* 2). A fair idea of the villa may be gathered from the many references to it in the works of Cicero. It contained two *gymnasia*, an upper one called the Lycaeum, in which, like Aristotle, he was accustomed to walk and dispute in the morning, and to which a library was attached, and a lower one called the Academy. Both were adorned with beautiful statues in marble and bronze. The villa likewise contained a little atrium, a small portico with exedria, a bath, a covered promenade, and a horologium. The villa, like the town and neighborhood, was supplied by the Aqua Crabra.

Leaving Villa Rufinella, we ascended the steep incline and came upon an ancient road paved with polygonal blocks leading to the site of the small oval amphitheatre, which was constructed "in opus reticulatum," soon after the Coloseum in Rome. It is a great pity that this interesting ruin has been allowed to lapse into a most abandoned state. We next came upon a large mass of ruins called, without authority, "Scuola di Cicerone." Judging from their size, position and other indications, they must be the remains of an imperial residence, probably that of Tiberius, in fact Flavius tells us that Tiberius and his wife Antonia Augusta came from Capri to stay at their

villa at Tusculum. During the excavations near the atrium of this villa a splendid life size statue of Tiberius came to light. Following the Via Tuscolana, the ancient pavement of whch still bears the traces of the chariot wheels, we arrived at the plateau on which the city of Tusculum was situated. What desolation! Are those fragments of marble, scattered broadcast over the fields, all that remain of its might and magnificence? We may thank Prince Lucien Buonaparte, who began the excavations, continued in 1839 by Queen Maria Christina, that we possess any indications of its topography. The ancient Forum was levelled to the ground, but its foundation can still be traced. During the excavations a number of art treasures, including statues of the Emperor Augustus, Claudius, and Tiberius were found. The theatre, which was immediately behind the Forum, is in a wonderful state of preservation. Fifteen tiers of seats are entire, but, unfortunately, the upper ones have disappeared. The stage, which had five exits, three at the back and one at each end, leading to the dressing rooms, the orchestra, and the place reserved for the senators and magistrates, still exist. Some Corinthian and Ionian columns and several statues were found in the theatre. With the exception of the vault, the remains of a large piscina (water tank) which stands behind the theatre are perfectly entire. The theatre is supposed to have been built towards the end of the Roman Republic.

Quitting the ruins of the Roman town, we ascended to the top of the Tusculum Hill to visit the pelasgic remains of the Arx or Citadel, founded fifty years after the destruction of Troy, or about 1,250 years B. C. by Telegonus, whom the Roman poets call the son of Ulysses and Circe.

Here the ruins acquire a new interest and another character. The sites of the temples of Jupiter and of Castor and Pollux are indicated by the foundations of their columns. The primitive Telegonian citadel stood on this upper plateau and was surrounded by massive walls formed of polygonal cyclopean blocks, joined without cement, of which we could see but few remains. The mountain inclines abruptly towards other gorges, and beyond rise the Alban Mountains. Yonder, amongst those fields beneath Monte Porzio, where sheep are now pasturing, was the famous Lake Regillus, where the struggle between young Rome and the ancient nationalities of Latium was decided, and the power of thirty

FOUNTAIN AND MONUMENT OF PAUL V.

THE CYPRESS TREES, VILLA MONDRAGONE.

Latin cities broken in 496 B. C. In his "Lays," Macauley thus alludes to this conflict:

"... where, by Lake Regillus
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight."

When this powerful citadel was besieged by the Æquans in 157 B. C., it yielded only when the defenders were starved out. In 374 B. C. it successfully resisted the Latins, and, during the second Punic War, it repulsed the attacks of Hannibal with equal success. In the course of time a new town sprang up around the citadel and became a favorite resort of the Romans at the beginning of the Empire, but was abandoned when Italy was devastated by the barbarians. In the Middle Ages Tusculum rose to new power under the government of its counts, and thirteen of its nobles filled the chair of St. Peter. Finally, during the Pontificate of Pope Celestine III, Henry VI having withdrawn the German garrison, the city was sacked and razed to the ground in 1191.

We stood under the large Cross, erected some years ago by the English seminarists on the site of the old citadel, admiring the magnificent panorama which spread before us. The view of the distant mountains was superb. On the far side a level line of sea bounded the vast Campagna, at the end of which we could see Rome distinctly. We were astonished at the immense space which the Eternal City occupied and the grandeur of the cupola of St. Peter's, the full effect of which can only be realized at a distance. And as we looked, we reflected on the vast and varied page of the world's history which lay before us: the growth of imperial Rome to proud and vigorous power; its vain worship and its fruitless longings for earthly immortality, perceptible throughout all its mighty works. How all this immense power and human glory was levelled to the dust to make way for a revelation from the throne of God—not granted till poor blundering man most showed his need of it, by the visible darkness into which the unassisted light of human genius had plunged him. How this heaven-sent truth, spread by the voice of a few humble fishermen, has penetrated every remote corner of the earth, whilst the warm heart, whose pulsations sent this throbbing life into circulation, the great Christian metropolis, grew in power and the Church of St. Peter,

on the site of the circus of Nero, saturated with the precious blood of so many martyrs, stood as a monument over the grave of him whom Christ commanded to preach His word!

There is a delightful walk through the woods to the "Camaldoli Hermitage," whose call to prayer and praise had been frequently borne to our ears.

We saw the venerable-looking monks, clad in flowing folds of white woolen drapery, with shaven head and flowing beard, pass out of the church, silent and unnoticing, each going to his own little abode, in which is led a solitary life. They meet at meals on great festivals only, and not even then is flesh allowed. This Order was founded by Pope Paul V, in 1611. Below the hermitage of the Camaldoli is the entrance to the Villa Mondragone, the gem of Frascati, which is approached by a stately cypress avenue. This splendid mansion was constructed over the ruins of an ancient Roman villa, during the Pontificate of Pope Gregory XIII for Cardinal Altemps. Its size can hardly be matched and may be imagined from the number of its windows, of which there were at first three hundred and sixty-five, in honor of the Gregorian calendar, and now no less than three hundred and seventy-four. Pope Paul V, desiring to possess a villa at Frascati, purchased Mondragone, and made many additions and improvements. Everything connected with this villa is on a grand scale. The portico, by Vignola, is superb; the waterworks are by Fontana. Along the front of the villa extends a vast terrace, enclosed by a balustrade, at the corners of which are placed four huge columns. In the centre of the terrace is a fine fountain, supported by four dragons, from which the villa derives its name.

From the terrace we had a chance to study some beautiful effects of rainbow-tinted light, my friend observing that he now began to understand what people mean when they talk of the Italian atmosphere as of something made up of melted gems.

Villa Mondragone remained in the possession of the Borghese family until 1865, when it was offered for sale and purchased by the Society of Jesus, who adapted it to the use of a private college which is frequented by the sons of the noblest and most distinguished Italian families. It is a strange fact that senators and members of parliament of modern Italy, who, in the chamber and at public meetings, side with those who inveigh against the Jesuits as teachers, frequently show more anxiety than others

TUSCULUM, VIEW OF THE AMPHITHEATRE.

to secure admission for their sons to Mondragone and other colleges directed by the Jesuit fathers. The explanation must be that so many of the pupils of these colleges are an honor to their masters' principles, whilst distinguishing themselves in the highest offices of the state, army, navy and professions. When the students leave to spend the vacation with their families, Mondragone becomes a country house for the use of the fathers and for those making Spiritual Exercises.

I will not attempt to describe the other villas which give so much charm to the slope of the Tusculum Hill; such as the villa Aldobrandini, standing on its fine series of terraces, with its avenues of oak trees, glorious illex and olive groves, its beautiful waterfalls and eccentric cascades; the villa Torlonia, with its delightful walks and fountains; the villas Cavalletti, Lancellotti, Falconieri, Grazioli and the others. Disraeli spoke truly when he declared that "nothing is more idle, and, what is less to be forgiven, more tedious than minute and lengthened descriptions of localities."

In fact, apart from their historical associations and those of the position they occupy, all the charm of these villas consists in their power of beguiling one into spending hour after hour in tranquil enjoyment of the deep shades of the fine old trees, the lovely vistas, never-ceasing fountains and the splendid and varied views.

RICHARD M. VERVEGA.

LE MOYNE.

MONOGRAPHS OF NEW YORK PRIESTS.—VI.

PART SECOND.

THE results of Le Moyne's embassy to the Onondagas were eminently satisfactory, but its very success gave rise to difficulties in another quarter. The Mohawks were indignant that the upper Iroquois should have received this mark of confidence from the French, and they demanded that an envoy should be sent to them also.

The request was, however, looked upon with suspicion. They were the Indians who had murdered Father Jogues eight years before, and possibly this was only a trick to capture another distinguished victim. They were the fiercest and most treacherous of all the Iroquois and not at all as easily managed as their kinsmen, the Onondagas. However, they could not be set aside lightly, and something had to be done to keep them in humor. Le Moyne was, therefore, asked to again "put his life in the hands of Almighty God." He did not hesitate, but went down to do his best, and after a dangerous journey found himself in the very town which had been sanctified by the blood of his friend, Isaac Jogues.

He does not seem to have kept a diary of this expedition, or at least it has not come down to us. All that we have is the succinct notice left by Father De Quen in the *Relations* of 1656, and is as follows:

"It was necessary to send a Father to the Agnieronnon Iroquois, and the lot *fortunately* falling on Father Le Moyne, he left Montreal on the 17th of August, with twelve Iroquois and two Frenchmen. The route is one of precipices, lakes, rivers, etc. . . . They were wrecked in an impetuous torrent, which carried them into a bay, where they found the gentlest calm in the world. Some days after, hunger overtook them, and they were sometimes forced to lie down at night with no refreshment but boiled water *mixed with earth and clay*. Wild fruits lost their bitterness and seemed delicious, hunger serving excellently to sweeten them." What this route was, we have no means of knowing.

"He reached the village of Agniée (Auriesville) on September

17, and was received with extraordinary cordiality." The usual presents were given and received. The finest of them, we are told, represented a sun, and was composed of 6,000 porcelain beads "to let the Sun illumine them in the darkest night"; but, adds the *Relations,* "these nations are composed only of tricksters, and yet we must trust ourselves to their fickleness and surrender ourselves to their cruelty. Father Isaac Jogues was killed by those traitors while they were showing him most love."

It is curious that we have no description by Le Moyne of the sacred place where his beloved friend was martyred. Did he search for some relic? There can scarcely be any doubt that he did. We saw what delight he manifested in Onondaga when he recovered the little books belonging to Brébeuf. Jogues was his devoted friend also, and it is more than likely that he sought for the body of Goupil and some mementos of Jogues, and that when he returned to Quebec he had them in his possession. For a man who so carefully noted the physical peculiarities of the places in which he happened to be, we would imagine also that he would have described in detail the village of Ossernenon, with which Jogues' letters had made all the fathers familiar. Perhaps he did, but the valuable document was, no doubt, lost when the Society was suppressed. A few years afterward Father Raffeix, who came with Tracy in the famous raid, wrote in detail about the kind of dwellings that the Iroquois made for themselves at Ossernenon; their storehouses of grain, their reservoirs of water, etc. There are illustrations of them to be found in the *Relations.*

It is interesting to read that after reaching Ossernenon, Le Moyne went down to see the Dutch at Manhattan. "He was received with great demonstrations of affection." The old minister, Dominie Megapolensis, Jogues' friend, was there, and made much of Le Moyne. The welcome was all the more notable because the Dutch were having fierce encounters with the neighboring savages. Le Moyne tells us that "some Indians living near *Manhathe,* the chief town of New Belgium, in a quarrel with a Dutchman had come to blows and had fared badly, leaving two or three of their men dead on the spot. To revenge this grievance, the Indians rallied to the number of about two hundred and set fire to a score of small farms scattered here and there, slaughtering those who resisted and carrying the rest, men, women and children, about a hundred and fifty in all, into captivity."

It must have required courage and skill to get into Manhattan while this was going on, and the fight was still raging when Le Moyne was there. He says: "We do not know how it terminated."

Governor Kieft, who had rescued Jogues, was no longer in America. He had been called back to Holland, and when Le Moyne arrived, old Peter Stuyvesant was stumping around the Stadt Huys on his "silver leg." The burghers were not then in their historic good humor, for testy Peter was a hard master. Apart from his autocratic manner in dealing with his Dutch compatriots, he was busy persecuting Baptists and Quakers and Lutherans; so that it is doubtful if Le Moyne dared to walk down in his cassock to Whitehall to present himself to the doughty Peter. But the New York Dutch were always partial to the Jesuits; and, besides, Le Moyne was an official of the Governor of Quebec and, of course, had to be treated civilly. As we have seen, he describes their treatment of him as affectionate. How far this affection showed itself, we do not know, but doubtless he enjoyed the Governor's hospitality just as Druillettes a few years before had been welcomed by the Puritan notables of Boston; but of this we have no detailed information, nor of what he did in *Manhathe*. He had, however, much to see and deplore.

New Amsterdam had just then received the charter as a *city;* but, beyond the charter, it had little else to boast of. It had still the motley population which Jogues had seen a few years before, when no less than eighteen different languages and dialects were heard in the streets. "An ominous feature," says President Roosevelt in his "New York," "was the abundance of negro slaves and brutal-looking black savages, brought by slave traders and pirates from the gold coasts of Africa, with a-plenty also of low, shiftless and criminal whites. There was considerable display of riches among the well-to-do, but grimy poverty prevailed among the poor." On an etching of the town as it was in those days we can make out the Church of St. Nicholas, with the Governor's house near it, both towering above the walls of the fort. There are some well-built houses of brick or wood, but also a great number of miserable huts to shelter the larger part of the population. The inevitable windmill is at one end of the town, and the equally unavoidable tavern at the other, while midway we see the impressive West India Company's storehouses, with their characteristic Dutch

gables ending in steps at the roof. A huge gallows looms ominously on the shore, and the figure of a malefactor is seen swinging from it. Pirates abounded in those days and usually ended their career in the air. Some stragglers roam along the beach, and near-by are two or three small craft. That is all New York was when Le Moyne saw it. Eleven years afterward the English were to come into possession, and then such as he would no longer be free to ramble at will.

After finishing his work at Manhattan, Le Moyne returned to Ossernenon, where he narrowly escaped death at the hands of a drunken or crazy Indian. The savage stood above him with a tomahawk to cleave his skull, when a quick-witted squaw ran up and exclaimed: "Kill my dog instead." Whereupon the madman grew calm and striking off the poor animal's head with a single blow, carried it around in triumph as Le Moyne's. The incident was not reassuring, and a day or so later a Huron Christian was killed on suspicion of having revealed some of the Iroquois plans to the missionary. Other things happened, which showed that his life was hanging by a hair, and although the winter was far advanced, he determined to set out for Montreal.

The journey was a hard one. Fearing the Algonquins, his party abandoned their canoes and baggage and took to the woods. It was a pathless pine forest, full of marshes of stagnant and half-frozen water. The sky was overcast, and they lost their way. Night came on, and they halted. They slept on the roots of trees and some moss in the swamps. The cold was severe, for it was November, and they were in the North Woods. The following day found them up to their knees in a bog the most of the time. Tramping on, they came to a deep and swift river—which we cannot identify—and they had to build a raft to cross it, laboring all the while without a morsel to eat. On the third day they climbed the trees to reconnoitre. There was no indication of where they were, but toward evening they came to a stream which they recognized. The discovery gave them courage, although they were then almost dying of hunger. Finally, after the fourth day of despair and weariness and starvation, they reached the St. Lawrence and saw Montreal on the other side. They had no means of crossing that wide expanse, but by means of a fire which they lighted and by discharging their muskets they attracted the notice of their friends, and a canoe was sent to take them over to the place they had left three months before.

Le Moyne had promised the Mohawks to give them missionaries, so that they might stand on the same plane as the Onondagas, and preparations were immediately begun for that purpose. Meantime, however, the news came that not only had their rivals been favored with missionaries, but that a colony of Frenchmen had also been established on Lake Onondaga. That was another affront to them, or, perhaps, they saw in it a scheme to divert all the trade in furs down the St. Lawrence, instead of through the Mohawk country to the Hudson. They were furious in consequence and demanded similar treatment, or else there would be war.

Again Le Moyne had to go down to pacify them. After his narrow escape from being treacherously slain, it required no small determination to comply with the request. But he did not hesitate. We have no details about this second visit, but as the fifty Frenchmen who were sent to Onondaga had exhausted all the available resources the French could command at the time, and a similar favor could not be granted to the Mohawks, it is clear that Le Moyne must have had a difficult task to keep the savages in good humor, while he played his dilatory tactics with them, and at the same time tried not to betray the exhausted and helpless condition of the colony. Had the Indians suspected the defenceless state of Quebec, they would have soon made an end of it. He eventually returned to Quebec, very likely following the same route on which he had a few months before undergone so many hardships and dangers.

Evidently he had not succeeded in calming the Mohawks, for he had to go back a third time to Ossernenon, and this last expedition came near putting an end to his career. Outwardly he was treated with the greatest consideration by the Mohawks, but it was all pretense, for he discovered from a friendly Indian that, at a general convention of the Mohawks, it was resolved to kill every Frenchman they could lay hands on. The Dutch at Fort Orange and Manhattan heard of it and began to make arrangements to send him back to Quebec by sea, and apparently he went down to consult the Governor about the plan. For one reason or another, possibly because the Indians had discovered that their designs had leaked out, or they had been warned by the French Governor not to harm the envoy, the escape by sea, which would only have irritated the Mohawks all the more, was deemed unwise

or unnecessary, and the Mohawks themselves conducted him in safety to the St. Lawrence.

Suddenly, however, all hopes of calming the Iroquois by diplomacy came to an end. The settlement of the fifty Frenchmen on Lake Onondaga had collapsed. Discovering a plot to massacre them, they had all decamped in the night and, after much suffering, made their way to Montreal. Furious at the revelation of their treachery, the Onondagas again dug up the hatchet, and the Mohawks, having no longer any hopes of a trading-post among them, joined their friends, and for two years the St. Lawrence witnessed many a bloody fray. The villages of the tribes in alliance with the French were given over to the flames, white and red men were massacred, and Montreal was besieged by the angry Iroquois.

One day in July, while the storm was at its height, a number of Iroquois canoes were seen coming down the river toward Montreal. The garrison rushed to the stockade and watched them as they approached the shore. In front was a flag of truce. The savage warriors in paint and feathers stepped out as if assured of a friendly reception. The gate was thrown open and, followed by four French captives, the Iroquois advanced into the town. The spokesman was a redoubtable Cayuga chief, named Saonchiowaga, whom, years after, Father de Carheil converted. Solemnly he broke the bonds of the French prisoners, and promised the liberation of others still in the Onondaga country. Then he began his address, offering his presents meanwhile. Coming to the fifth present, he said: "This is to bring the Frenchmen back to us. We still keep his mat; his house is still standing at Ganentaa. His fire is still lighted; and his fields have been tilled and await his return for his hand to gather the harvest." Then, altering his tone and raising aloft the last belt, he exclaimed: "A black gown must come to us; otherwise there will be no peace. On his coming depends the life of twenty Frenchmen at Onondaga," and he placed in the Governor's hand a leaf of a book, on the margin of which the twenty unfortunate captives had written their names.

Was it a trick to lure other Frenchmen to their death? Opinion was divided. Le Moyne offered to go to test the sincerity of the offer, and so for the fifth time he started for the country of the Iroquois. "It was the happiest day of my life," he wrote, and on July 21, 1661, he left Montreal for Onondaga.

The day after their departure from Montreal they were attacked

by some Mohawks, but a battle was averted. "Three days afterward," writes Le Moyne, "when we had crossed the rapids, twenty-four Oneidas, having discovered us, advanced upon us in the night. They charged on us, weapons in hand, and carried manacles with them to make us prisoners. Some of them pressed around me, brandishing their hatchets and knives as if they were about to kill me. I was released by some presents which the Onondagas gave. At Lake Ontario we met more Oneidas on the war-path, and later on a detachment of forty on their way to Montreal to avenge the insult against their chief Otreonate who had been imprisoned there." Such was his entry into Onondaga. It was enough to appal a stouter heart, but he kept on nevertheless.

The prospects were brighter when he approached Onondaga. Six miles from the town he was received in the usual way, with shouts of joy and the offering of presents. It was very likely all pretense, but, making the best of the situation, he assumed his air of bravado, which, he knew, impressed the Indians, and on the 12th of August was solemnly received by the chiefs of the Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca tribes. He delivered his presents, concluded the peace and then began to preach the doctrines of Christianity. The famous Garagontie had fitted up his own cabin as a chapel. "It was rude indeed," writes Le Moyne, "but Our Lord who deigns to veil Himself under the forms of bread and wine, will not disdain to dwell beneath a roof of bark, and the woods of our forests are not less precious in His eyes than the cedars of Lebanon,—since where He is, there is paradise."

Garagontie, whose name means "the sun that advances," was the Indian to whom this renewal of friendly relations was due. He stands pre-eminent in those bloody days as an example of what grace can effect, though its workings in his case were extraordinarily slow. It is possible that he was not a chief or even a sachem, though Lafitau and Charlevoix maintain that he was, confounding him, it is suggested, with his brother, yet he exerted a marvelous power over the Onondagas. Strange to say, he never came near the chapel, though intimate with Chaumonot and Dablon, who had been there three years before. But he was the steadfast friend of the Christians, both red and white, especially after the flight of the colonists. He rescued or ransomed them from the other cantons and at one time had twenty-four of them, whom he assembled night and morning for prayer at the sound of the bell. It was at his

instance that the Cayuga chief went to Montreal to negotiate peace, and he himself started on the same errand as soon as Le Moyne arrived. Again and again he returned to Quebec, struggling hopelessly against the restlessness or the treachery of his people, and constantly entreating the French for missionaries. Yet all this time he was not baptized, although for sixteen years he had been intimately concerned with the planting of the Church in his country. Suddenly, in 1670, at a council in Quebec, which had been convened on account of an outbreak between the Senecas and Ottawas, he exclaimed: "As to the faith which Onontio wishes to see everywhere diffused, I publicly profess it; I renounce polygamy, superstition, dreams, and every kind of sin." Bishop Laval happened to be present. He questioned the chief; found him sufficiently instructed, and resolved to baptize and confirm him. The ceremony took place in the Cathedral, the Governor standing as his god-father, and the daughter of the Intendant as his god-mother. The church was crowded with Indians from every tribe on the St. Lawrence. The Governor de Courcelles gave him his own name of Daniel, and every honor that could be conferred was bestowed on the distinguished convert. This wonderful Indian continued till the end to be the friend and adviser of the missionaries. He died in 1676 in the arms of Father de Lamberville.

Le Moyne had often sore need of his protection, for it is certain that the chiefs had given orders to kill him. There were twenty French captives among the Iroquois at the time, and from them it was learned later how badly Le Moyne was treated. On one occasion, for instance, a number of Onondagas threw themselves upon him, stripped him naked, dragged him through the streets, hooting and yelling, made him mount the scaffold, and then lighted fires around him and prepared to burn him to death. For one reason or another, however, they did not carry out their purpose. Later on an Indian induced the chiefs to come and set fire to the chapel. On another occasion he was bound to a stake, and his legs were so frightfully burned with torches that it took six months to heal the wounds. Then an Indian broke into his chapel and assaulted him, in an attempt to rob him of his cassock, which he was bidden in a dream to procure. Another dreamer made an attempt to tear down the cross from the altar. Le Moyne saw him and leaped in front of him to prevent the act. He was just about to receive a tomahawk on his skull when some one seized the up-

lifted arm of the savage and prevented the murder. Indeed, conditions became so desperate there that he had to take refuge among the Cayugas, who were milder than the other Iroquois. They received him with cheers, and he repaid their affection by healing many of their sick. He remained a month with them until the return of Garagontie from Montreal enabled him to resume his work among the Onondagas.

What kind of work was he doing? Nothing with the braves, of course. They were always on the war-path and would not listen to him when they happened to be at home, but an epidemic of smallpox was raging and great numbers of the little children were baptized and sent to heaven. There were captives there also from the various tribes, many of whom were Christians, and the missionary instructed them and steadied them in their faith. The Christian Huron women were especially remarkable in the devices they resorted to to visit the priest, traveling long distances and enduring great hardships to receive the sacraments. The French captives also needed his ministrations. Their lot was most miserable, but, according to the testimony of Le Moyne, nearly all led lives of most exalted virtue in the midst of the horrors they saw around them.

In the *Relations* of 1660 several letters of these unfortunate men are given, some of them written on birch-bark or scraps of powder paper. One of them is from a mere lad, François Hertel by name, whose family are conspicuous in Canadian history. He himself afterward became famous. He was held captive by the Mohawks, and Le Moyne describes him as of "comely appearance and delicate, and the sole delight of his mother." Writing to Le Moyne, he says:

"Reverend Father: On the very day you departed from Three Rivers, I was captured, toward three o'clock in the afternoon, by four of the lower Iroquois. The reason why, to my misfortune, I did not make them kill me, was that I feared I was not well enough prepared to die. If you should come hither and if I should have the happiness to confess, I believe I could go back with you. I pray you to take pity on my mother in her great affliction. You know the love she bears me. From a Frenchman captured at Three Rivers, I have learned that she is well and takes comfort in the thought that I shall be near you."

Farther he adds: "Dear Father, I pray you bless the hand that

writes to you, which has had one finger burnt in a calumet as a reparation to the majesty of God, whom I have offended. The other hand has a thumb cut off, but do not tell my poor mother. Will you come to see me before winter? I have had the consolation of finding one of your breviaries here, and it serves me in my prayers."

He writes also to his "very dear and honored mother," and tells her: "I know my capture must have greatly afflicted you. I ask your forgiveness for having disobeyed you. My sins have brought me to my present condition. Your prayers and M. de St. Quentin's and my sister's have restored me to life."

"Your poor FANCHON."

Letters from other captives tell of the sufferings to which they were subjected; how they were made to dance around a fire, into which they were kicked by the savages as one would kick a ball, etc. "I must give you tidings of Pierre Rencontre," says another; "he died like a saint. I saw him while he was being tortured, and he never said aught but these words: 'My God, take pity on me,' which he repeated until he ceased to breathe.

"Did you know Louis Guimont who was captured this summer? He was beaten to death with clubs and iron rods, but yet he did nothing but pray to God, so that the Iroquois cut away his upper and lower lips entirely. What a horrible sight! And still he ceased not to pray, which so irritated the savages that they tore his heart throbbing with life out of his breast and threw it in his face. We are a pitiful sight to behold! We are glad to eat the scraps left by the dogs. Father Le Moyne is said to be at Onondaga negotiating peace, but he will not succeed. Nor will the Dutch help us any more, as it costs too much. They tell the Iroquois to cut off our arms and legs and kill us where they find us, so as no longer to be burdened with us."

One of the purposes of Le Moyne's visit on this occasion was to arrange for the ransom of these unhappy captives. It was a sore trial when he succeeded at first in obtaining the freedom of only nine who set out with Garagontie, but even they came near never reaching Montreal. On their way they met a band of Onondagas, with French scalps at their belts, while the chief wore the cassock of a priest whom he had murdered near Montreal. The Senecas in the party conveying the captives refused to proceed. "How can we present ourselves to the French," they said to the

Onondagas, "after what you have done? Garagontie forced them, however, to continue their journey; but they were again discouraged by meeting a band of Oneidas on the war-path, whom Garagontie induced to turn their arms against some other enemies, and so he finally reached the French fort with his liberated captives. He was received with great rejoicings and returned to his own country, laden with gifts and told with more than usual eloquence of the good dispositions of the French. His return to Onondaga gave some respite to the sufferings of Le Moyne and the captives, but still there was no appearance of willingness to set free the other prisoners.

Winter passed by, and spring was ending, when at last his entreaties prevailed. He himself was to lead back all the Frenchmen, with the exception of one to whom liberty was not given, though his name was Liberté.

"On the last day of August, 1662, the Father made his appearance in a canoe below the Falls of St. Louis, having around him all those happy rescued ones and a score of Onondagas who from being enemies had become their boatmen. They landed amid the cheers and embraces of all the French of Montreal, and, following Father Le Moyne, proceeded to the church to thank God."

Trusting in the good dispositions of the Onondagas, or willing to run the risk, plans were forthwith made to establish regular missions in their country. Le Moyne, of course, was eager to go back, but the ceaseless wars made it impossible. In 1664 we find the old hero asking for the Onondaga mission, but his health was shattered. He was near the end. He fell sick of a fever and died in 1665. The record of the death of this great man merely recites that "Father Le Moyne expired at Cape Madeleine," a place opposite Three Rivers, which rejoices now in its handsome churches and thriving population. We suppose that he was buried there.

Garagontie was then at Quebec, and when he heard that Le Moyne had gone on his long journey, he delivered in Indian fashion a eulogy of his departed friend who had done so much for the Onondaga nation:

"Ondessonk," he exclaimed, "dost thou hear me from the land of souls to which thou hast passed so quickly? It was thou who didst so often lay thy head on the scaffolds of the Mohawks; thou who hast gone so bravely into their very fires to rescue so many of the French; thou who didst bear peace and tranquillity wherever

thou didst pass and hast made believers wherever thou didst dwell. We have seen thee on our council mats decide peace and war; our cabins became too small when thou didst enter, and our villages were too contracted when thou wast there, so great was the crowd drawn by thy words. Thou hast so often taught us that the life of misery is followed by one of eternal bliss, now that thou enjoyest it what reason have we for grief? But we deplore thee, because in losing thee we have lost our father and protector. Nevertheless we will be consoled, because thou continuest to be so in heaven, and because thou hast found in that abode of bliss the infinite joy, of which thou hast so often spoken to us."

T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

(*To be continued.*)

SAINT LOUIS, KING.

A Saint, and for his sanctity a King,
A King and for his kingliness a saint;
And there were perils then and men were faint
For seeking freedom, and their murmuring
Was heard as of a sea, and they did bring
Their cause to him, who held them in constraint
Of justice, till of infamy no taint
Dismayed the land, nor shameful questioning.

He is no more, and justice too is dead;
Dishonor rules; the lost crusaders lie
Prone to the earth neath effigies of sorrow:
Youth is untaught, and age uncomforted;
There is no king, but to God's saint we cry
Bid justice, dead this day, prevail to-morrow.

HELEN GRACE SMITH.

August 2, 1907.

THE COLONIA DE AVE MARIA.

SOME fine afternoon when in Granada, follow the crowds that pour out from the Puerta Real—the centre of the city to-day—and make your way through the Calle de Mendez Nuñez along the Carrera de Darro. This narrow little street skirts along the stream of the Darro, a name familiar to all who love the songs and stories of the Moors and *conquistadores*. It's half-empty water-way is still spanned by ancient bridges, which mount precipitously to the ruined riverine houses at the base of the hill of the Alhambra, whose crimson walls and towers rise directly above. This narrow roadway—too narrow in fact for ordinary vehicles—is one of the most curious of highways, for here where formerly flourished forty Moorish palaces with mosques and public edifices, whose very names are forgotten—here to the present day pass the ceaseless throngs of the *Granadinos*, the identical stream of townsfolk and mountaineers, of gipsies, water-sellers and peddlers calling their wares in the strident phrases that have echoed here since these walls were new. Most of the passers-by are on foot and heavily laden, for man and woman also have not yet been able, in Granada, to shift their burdens on the brute; and so they push the carts and struggle under their jars and litters up and down the steep cobble ways; the women bareheaded with trailing shawls, the men in corduroys with short-jacket and balloon trousers. Now and then a lithe gipsy, wearing a flat-brimmed *sombrero*, dashes recklessly through the crowd upon a superb steed with oriental trappings; and at a more sober gait, patient looking donkeys pick their way along, bearing on their backs the elderly *padres* wrapped in black cloaks and covered with long shovel hats, on their way to the Seminary of Saint Dionysius Areopagite on a spur of the Sacro-Monte overlooking the city.

Perhaps you have heard of the holy caves of the Sacro-Monte—the story of its apparition, of the great Archbishop Pedro de Castro, of the leaden tablets and pretended revelations and gospels which formed the local heresy of the Plumbists, condemned in 1682; at any rate you must know that this roadway—this "Ravine of Glory"—lying outside the city, was once lined with votive crosses: that men of holiness and learning have toiled and studied in its great school and seminary which still bears upon its portals the mystic star of Solomon.

Perhaps you were born under this lucky star yourself, and may catch sight of one of the very greatest of these scholars—in fact one of the greatest men of modern Spain—the Padre Don Andres Manjón, canon of the Church of the Sacro-Monte, and professor at the University of Granada. In the white courtyard of this seat of learning you may have caressed the silken coat of his demure donkey, as it awaited its revered master to finish his lecture. Perhaps you have there seen *Canonigo* descend and mount the saddle: his penetrating eyes have read into your soul: the square chin and forehead have shown you that here is a type of the conqueror, a leader whom no discouragement can touch, no prejudice, or ignorance withstand: a man of action, the founder of the *Colonia de Ave Maria.*

When you have followed him out through the city you will find that his destination is not the Seminary of the Sacro-Monte, but the *carmenes* or gardens in the valley of Paradise that lies at its feet. For it is now nearly twenty years ago that riding along this precipitous pathway, Don Andres seemed to hear from underground the voices of children sing-songing their catechism lessons. A search revealed to him a cave in which he found a small, starved-looking woman directing a class of ragged little girls, some of whom were gipsies. " Mother Crumbs " was the name by which they knew her, and he learned that for all her poverty she was paying a small rental for the cave and teaching the little class its Christian Doctrine out of a pure and beautiful sense of duty.

Touched by the sight, Don Andres set about to purchase a *carmen* or country-place adjoining the cave; but " Mother Crumbs " mysteriously disappeared from Granada, leaving no trace of her destination; and in 1889 the open-air schools of the *Colonia de Ave Maria* were inaugurated under their present form.

Only those who have lived some time in Spain can appreciate how revolutionary in character such a departure as this of Father Manjón's must have appeared to the *Granadinos.* But, to quote from the words of Don Andres himself—" God and the little ones have done the rest between them. At this day we possess sixteen schools and eight houses, together with their gardens and orchards, where the children may be educated in the open air. Everything about them is ample, cheerful and wholesome; plenty of open country, both for work and play; beautiful gardens to view and smell; clear and copious streams for irrigation, drink and personal ablution;

canopies of vine and honeysuckle, rose and passion flowers to part the sunbeams; mossy trees to furnish fruit and shade. The air is pure and perfumed; one growth of flowers succeeds another; the birds compete in song; the little ones gambol as they will, and all is health, and liveliness, and motion."

Thus it may be seen that behind this religious and industrial enterprise there is the heart of the saint and the poet to shed the light of beauty over the arduous toil that has gone to create its prosperity. Nowhere is this soulful trait of the Spanish character better revealed than in the fashion in which the children are kept in memory of the blessed patroness of the *Colonia.* Mr. Leonard Williams, in a recent volume on Granada, gives this spirited account of it:

"I stepped aside into those gardens on the Sacro-Monte road. Threading a maze of shrubs we came upon a terrace covered at one extremity with a trellised vine, shading a class of *párvulos* or tiny children. These were the brats who once upon a time had spent the day in stoning and molesting peaceful wayfarers; yet now, as soon as they caught sight of us, they sprang to their feet, pulled off their caps, and shouted,

"Ave Maria."

And it is only after this salutation has been answered by the words,

"En gracia concebida,"

that any conversation or business whatever can be proceeded with.

Here, in the six principal *carmenes* of the Colonia, amid the windings of the River Darro, not far from the fountain of the Hazel Tree, which Chateaubriand has compared to Vaucluse, and under the shadow of the Alhambra towers, five hundred children—boys and girls—are taught the rudiments of learning, and the trades whereby their future may be immediately useful to the community and themselves. The cost of maintaining these establishments, as well as some important branches providing for about four hundred more children in other parts of the province, is met entirely by the people of Granada—the State not taking the slightest care for their support.

So many Americans hurry through Southern Europe and return with stories of the hopelessness of the present-day conditions abroad, that it seems to us peculiarly pertinent to lay stress on the absolute modernity in organization and operation of this beautiful colony of Padre Manjón. You will look in vain for any mention of it in the Baedecker for Spain. These gentlemen and ladies, who write books

of travel, as a rule fare abroad with few intentions to be edified by anything modern in a country like Spain. The earnest efforts of this Catholic people to repair their losses, territorial, mercantile and artistic, meet with little recognition at the hands of hasty tourists and *couriers*. Even the golden centuries of the *conquistadores*—their martial grandeur, the enterprise that gave continents to religion and civilization, the splendid virile dreams of art and literature that made Spain a model in the ages of highest culture—these are passed over with a sneer. With the Moors, these scholars tell us, passed away the greatness of Spain. This ignorance (and the prejudice bred of it) is well nigh incomprehensible. How remonstrate with those who inspire unthinking tourists to disgrace our country by open irreverence in the sacred places of Spain, who chip off corners as souvenirs from historic sculptures, and spit upon revered tombs in the very presence of their guardians? When these pretended art-lovers learn that the Moors adopted some of their most important and exquisite forms of architecture from the Goths, whom they had conquered, and that even their mosque of Córdoba is constructed partly of materials taken from Christian churches, will they not find other methods of belittling the present-day race of the Peninsula?

One who is *Spagnuolo d'affezione*, as the author, will find many other enterprises in Spain of to-day with which to confound those who would deny its greatness in the past; but not any more amiable illustration of enterprise mingled with conservatism, of brains and true charity, of the best of the old joined to modern methods, than in the Institute of Don Andres Manjón the pride of all the *Tierra de María Santísima*.

Mr. Williams in the account of his visit from which we extract some further details, notes a number of educational features in the Colonia, which may prove interesting to our pedagogues. He was led into a playground, which proved to be—"a schoolroom, with stone benches raised along one side, and on the benches some fifty or sixty little people learning to count by means of ninepins and blocks of wood. The teacher of this class was a girl from the Albäycin (the gipsy quarter), herself an ex-disciple of the colony. I noticed that the middle of the space before the benches was not level, but raised into irregular little heaps and sunk into irregular little hollows. 'Here,' explained the *padre*, 'we have a map of Spain, with all its mountains and all its valleys.' So saying he approached the seated rows upon the benches and called 'Antonio Torres.'

"Up darted an eager-looking little boy, and pulled off his cap.

"'*Ave Maria.*'

"*En gracia concebida.*'

"Another summons from the *padre*. This time, 'Alberto Vega.' Another eager-looking little boy: again the countersign.

"'You, Antonio, go to Barcelona.'

"Antonio, who, as far as I could gather, was somewhere in the mountains of León, darted across the country, planted his foot upon the haughty city of the Berenguers, and beamed at us.

"'Antonio, where are you now?'

"'In Barcelona.'

"'Where is Barcelona?'

"'In Cataluña.'

"'What is there at Barcelona?'

"'A university, a bishop, and half a million inhabitants.'

"'What else?'

"'It is a sea-port, and sends out woolens and olives.'

"'Now go to Madrid.'

"The scampering was repeated.

"'Where are you now?'

"'In New Castle, in the capital of the kingdom.'

"'What does it produce?'

"'Nothing.' (A sharp if not unmerited rebuke for the court of the Hapsburgs and Bourbons).

"'Now both of you go to Portugal.'

"Off went the bold excursionists, hand in hand.

"'You have gone too far; you are standing in the sea;' and the *padre* with a pat upon their shoulders good-naturedly redeemed the drowning manikins from the angry ocean.

"Next on our programme was a spelling lesson, conducted something in the fashion of a game of living chess. For this the scholars utilize a kind of bib, extending both before and behind their bodies, with a hole for the head, a letter on the chest, and a numeral in the small of the back. Thus, sentences and words arrange and disarrange and rearrange themselves with winged alacrity; each letter and each number wears a smiling and expectant face; spelling becomes gymnastics, and literature a veritable pastime.

"I believe that there are more blackboards (of a certain kind) in the Ave Maria colony than in the whole of Europe. On the wall of every *carmen*, on every pillar and post about the gardens,

are myriads of patches painted black, in case an inspiration should seize the pupils in their playtime, or the master or mistress as they stroll about at intervals suggest some problem to them. On this occasion, a tiny girl of six, catching up a piece of chalk or chalky stone from the avenue where she was playing hide-and-seek with her playmates, delivered a blackboard lesson in subtraction, which my friend and I digested with no small particular profit; after which, seizing a comrade somewhat smaller than herself, she showed us with illustrative pullings, pushings and pinchings, the limbs and subdivisions of the human figure.

"Elsewhere about the colony, I spied the solar system, cunningly contrived with wooden balls revolving on a set of wires beneath a canopy of vine; also, in lines and symbols fixed into the soil, the tropics and signs of the Zodiac. Here are some infants round a figured skeleton, filling in the bones with pebbles. Indeed, at every point I saw fulfilled the precept of Montaigne; 'he shall not so much repeat, as act his lesson. In his actions shall he make repetition of the same.'

"In every matter that concerns the colony a rare solicitude is shown. At midsummer and Christmas a suit of clothes is given to all the children. They have a drawing school, where four professors make a present of their services, and a theatre with seating-room for fifteen hundred spectators. Every Saturday they march in procession round the gardens, displaying their scarlet and white banners, singing sacred songs, and headed by a band of drums and cornets. They have a volunteer corps, perfectly drilled and perfectly uniformed. Three or four picnics are arranged annually for all the scholars, but among the poorest bread and meat are distributed daily. Father Manjón has no sympathy with that stupidest and commonest of boasts in Spain, that the Spaniards require less nourishment than other mortals. 'The Spaniards are a people who do not eat. They are frugal from necessity, and saving to the pitch of stinginess. They make their meals on bread and water, and practically fast the whole year through;' and again, 'the best fed nation is that which works the best, and that which works the best is that which feeds the best. The two events are interacting.'"

Here is the outspokenness and the energy of a Roosevelt at his best; a strenuousness applied to the highest humanitarian and supernatural aims. In any country and in any age a man of the type of Don Andres Manjón would be remarkable; but only he, as we

have suggested before, who has lived some time among Spanish communities can appreciate the magnitude and importance of such work as this Reverend Canon of the Sacro-Monte has accomplished in the shadow of the Alhambra of the Moors. Americans—particularly Catholic Americans—who make their visit to Granada almost as though it were a pilgrimage to some shrine devoted to our Washington Irving, must not let the silence of their guide-books rob them of the vision of the *Carmenes de Ave Maria*. One word to the guide will do wonders; for there is no man or woman in all Granada who does not love and revere the Padre Manjón, and take delight in the mention of his *Colonia*.

THOMAS WALSH.

THE JOY OF GIVING.

I

Give of the gold whereof your heart is made,
To those poor bankrupt ones who have no store
Of love or joy or hope, whose sorry trade
Is digging in the dustheaps for the phantom ore.

II

Give your tears' balm to every lonely soul,
Who yearns for a dead day, a little while
When Death shall add a name to the long roll,
You then can answer with a tearless smile.

III

Give loving faith, and truth, and sympathy
To those who in the furnace have been tried,
And you shall walk in beauty, and shall see
Life, Love and Death by gladness glorified.

CAHAL O'BYRNE.

THE POPES AND MEDICAL EDUCATION.

THERE are two phases of the connection of the Popes with medicine which deserve separate treatment. First: there is the direct influence of the Papacy in medical education, best appreciated from the fact that a certain number of Popes had themselves been physicians before their election to the Papacy and made important contributions to medical science, and that from the thirteenth century onward a medical school was maintained in connection with the Roman University of the Papal Curia, and some of the best teachers in Europe were invited to become professors in it, such inducements being held out to them that they gave up important and lucrative positions elsewhere to come to Rome to teach in the Papal Medical School.

The second phase of the influence of the Popes in medical education history is indirect, but not the less important for that. Ever since the rebirth of medicine, Popes have had for their physicians, or connected in some way with the Papal Court, some of the most distinguished members of the medical profession in practically every generation. When we recall how much is said about the supposed opposition of the Church to the development of medicine in the Middle Ages because ecclesiastics preferred to encourage people in the idea that prayers could work wonders in healing them, and that miracles should be looked for, rather than medical treatment, it would be amusing if it were not so serious an arraignment of historians of science that successive Popes practically always selected one of the most prominent scientific medical men of their time to be their official medical attendant.

How much their example must have accomplished in making people realize the benefits to be derived from scientific medicine, and how much it must have served to lift the regular profession in popular estimation, only those will properly appreciate who know how much of evil in this matter has been accomplished by opposite action on the part of authoritative persons. If the Popes had been the blindly superstitious men they are sometimes declared and often thought to have been, we would expect to find them either without medical advisers at all, depending on healing by supernatural means, or else to be presented with a list of the veriest

charlatans as their medical advisers. On the contrary, we find such names as Thaddeus Alderotti; Simon Januensis, who introduced the use of opium; Guy de Chauliac, the father of modern surgery; Columbus, the discoverer of the pulmonary circulation; Eustachius, after whom the Eustachian tube is named; Varolius, whose name is forever imprinted on a part of the brain; Malpighi, the father of comparative anatomy; Lancisi, one of the founders of modern clinical medicine; while, as a consultant, there was Morgagni, the father of pathology, and many others of great prominence, though of less repute. The rôle of papal physicians, indeed, is absolutely the most glorious succession of names linked by any community of interest in medical history. No selection of names could possibly be made from the list of the faculty of any single university in Europe that would compare with it in importance. The list of physicians of any other succession of rulers would look trivial beside it. I doubt whether even a selection of names from among all the royal physicians of Europe for the last ten centuries would equal it in medico-historical import.

With regard to the history of the relations of the Papacy and medicine in the early Middle Ages, certain facts need to be recalled. Dr. Payne, in his article on the history of medicine in the Encyclopedia Britannica, said that, "In civil history there is no real break. A continuous thread of learning and practice must have connected the last period of Roman medicine with the dawn of science in the Middle Ages. But the intellectual thread is naturally traced with greater difficulty than that which is the theme of civil history; and in periods such as that from the fifth to the tenth century in Europe it is almost lost. The chief homes of medical as of other learning in these disturbed times were the monasteries. Though the science was certainly not advanced by their labors, it was saved from total oblivion, and many ancient medical works were preserved in Latin or the vernacular versions. It was among the Benedictines that the monastic studies of medicine first received a new direction, and aimed at a higher standard. The study of Hippocrates, Galen and other classics was recommended by Cassiodorus (sixth century), and in the original mother abbey of Monte Cassino medicine was studied, though there was probably not what could be called a medical school there; nor had this foundation any connection (as has been supposed) with the famous school of Salerno." While there was no institutional connection between Salerno and Monte

Cassino, it is known that at the end of the seventh century there was a Benedictine monastery at Salerno, and that some of the prelates and higher clergy were distinguished by learning and even for higher medical acquirements.

Though the Salernan medical school proper was a secular institution, there is no doubt that the Benedictines had great influence in it and had fostered its formation. How closely the monks of Monte Cassino were allied to the Popes, everyone knows. The Benedictines considered themselves the special wards of the Papacy, and a number of the Abbots of Monte Cassino, or monks belonging to the community, and of men who had been educated in the monastery, had been raised to the Papacy during the Middle Ages. The origin of modern medical teaching is thus closely associated not only with the Benedictines, but, through them, with the Popes, without whose encouragement and sanction the work would not have flourished as it did.

In advance of the formal establishment of medical schools, in the modern sense of the word, two Popes were distinguished before their elevation to the Papacy for their attainments in all the sciences, and especially in medicine, one of whom actually founded an important school of thought in medicine, while the other was a professor at Salerno. The first of these is the famous Gerbert, who, under the name of Sylvester II, was Pope at the end of the millennium and carried Christianity over what was supposed to be the perilous period of the completion of the first thousand years, when the end of the world was so universally looked for. Gerbert was famous for his attainments in every branch of science, and indeed so many wonderful traditions have collected around his name in this matter that one hesitates to accept most of them. There seems to be no doubt, however, that he was the beloved master of Fulbert, of Chartres, who did much for medicine in France at the beginning of the eleventh century and who was the founder of the so-called school of Chartres and himself the teacher of John of Chartres, who became the physician to King Henry I, of France, and of Peter of Chartres and Hildier and Goisbert.

Before the end of the eleventh century Pope Victor III, who had been the Abbot of Monte Cassino, was elected Pope much against his will. He occupied the Papal throne only for about a year and a half. He had been especially recommended by Pope Gregory VII, the famous Hildebrand, as a very suitable successor. Desiderius,

as he was called before becoming Pope, was one of the best scholars of his time, and had taught for some years with great distinction at Salerno. It is not known absolutely that he taught medicine, but, as the university of Salerno is usually considered not to have been founded until the middle of the next century and as before that time the main teaching faculty was that of the medical school and all other teaching was subordinated to it, Desiderius must have been considered as a teacher at least of medical students. At that time a physician was expected to know something more than merely his profession. Mathematics and philosophy were the two favorite subjects to which, besides medicine, they devoted themselves. The presence of the future Pope at Salerno is, moreover, the best possible index of the sympathy between the ecclesiastical authorities and the medical school.

Besides there are definite records of the friendship which existed between Alphanus, Archbishop of Salerno, and Desiderius, while they were both members of the Benedictine Community of Monte Cassino. Alphanus subsequently taught medicine at Salerno, and some of his writings on medicine have been preserved for us. He was the author of a work bearing the title *De Quatuor Elementis Corporis Humani*, a treatise on the four elements of the human body, which is a compendium of most of the knowledge of anatomy and physiology of the time, though it also contains much more than the information with regard to the merely physical side of man's being. The fact that Alphanus should have been promoted from the professorship in the medical faculty to the Archbishopric of Salerno is only another proof of the entire sympathy which existed between the Church and the professors of medical science at that time.(1)

With the beginning of the thirteenth century and the foundation of the universities medical science enters upon its modern phase of existence. The Pope who did most for medicine and medical science in the thirteenth century was the greatest Pope of the century, Innocent III, who was reigning when this cen-

(1) While the University of Salerno was undoubtedly secular in its organization ecclesiastical influences in it were very strong. It is all the more interesting then to find that women were not only allowed to study medicine but also to become teachers in the university and some of the famous professors and writers of medicine of the school of Salerno were of this sex. So that the Church must be considered as not opposed even in that early age to feminine education.

tury began, and whose career has been more misunderstood or, at least, more misinterpreted than that of any other of the medieval Popes. It was he who, as I have shown in the article on the Popes and the foundation of city hospitals, in THE MESSENGER for June, 1906, re-established the famous hospital of the Santo Spirito at Rome and encouraged the foundation of city hospitals all over the world, so that, as Virchow declared, literally hundreds of hospitals owe their erection to his example and inspiration. These hospitals were very different from the old hospices in which strangers and travelers, as well as the ailing, found refuge. They were hospitals in the modern sense of the word, founded after the model of the Hospital of the Holy Ghost in Montpelier and with careful attention to the training of nurses and to the proper care of the sick.

There is no doubt at all that this hospital movement was the source from which arose much of the advancement of medicine and surgery during the thirteenth century. How far this advance went, we are only just beginning to appreciate, because it is only in very recent years that the old texts, containing the teachings of the professors of medicine and surgery of this century, long buried in royal and university libraries, are being made available for general consultation by various societies for the publication of such old documents. Frequent anticipations of what is most modern in surgery greet us as surprises in the work of the thirteenth century surgeons. Even the short catalogue of the surgical discoveries of the time, made by Professor Clifford Allbutt in his address on "Medicine and Surgery Down to the Sixteenth Century," at the St. Louis Exposition, is little short of astounding.

It was suggested that arteries should be ligated, that nerves and muscles should be sewn together whenever they were severed, that operations about the head and neck were particularly dangerous, and most surprising of all, for we have thought it so absolutely modern, William of Salicet and Lanfranc taught that the desideratum of surgery was healing by first intention and not after pus-formation. An English teacher of medicine at Montpelier advised that smallpox should be treated in rooms with red hangings, thus anticipating Finsen. Besides this, Ugone Da Lucca invented a method of anæthesia which was widely used in surgical operations, and the use of opiates for pain became much more general and more definite than before. This last advance in medicine is usually attributed to Simon Januensis, one of the physicians to the Popes of

the thirteenth century. As can be readily understood, these advances could not well have come, except in hospitals where physicians and surgeons had patients constantly under their eye and control. The hospitals, as we have seen, owed their origin and development to the Popes, their maintenance to ecclesiastical authorities and their administration to the religious orders of the times.

After the patronage of city hospitals the most important phase of Papal influence in medicine was their encouragement of the establishment of various special institutions for the treatment of disease. During the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries leper hospitals were established in connection with nearly every important city in Europe. They were founded originally with the idea of preventing the contagion from spreading and of furnishing a ready means of segregation of lepers from the rest of the population. They succeeded so admirably in their purpose of preventing the spread of the disease that at the beginning of the fifteenth century, leprosy had decreased to such a noteworthy degree that it was no longer a public danger, and the maintenance of the same precaution led to its practical extinction. Medicine was thus for the first time taught the practical lesson of the possibility of eradicating disease. The full significance of the lesson was not to be realized until our own time, but it was very clearly contained in the successful treatment by the ecclesiastical authorities of the medieval times, of the great leprosy question. The Popes are the leading spirits in all this.

Another disease for which nearly as much was accomplished as for leprosy was erysipelas. This disease has now become so rare that many a younger physician, even though ten years in practice, has never seen a case of it. It was so common during the Civil War and before that there were frequent epidemics of it in hospitals, and it was generally recognized that the disease was so contagious that when it once gained a foothold in the hospital ward, nearly every patient suffering from an open wound was likely to be affected by it. Most of that very serious and nearly always fatal affection, puerperal, or child bed fever was due to infection with the micro-organism which causes erysipelas. The importance of the disease can scarcely be overestimated from the standpoint of an epidemic affection. Immediate segregation of cases has eradicated it.

It is interesting, then, to see this principle applied also in the thir-

teenth century. Shortly after the establishment of hospitals on a regular basis, the danger from erysipelas was recognized, and precautions against its spread were attempted. Special hospitals were created for it. A congregation, devoted to the special care of the disease, had, as we have said, been organized early in the twelfth century. At the end of the thirteenth century this was given the full weight of amplest approval by Pope Boniface VIII, who conferred on it the privilege of having priests among its members. Boniface VIII will be recalled as the Pope who is slandered as having forbidden dissection. His relations to medical history are much more extensive than any of his modern pseudo-historians have any idea, and all of them represent favorable moments for medical sciences and medical education.

Those who insist on seeing opposition between the Church and science have made much of the fact that various Councils of the Church, during the thirteenth and subsequent centuries, forbade clergymen to practise surgery. This has always seemed to me a very unthinking objection. The regulation forbidding the practice of surgery to priests is still in existence, and most people will agree at once that it is quite proper it should be. The original motive for forbidding the practice of surgery to clergymen was, that it was thought unseemly for a man devoted to religion to shed human blood. Certainly most of us at the present moment have the same feeling. We do not think of the office of the pastor of souls and that of a surgeon in active practice as quite compatible one with another. Even with all our advance we still would not care to think of the man whose main duty it is to be a source of consolation and encouragement in the midst of life's trials, as going from his pastoral visit, where he has been affording Christian motives for resignation, straight to the hospital or sick-room to operate for some dangerous condition. The feelings of the medieval clergymen in this matter were not different from our own, and so the regulation in question was made, not by the Pope alone, but by a council of bishops gathered from all over the world, who represented not any narrowly intolerant religious ideas, but the common sense of mankind in their generation. Subsequent experience for many centuries has not furnished any special reason for undoing their work.

That this regulation with regard to ecclesiastics did not disturb seriously the relations between churchmen and physicians can be de-

termined in many ways. The best possible demonstration of the maintenance of the most amicable relations between the two orders during the century in which these decrees were issued is also the most interesting fact in the history of medicine during the thirteenth century. It is not generally known that one of the most distinguished physicians of the thirteenth century, one who wrote a book on the special subject of eye diseases that is still a classic, afterwards became Pope under the name of John. He is variously known as John XIX, John XX, or John XXI, according as certain occupants of the Papal Throne are considered to be of authority or not. He was educated at Paris, and probably spent some time at Montpelier. Under the name of Peter of Spain, though he was what we should now call a Portuguese, he subsequently taught physics at the University of Sienna. Here he wrote the famous little work on the Diseases of the Eye, which was reviewed by Dr. Petella, physician in chief of the Royal Italian Marine, in Janus, the International Archives for the History of Medicine and for Medical Geography in 1898. Petella does not hesitate to proclaim him one of the greatest men of his time. Daunou, one of the continuators of the Benedictines' literary history of France (1) says that this Peter of Spain was one of the most notable persons in Europe in his generation.

Pope John XXI, before his accesion to the Papacy, had certainly accomplished remarkable work in medicine, and of a kind that make his writings of great interest even at the present day. There is scarcely an important pathological condition of the eye which does not receive some consideration in this little book, and it is a constant source of surprise in reading it to find, with their limited knowledge and lack of instruments, what good diagnosticians the ophthalmologists of the thirteenth century were. Cataract is described, for instance, under the name of "water that descends into the eye," and a distinction is made between cataract from internal and external causes. Hardening of the eye is mentioned and is declared to be very serious in its effects. There seems no doubt that this was glaucoma. Conditions of the lids, particularly, were differentiated and treated by rational measures, some of them quite modern in substance. A curious anticipation of modern therapeutics is the frequent recommendation of extracts of the livers of

(1) Histoire Litteraire de la France, Vol. XVI. This is the famous work begun by the Benedictines of St. Maur.

various fishes for external and internal use that is a reminder of the present employment of cod-liver oil. The book is acknowledged to be a classic in medicine. The fact that its author should have become Pope later is the best proof that instead of opposition there was the greatest sympathy between medicine and ecclesiasticism in his time.

After Pope John XXI, the next most important name among the occupants of the Papal See for the History of Medicine is his namesake, Pope John XXII, who was Pope from 1315 until 1333. At this time the Popes were at Avignon. We have already considered, in previous articles, and especially in the article "Traditional versus Documentary History," in THE MESSENGER for February, the slanders with regard to this Pope John. He did not, as has been said, forbid chemistry, nor alchemy, nor did he forbid or hamper the progress of science in any way. On the contrary he furnished funds from his own private purse to support a medical professor at the University of Rome, and in broadening the scope of the University of Perugia, and in founding that of Cahors, his birthplace, took special care to insist on the fact that law and medicine, as taught at these universities, should be given the same length of time, and that candidates should come up to the standards in examinations as were required at the University of Paris, which was at that time the most important medical school in the world. After living to be over 80 years of age he wrote a little book on longevity, which is said to be a distinct practical contribution to this subject. He, himself, lived to be ninety, and it was when almost a nonagenarian that he issued the decrees meant to maintain high standards in the professional schools of the time.

How much the Popes continued to be interested in the progress of medicine during the fourteenth century may be gathered from the example of Pope Urban V (known in history as St. Urban), who founded a college for medical students at the University of Montpelier, of which he had been a student in his younger days. By a college at that time was meant a dwelling place in which the students receive their board and lodging free, provision being made in the endowment of it for the payment of all university fees. This foundation then was practically a free scholarship for twelve students. Altogether this Pope is said to have supported, in this way, one thousands scholars at various universities (Denifle and Rashdall). He founded a college in connection with the university of Bologna

for students of both law and medicine. He founded a university at Trets in 1364, and 155 of the 180 students were supported at the cost of the Papal revenues. When it is recalled that at this time he was also supporting the University of the Papal Court at Avignon, a proper realization of his manifold interests in educational matters can be obtained. There is probably no ruler in all history who has done quite as much for education as Pope Urban V; certainly no one who devoted as large a proportion of his revenues to this noble cause. The fact that he should bear the title of saint only emphasizes the significance of his relations to medicine.

Undoubtedly one of the reasons, perhaps indeed the principal one, for Pope Urban's enlightened patronage of medicine in his time was due to his physician, who was also his close friend. This was Francis of Sienna, who was the intimate of Petrarch, and indeed of most of the distinguished literary and scientific men of Italy and France about the middle of the fourteenth century. He did not accomplish much in medicine himself, or at least we have no records of original observation or even of successful practice, but the position that he made for himself in the eyes of his contemporaries lifted his profession up in the estimation of the world in his time. As has frequently happened in the history of medicine, esteem for the man led many people to greater respect for the profession of which he was a member. That he should have used his influence to such unselfish purpose is a credit to him and still more to his great patron, Pope Urban, whose sympathies for the development of medical science and medical education were so effectively aroused.

While the Popes were at Avignon the regulation of the practice of medicine became much more strict than it had been before. While the field of medical practice had previously been almost entirely opened to anyone who might care to enter upon it, definite ecclesiastical regulation now determined that only those should be licensed and allowed to practise who had taken the degree of medicine at the University. During the fourteenth century the Bishops of Maguelone, of D'Argde, of Lodeve and of Avignon agreed to enforce the decree that no one should be allowed to practise without a license from the University authorities. The civil law had not as yet reached a point of development where it could be expected to regulate the social order. It was mainly occupied with the punishment of serious offenders against the law, rather than with the regulation of such social machinery as might prevent certain abuses, which after

all could be only considered minor as compared to the felonies of which the civil courts were taking account in such large numbers. The Church authorities represented the only governing body then that could enforce such regulations, and their action showed interest in applied science. Such diocesan decrees could not be issued without the approval of the Popes, and as they came after the Popes had been at Avignon in the south of France for some time,(1) it seems only proper to attribute their issuance to the fact that presence of the Pope in this part of the country aroused the Bishops to bring about the obliterations of all abuses that might exist, especially where, as in this case, they fell with particular hardship, upon the poor and the ignorant among their flock.

One of the most important factors for the maintenance of this interesting co-ordination of ecclesiastical and medical professions during the stay of the Popes at Avignon, was the famous Guy de Chauliac, who is often called the Father of Modern Surgery, and who was very close to the Popes at this time, occupying the position of Chamberlain in the Papal household, though he was at the same time a professor of surgery at the University of Montpelier not so far away. Guy is looked upon as one of the most progressive medical men of this time. He spent several years in Italy studying, and records the fact that he saw many dissections at the University of Bologna during the first half of the fourteenth century. He introduced the practical methods of teaching, that he found in Italy, into Montpelier, and succeeded in obtaining permission that the bodies of all the malefactors who were put to death in the southern part of France should be given up to the University for anatomical purposes. He and Urban V were brother alumni of the University of Montpelier, and this seems to have been another influential reason for that Pope's liberal patronage of the medical school of that university.

After the return of the Papal Court to Rome a medical department seems also to have been established in the University of the

(1) As a curious commentary on this it may be mentioned that the first great establishment of an institution for the regulation for the practice of medicine in England and the model of its kind for the rest of the world in subsequent years,—the Royal College of Physicians in London,—was founded by Linacre, who had been very closely in touch with the Popes during many years spent in Italy, who had been educated in the house of Lorenzo de Medici, having as his companion in his studies Giovanni or Alessandro di Medici, who was later to be Pope Leo X.

Curia. Just when this occurred is not definitely known. Denifle, whose "History of the Universities of the Middle Ages" is the authority for most of these details, calls attention to the fact that salaries were paid to physicists during several centuries in this university, at a time when this word was universally applied to teachers of medicine, and not as at the present time to teachers of physics. During the course of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the medical department became of the first rank and, as we shall see, a number of prominent men in the history of medicine were invited to the Papal Court for the prestige of their successful investigations. Pope Boniface VIII founded the University of the City just before the Popes went to Avignon, and he is for this reason accredited the founder of the Sapienza, the later name of this institution. It used to be said that owing to the troublous termination of his pontificate the university did not actually come into existence, but recent investigations, especially by Denifle, disprove this and show a complete university at Rome, while the Popes were absent.

It is not until the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, however, that the Sapienza became one of the most noteworthy institutions in Europe for the work in medicine accomplished there. The most important event in the history of the institution, after its foundation, was its establishment in the home which it was to occupy down to our own time. Its new habitation was prepared for it by the Pope who has probably been the most maligned in history—Alexander VI. A magnificent site was appropriated for it, and the construction of suitable buildings begun. A little more than a decade later, Leo X, another one of the misunderstood Popes, came to the conclusion that the two universities in Rome, that of the Papal Court and that of the City, would do better work if combined into one, and accordingly this combination was effected. This made provision for one very strong teaching faculty in Rome. The final steps for the completion of the union of the two universities were taken by Pope Alexander VII, and the buildings, which the new university was to occupy, were finished in a manner worthy of the great institution of learning, which it was hoped to create in Rome.

It was just after this time that the medical school of the Roman University became one of the most important in the world. Its first supremely great professor was Eustachius, who has had the tube connecting the ear and the throat named after him, because of his

investigations into the anatomy of the nose, ear and mouth. It must not be thought, however, because of this that his work in anatomy was confined only to this portion of the body. There is not a single part of the human anatomy on which his work did not shed light. Professor Turner, of the University of Edinburgh, in his history of anatomy in the Encyclopedia Britannica, says that "though Eustachius was greatly less fortunate in reputation than Vesalius, he divided with the latter the merit of creating the science of human anatomy." The work which demonstrates at once the great merit and the unhappy fate of Eustachius is his anatomical engravings, which though completed in 1552, nine years after the impression of Vesalius, the author was unable to publish.

Luckily, however, the estimation in which Eustachius was held caused some of these to be preserved very faithfully in the Papal library where "their seclusion for 150 years has," in the words of Professor Turner, "given celebrity to many names which would have been known only in the verification of the discoveries of Eustachius." About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Eustachius' great work was found by Lancisi, one of his distinguished successors in the office of Papal physician, partly in the hands of descendants, and partly in the Vatican library, and published by him. Since then it has been published a number of times.

The prestige of the anatomical department was amply maintained by Eustachius' successor as Papal physician, and as Professor of Anatomy, who is even more distinguished in the annals of medicine. This was the famous Colombo or Columbus, who had studied with Vesalius of Padua, and then succeeded him in the professorship of anatomy at both Padua and Pisa until tempted by the flattering offers made by the Popes he consented to accept the Chair of Anatomy at the Sapienza. It was while working here that Columbus elaborated the anatomy of the bones, corrected the descriptions of the shape and cavities of the heart, traced the course of the blood from the right to the left side of the heart, gave a good description of the brain and its vessels, corrected certain details with regard to the anatomy of the ear, and furnished the first definite account of the ventricles of the larynx.

So much with regard to the sixteenth century. That there was no change of Papal policy in the next century can be gathered from an interesting phase of Papal interest in science which, though not directly concerned with medicine, eventually resulted in important

theoretic advances in medical science. This was the encouragement of Father Kircher's work at Rome. Father Kircher was the Jesuit who made the first scientific museum. As the result of his general interest in things scientific he wrote a little book on the pest. In this book he stated in very clear terms the modern doctrine of the origin of disease from little living things, which he called corpuscles. Because of this Tyndall attributes to Father Kircher the first realization of the rôle that bacteria play in disease. Even more wonderful than this, however, was Father Kircher's anticipation of modern ideas with regard to the conveyance of disease. He insisted that contagious diseases, as a rule, were not carried, as had been thought, by the air, but were conveyed from one person to another either directly or by the intermediation of some living thing. He considered that cats and dogs were surely active in conveying diseases, and he even reached the conclusion that insects were also important in this matter. His expressions with regard to this are not of the indefinite character, which one often encounters in the supposed anticipation of important principles in medicine, but are very precise and definite. Father Kircher is quoted by Dr. Howard Kelly, of Baltimore, in his life of Major Walter Reed, whose work in showing that yellow fever is transmitted by mosquitoes is well known, as saying in one place, "Flies carry the plague," and in another place, "There can be no doubt that flies feed on the internal secretions of the diseased dying, then flying away they deposit their excretions on the food in neighboring dwellings, and persons who eat it are thus infected." It is interesting to find that the Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Papal University at Rome when this book was published, far from resenting, as many professors of medicine might, the excursion of an outsider into his science, said Father Kircher's book "not only contains an excellent résumé of all that is known about the pest or plague, but also many valuable hints and suggestions on the regional spread of the disease which had never before been made." He did not hesitate to add that it was marvellous for a man, not educated as a physician, to have reached such surprising conclusions, which seemed worthy of general acceptance. All this, it may be said in passing, was within a few years after the trial of Galileo.

In the meantime it should be recalled that at the beginning of the sixteenth century (1513), Bologna passed under the dominion of the Popes. If the Popes were in any way opposed to medical

science we might expect that Bologna's reputation as a centre for medical investigation and for original research of a high order would cease shortly after this. If the university ceased to be fostered as it had been previously by the ruling authority, we should expect some reflection of this in the degeneration of the work accomplished in the medical school. We have already stated that the Roman University was just coming to the acme of its prominence at that time, and it might possibly be thought that the more or less inevitable rivalry between the two universities would lead the Popes to encourage their own university in their capital city at the expense of the University of Bologna.

The fact that none of these things happened is the best possible evidence of the liberality of the Popes, and of their interest in education quite apart from any selfish personal motives, or even such almost excusable feelings as might dictate their special care for the Papal University. Bologna not only continued to enjoy the reputation that it had before, but during the century after it came into the Papal States it rose in the estimation of Europe, especially as regards its medical teaching. At the time of the assumption of authority over the city by the Popes, the professor of anatomy at Bologna was the great Berenger of Carpi, whose name, according to Professor Turner, " will be remembered as the most zealous and eminent of investigators in the anatomy of the human body. It was long before the anatomists of the following age could boast of his equal." According to his own declaration he dissected about one hundred human bodies, and made important corrections in all parts of human anatomy as it had been taught before. After Bologna became a Papal city his work continued without interruption of any kind for some six years, until his death in 1518.

If there were any spirit of ecclesiastical opposition it might be thought that he would be the last of the great anatomists at Bologna. Anyone familiar with the history of medicine, however, knows that the direct contrary was the case, and that Berenger's name heads a list of teachers of anatomy the most glorious in the history of medicine. Within twenty years afterwards Vesalius was invited to lecture there as well as at Padua. Another distinguished lecturer was Varolius, who was a little later to be the Papal physician to Pope Gregory XIII, but was unfortunately to be taken off in the midst of his work at the early age of 32, having achieved a reputation not inferior to that of the most eminent of his contemporaries.

Another distinguished anatomical professor at Bologna during the sixteenth century was Aranzi, who occupied the chair of Anatomy for 32 years, and to whom we owe many important details with regard to brain anatomy, the anatomy of the eye, and the anatomical peculiarities of the fetus.

In the next three centuries there are many distinguished names in the faculty of the medical school of the Papal University. Most of them, however, also occupied the position of Papal physician. As our space for the present article is already exhausted we shall leave these for consideration in the account of the Papal physicians, which represents perhaps the most glorious chapter in the history of the relationship of the Popes to the medical sciences during the centuries when these sciences comprised practically all the study of Nature that there was. Far from there being any opposition then, we shall find, as we have found in this chapter, that the Popes were generous and discerning patrons of medicine and medical discovery, and that the supposed opposition between the Church and science is founded on misquotations and misunderstandings, to call them nothing worse, and the exaggeration of the significance of a few incidents like the Galileo trial, which do not represent a policy, but were the result of momentary conditions quite apart from any persuasion as to a supposed destructive influence that science might have on faith. Churchmen were scientists, scientists were faithful believers, and the Pope as the Father of Christendom, fostered and not hampered science; all this can be seen very clearly from the history of the sciences allied to medicine.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

ST. ALBANS.

ST. ALBANS is a small town in the County of Middlesex. Its antiquity renders it interesting to the archæologist, while to the Christian it is noteworthy as the spot where England's proto-martyr suffered death. Under the title of *Oppidum* the present St. Albans is frequently mentioned by the Roman historians Cæsar and Tacitus.

At the time of Cæsar's first invasion of Britain, which was in 46 B.C., the native inhabitants led a wandering life, and it was only in war-time that they gathered together in fortified places. In the annals of Tacitus and Cæsar they are described as having no towns or buildings of any durable nature. The sites of their settlements were chosen with a view of turning to account such protection as the natural features of the country could afford. Cæsar gives an account of his attack and occupation of *Oppidum*, the stronghold over which Cassivelaunus was chief, and which there seems no doubt was identical with Verulam, as the city raised by the Romans on the low ground on the banks of the river Ver was called. After Cæsar's departure it remained in the possession of the Britons until the conquest of Britain by Claudius, forty-three years after the Christian era.

As to the exact epoch at which Christianity was introduced into Britain, no historic certainty exists. The generally received opinion is that the Gospel was preached there by the Apostles or their disciples, who landing on the southwest coast, erected the first Christian chapel on British soil, composed of reeds or wattles. Moreover, the prisoners who were taken to Rome after the conquest of their country by the Romans and converted by St. Paul, on their return spread the faith amongst their fellow-countrymen. During the persecution under Diocletian many converts received the crown of martyrdom. The first and most noted of these was St. Alban, "the proto-martyr of England," as he is now termed, a native of the ancient city Verulam (or as it was renamed by the Anglo-Saxons at a later period, Watling-ceaster, after Watling street, the great road to the north constructed by the Romans, stretching from London to York, and the Latin castra, a camp). Alban, who had travelled to Rome in his youth, to acquire learning, was one of the most distinguished

ST. ALBANS ABBEY, FROM THE WEST.

citizens of Verulam, then one of the most populous and strongest of British cities.

He was still a pagan when the imperial edicts against Christians were put into force in Britain, yet, being of a charitable and hospitable disposition, he gave shelter to and kindly entertained a priest, by name Amphibalus, who sought to elude the persecutors. Admiring the faith and piety of his guest, Alban listened to his instructions and became a fervent Christian. But soon information was carried to the Roman Governor that the fugitive was in hiding in Alban's house, and soldiers were sent to apprehend him. Meanwhile, however, he had contrived to effect his escape, to facilitate which Alban had exchanged clothes with him, and clad in the long robe of the stranger, which resembled the monastic habit,(1) he gave himself up to the soldiery and was led before the judge. But he was immediately recognized by the Governor, who, highly incensed at the deceit, declared that unless Alban sacrificed to the gods, the penalty reserved for his guest should be inflicted on him. Alban boldly confessed that he was a Christian, adding that those who sacrificed to false deities should receive the everlasting pains of hell for their reward. Thereupon the judge ordered him to be scourged, and when this failed to shake his constancy, he condemned him to be beheaded. A great crowd went out to witness Alban's execution, in fact the bridge over a rapid river which had to be crossed was so densely thronged that the martyr was unable to proceed on his way. Whereupon, with holy impatience to win his crown, going on to the bank of the stream, he knelt down, and raising his eyes to heaven, uttered a short prayer. Instantly the water ceased to flow, thus leaving a dry space to enable Alban, followed by a thousand persons, to cross over to the other side.

The sight of this miracle, the historians record, had the effect of converting the executioner; flinging aside his sword, he fell at the Saint's feet, declaring himself desirous to die with him. This incident caused some delay. Meanwhile Alban proceeded to climb the hill on the summit of which he was to suffer death. There he fell on his knees, and at his prayer a spring of clear water welled up out of the dry soil to quench his thirst. Another soldier having

(1) This large woolen garment was called a Caracalla. The historian, ThomasWalsingham, asserts that the one worn by St. Alban was preserved in the Church of Ely, in a great chest, which was opened in 1314. The upper part appeared yet stained with the martyr's blood, which looked as fresh as if it had just been shed.

ST. ALBANS ABBEY, FROM THE EAST.

been found to act as executioneer, he struck off the Saint's head, but at the same time was himself struck with blindness. The soldier who had professed himself a Christian was also executed, thus undergoing the baptism of blood. Many of the spectators too were converted; following into Wales the holy priest whom Alban had harbored, they were baptized by him, and subsequently cut to pieces by the pagans. The priest was brought back and stoned to death. St. Alban's martyrdom, which gave its modern name to the ancient Verulam, took place in 304 A.D.; the wonders attending it are attested by Ven. Bede, Gilders, and other early historians. So numerous were the conversions owing to the fortitude of the martyr, and the miracles he worked, that the Roman Governor caused the persecution to be suspended.

In the time of Constantine the Great a church was erected on the spot where the martyr suffered; it became a much-frequented place of pilgrimage. The Saxon invaders razed it to the ground, but in 793, Offa, King of Mercia, who was desirous to expiate his share in the murder of Ethelbert, was told in a vision to seek the remains of St. Alban, and on the spot where they were found to erect a church and monastery. In accordance with these instructions he caused search to be made on the hill where Alban suffered, and the sacred relics having been discovered, he built over them an Abbey, with a monastery to accommodate a hundred monks of the Order of St. Benedict. This he endowed with large estates, and caused it to be exempted from the payment of Peterpence, then called Romescot, a tax of one silver penny a year, levied on every family in the enjoyment of a yearly income of thirty silver pence. The Abbot of St. Albans took the first place among other mitred Abbots in the Parliament, and by a special grant of Pope Adrian IV, the only Englishman ever raised to the Chair of Peter, he had the privilege of wearing a mitre.

For many centuries our forefathers had recourse to St. Alban as their powerful patron with God, and recognized many divine favors to be granted them through his intercession. Of the rich shrine erected over his tomb, munificently adorned by Offa and several succeeding monarchs, nothing now remains except a marble stone covering the place where the sacred relics rest. On a wall close by some lines are painted to proclaim that a sanctuary once stood there:

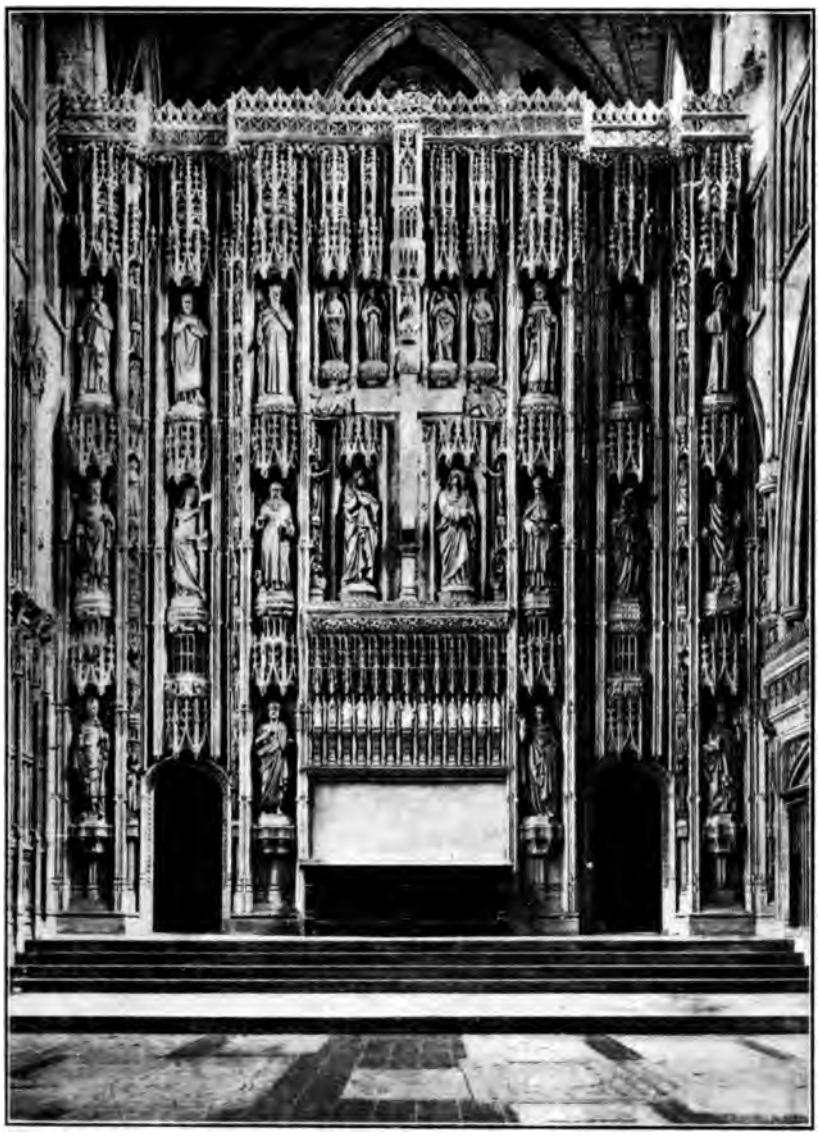
> Nought but this marble stone of Alban's shrine is left:
> The work of all form else time's changes have bereft.

ST. ALBANS ABBEY, INTERIOR.

The present abbey really dates from the eleventh century. The ruins of the old city of Verulam, the site of which the Saxons had transferred to higher ground, were broken up to serve as materials for the construction of the new church. But owing to the unsettled character of the times, the erection was delayed until William the Conqueror was firmly possessed of the throne, when Paul of Caen, a relative of Archbishop Lanfranc, was appointed Abbot. He built the magnificent Norman structure, based on the plan of St. Stephen's, Caen, the same church which served as a model for Lanfranc, when he rebuilt Canterbury Cathedral. It was built in the form of a cross, as was invariably the custom in those days, when the memory was still fresh of those who had suffered persecution and death for the cross, which, once looked upon with contumely as the instrument of the most ignominious form of punishment, had become dear to Christians as the symbol of their faith and their hope of salvation.

Thus when they assembled for divine worship, the sacred edifice presented to their gaze the holy sign. Without, a mighty cross crowned the highest walls; within, the same form presented itself, the north and south transepts, at right angles from the nave, forming the arms, the sanctuary the head. The situation of the altar at the east end, not as in some Roman basilicas, beneath the central arch, was a relic of pagan times, when the worshippers turned towards the rising sun. This church is still standing, having been redeemed from destruction when the monastery was suppressed by order of Henry VIII, who seized the property, but allowed pensions to the monks. The only reminder of the once vast monastic buildings is the great gateway, within a few yards of the entrance to the Abbey, but as has been said, the Abbey remains, having been purchased from the king by the townspeople to be their parochial church, for the sum of four hundred pounds, an amount equivalent to as many thousands in the present time.

The bones of the proto-martyr were, as we have said, disinterred from the spot of his execution, and reinterred within the precincts of the future Abbey. They were, however, not destined to remain there in peace. During the reign of the fourth Abbot, the Danes overran the district and despoiled the monastery, carrying off the relics of the Saint, to the great grief of the monks. They were before long recovered, and brought back to the Abbey. Seventy years later the Danes again invaded and ravaged the country. This time the Abbot, forewarned of their approach, took the precaution of con-



WALLINGFORD SCREEN, ST. ALBANS ABBEY.

cealing the treasured relics in the wall of the church, while he sent fictitious relics to the monastery at Ely, bidding the inmates guard them carefully. On the retreat of the Danes he sent to reclaim the relics. The monks of Ely believing themselves to be in possession of the real ones, at first refused to return them, but presently complied with the Abbot's request—apparently, not really, for they substituted other relics in the place of those committed to their charge. Thereupon the Saint appeared, the legend says, to one of the monks, revealing to him the hiding-place of the true relics, which, in the course of years, had been forgotten, and enjoining him to bring them to light. This was solemnly done. The monks of Ely, hearing of it, immediately disclosed the fraud they had practised, claiming to be in possession of the true relics. Nor would they yield the point until, after the supposed as well as the real relics had been venerated for about a century, the monks of St. Albans appealed to the Holy See, and the question was decided in their favor.

In the history of the wars of the Roses, so called from the white rose which formed the badge of the House of York, and the red rose which was the cognizance of the House of Lancaster, the city of St. Albans played a prominent part. In the year 1155, Henry VI set up his royal standard on the north side of the town, while the forces of the Duke of York, the heir presumptive to the crown, were encamped in the fields on the east side. A successful assault was made on the city, in the streets of which the two armies fought to decide the succession to the throne of England. The victory of the Lancastrians was crowned by the fall of the Duke of Somerset, the leader of the Yorkists, and the severe illness of the King, during which the Duke of York was made Protector, caused a temporary reconciliation. On his recovery, however, York again asserted his hereditary claim to the crown, and the deadly struggle was renewed, both in the north and the west of England. York was defeated and beheaded; his head crowned in mockery with a diadem of paper, was impaled on the walls of the city that bears his name. His youngest son, it is said, fell on his knees before Lord Clifford, the commander of the victorious army, begging for mercy. But Clifford's father had been the first to fall in the battle of St. Albans, which opened the civil war. "As your father killed mine, I will kill you," cried the savage Baron as he plunged his dagger into the boy's breast.

Meanwhile St. Albans was again the scene of a desperate struggle.

The Lancastrians, with the Queen at their head, defeated the Yorkists and restored Henry VI to the throne.

The principal portions now in existence of the original Norman church built by Paul of Caen are the tower, the eastern bays of the nave, and the transepts. Though it exhibits specimens of architecture of different periods, the main architectural lines, as originally designed, have been adhered to. Within recent years extensive restorations have been made, at the expense of a private individual, as the beautiful structure showed signs of decay. Yet more recently, through the munificence of another individual, the elegant stone screen which separates the choir from the nave has undergone complete restoration. All the empty niches, from which the figures were cast down by the iconoclasts at the time of the Reformation, have been filled by statuettes carved in stone; and immediately over the communion table, which occupies the place where an altar once stood, is a marble slab in high relief. The central figure is that of our Lord; on each side an angel kneels in adoration. The Redeemer is represented holding the orb in one hand, in the other the sign of His Passion. The whole, with the exception of the central figure, is covered by a screen of bronze, through the open work of which the constantly changing refractions of light shimmer upon the shell inlaid wings of the angels.

Thus the church erected ten centuries ago will be preserved to posterity as a lasting memorial of England's proto-martyr. Would that it could again pass into the possession of those who confess the same faith for which Alban laid down his life.

St. Alban was canonized in the eighth century; his feast is kept on the 22d of June.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

Isis, the old slavewoman, carried a chair to the roof of the villa—it was really a farmhouse—and the domina following directly, seated herself and looked abroad at the beautiful scene.

The small farm in the hills not far from Aricia, and but a few miles from the Appian road, was nevertheless, a secluded one, with a quiet park of untrimmed oaks and plane-trees around the dwelling-house. Beyond the roofless portico, the selvage of a grassy terrace was bright with roses, lilies and plumy beds of ferns and parsley. The fields of grain lay on comparatively level spaces to the left of the park; on the right, the broken stony ground ascended gradually to a group of sombre pines crowning a little hill a quarter of a mile distant.

A quaint cottage, with a round roof, cuddled like a huge mushroom under these gloomy trees, and was not discernible except from the top of the villa, because of its fungus color and some interposing shrubbery of daphnes and poplars, with a still lower screening hedge of thick box. Farther away the country stretched in picturesque hills, mountainous in peaks, darkly green and purple against the rich glow of a fine sunset. This was the landscape's hour of illumination and inspiration, and the domina loved it, musing upon it as she sat on the roof.

She was completely habited in a severe costume of white linen and coarse wool dyed black. Her forehead was hidden by a band, her throat was also bound. The linen veil over her head fell to her waist and peaked far over her face; her sleeves extended to the knuckles of her slender hands. In fact, nothing was visible except these white hands and the pale oval of her face with its long, slightly oblique black eyes, and delicate, irregular features. Even these were masked by sadness as by a veil, and the black eyes were usually cast down and therefore inscrutable, so that the domina's age, character, tastes and distinguishing traits were matters of dispute, even among those of her household who had known her longest.

Her steps were firm, but noiseless, with a certain strange buoyancy; her clear, incisive voice was low in pitch, seldom inflected, passionless; yet with a vibration that lingered upon the ear long after she had ceased speakng.

She looked well to the ways of her small, inconspicuous household; was frugal, spare in her own diet, though generous to others in this respect. Should the slaves rise ever so early, she was before them, seated upon the roof of the villa in warm weather, or walking lightly upon it in cold. When all had gone to sleep, she made the rounds of the house, testing its fastenings with cautious fingers. She did not sleep well; sat up often, suddenly awake, listening—lying down again with a heavy sigh, upon the hard, narrow bed in her bare cubicle. Often she would spring up, glide into the adjoining sleeping-room, bend over the unconscious sleeper—her lips moving—then go away with a sad, ironic smile at the slave, motionless, unhearing, across the threshold over which she had so easily stepped.

This evening as she sat in her low chair upon the roof, her meditations were presently disturbed by a sound of voices and laughter—falsetto outcries, a patter of running feet. She went to the parapet and looked down into the court on the right side of the house. Two young girls, hardly more than children, were playing battledore and shuttlecock. One was white, with long, flying plaits of yellow hair; the other was black as jet, with tightly rolled wool. Both were as graceful as young leopards, leaping and bounding as they flung the feathered shuttlecock high in the air with swift blows. As the domina watched their supple game and listened to their merry cries and breathless laughter, the set lines of her beautiful face relaxed, her dark oblique eyes lightened, a soft smile parted her firm, red lips. She sank, with a wavelike motion, upon the wide ledge of the parapet and apparently forgot herself entirely in eagerly watching the gambols of the pair of human kittens. The tawny-haired girl glanced up and caught sight of her.

"Mother, dear, come down and take a hand. Daphne is beating me." Before she could listen to her own remonstrances, the domina sprang up, ran down the stair and into the grassy court. Taking the proffered battledore from the slave's hand, she began a lively contest with her daughter. Her loose veil was afly, her face aflame in a few seconds. Her heart began to beat violently. Presently she turned very white, staggered, would have fallen, but for girlish hands under each arm. Old Isis came running out, water-gourd in hand.

"Let her down on the grass . . . hold up her veil . . . unpin her neckband. Get a fan, now, Daphne. . . . There, madam, you are all right. But whatever possessed you? You need

not cry, Miss Zöe. It is the heat and the sudden exercise. Whatever possessed her!"

"But she looks as if she was dying," Zöe quavered, leaning over her mother, kissing her white cheek ardently. "Oh, and she looked so beautiful but a moment ago."

"Stand back, child, and give her air. She is all right now."

Presently the domina sat up on the rustic bench to which old Isis had carried her. She drank a little water, looked at the old slave with lack-lustre eyes. Then put up hasty hands to her disordered headgear. Isis arranged it for her. She sat silent, her drapery falling about her in statuesque folds. She seemed to retreat subtly to her usual distance, and became a sphinx again. Perhaps more of one than ever, since this was the first time she had ever condescended to take part in any of her daughter's games. Zöe, assured that she was indeed all right again, snatched up her battledore and renewed her game with Daphne, who had been gaping at her mistress.

Old Isis, waiting in the shade of a tree, shook her head and made the sign of the cross stealthily. Under the sacred sign the superstition of Africa writhed a serpent head. "Something is going to happen," the old slavewoman muttered to herself. "The spirit of it runs ahead. It takes possession of the domina because she is more concerned in it than anybody else. Can it change her like that? No; that was not something new, that was something old. So it means a going back. And does that mean misfortune? Yes; always, always. Mother of God, pray for us——"

A slave boy appeared at the side entrance of the house and ran up to his mistress. Isis noted at once his excitement and heard the agitation of his voice as he delivered his message.

The porter at the park gate had sent him to say that a great number of people had stopped at the gate. There was great confusion . . . something dreadful had happened . . . several people were hurt . . . one was dead. The noble lady who was traveling with all these people wished to come into the villa."

"It seems she has not waited for permission," the domina said quietly, as a sound of tumultuous voices and trampling of men and horses came from the wooded driveway through the park.

"Take your young mistress and Daphne to the cottage," she said to old Isis, then went to the portico, where she stood as motionless as a statue watching the approach of the noisy cortège

and trying to subdue her own agitation, which was great, for it was the first time her quiet pool of farm existence had been disturbed by any wave from the vast and terrible sea beyond. These strangers must have pushed the gatekeeper aside with insolence, perhaps with force, for he had strict orders to open to no one without express permission. The porter himself had outrun the invaders by a short cut, and was now at her elbow—a trickle of scarlet running from his cropped hair down one side of his white face and dripping upon his tunic—speaking rapidly, saying that the accident had happened at the gates. That he had seen the horses coming like lightning from a cloud of dust, leaping down the stony road, the overthrown chariot bounding with a terrible noise behind them, the charioteer following like the wind, bloody as a gladiator; a footman, hanging to the bridles, being dragged before. He had flung the gates open across the road, and the horses ran into it, flinging him against one of the posts and hurting his head. He thought the footman was killed, for he was flung quite over the gate. They were bringing him to the house.

Fortunately the noble lady was not in the chariot. The horses ran away when she stepped out of it to take her litter instead. She was coming now . . . her eunuchs were carrying the litter. She had a great many attendants—footmen, horsemen, gladiators, a company of lunatics wearing masks and wild beasts' skins, a lot of musicians, some wild animals led by slaves—maybe fifty or sixty people in all.

"Fifty or sixty people?" the domina exclaimed. "Wherever shall we house them?"

"The gods know," murmured the porter, crouching at her knee. "Forgive me, augustness, for it happened in the twinkling of an eye. . . ."

"Return to the gates," she said coldly, "and shut and lock them."

The rabble came up as he had described them, the gay litter of the noble lady in the van. At sight of the tall, shrouded figure of the domina, the eunuchs stopped at the steps and the noble lady propped her rainbow cushions and cried in a shrill voice:

"You'll have to harbor me and my slaves for the night, my good farmeress. My chariot is wrecked, and one of my men is dead. It is too late to continue my journey."

"My house is small, the domina replied coldly. "I am willing

to harbor you and those injured by the accident, but the others must go elsewhere. There is no room for all."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the noble lady. "You are very hospitable, but I'll just get out of this and look around for myself."

The litter was lowered; she was assisted to the portico, where she cast a brief glance over the park; then stepped to the door of the house to look within. The villa was square built, with inner paved court open to the sky. The narrow sleeping-rooms were ranged like cells on one of the four sides; the living rooms, a little larger, on two of the other sides, the slaves' quarters occupying the back of the court and opening outward into a shady yard. Every door and window was heavily barred with iron, besides having thick wooden shutters hinged and hooked with iron. If these apertures had been closed, the domina could have held her house against all invaders, but as the weather was warm and she had felt secure behind her gates, everything was open to the delightful breeze.

If the porter had not opened the gate, the intruders would have been obliged to camp outside in the woods, for the entire farm was protected from the highway by a high stone wall. In such case the domina might have offered hospitality to the noble lady; but now, to be invaded by such a rabble, in such manner, was perfectly insupportable if not alarming. She shuddered as she eyed the train of the traveling nobility and heard the squabbling cries and shouts of the attendant slaves. The trampling horses were destroying the terrace and flower-beds; the leashed lions and leopards tugged at their chains, snarling fiercely at the cracking whips of their keepers. The broken chariot—a costly one of bronge, silver and ivory, upholstered with velvet—was flung upon a choice bed of lilies, and the gladiators and troupe of actors and pantomimists were already reposing and posing themselves upon the turf of the terrace, overturning the flower-pots and vases which decorated the cement ledge and steps, and scaring off the pet peafowls, who added their piercing screams to the din and confusion. The noble lady herself was not reassuring in appearance. Wealthy she was, undoubtedly, but neither noble nor distinguished unless fashions had mightily changed in Rome in the last ten years. Her red hair was dressed like a tower and glittered with emeralds. Her thin, narrow face, with eyes almost the color of the jewels, was brilliantly chalked and painted, but her ears and neck were decidedly yellow

and stringy. Her green velvet outer robe was embroidered with gold; her undergarments were of yellow silk. To have painted her portrait an artist would have emptied his tubes of green and yellow—for she also wore a profusion of emerald and topaz necklaces, bracelets, rings and earrings. A number of gaudy slaves carried her fans, mirrors, caskets, umbrellas, sandals, and a pet parrot that made everything else green look blue or yellow.

The eunuchs carrying the sumptuous litter were black Ethiopians, huge and gross, pig-eyed, flat-nosed, with pendulous ears and lips.

The gladiators and actors lolling on the grass were equally repulsive in their scanty, fantastic costumes; disturbing the serene evening air with their disgusting language, and tainting it—as did the noble lady—with greasy perfumes reeking of musk and ambergris.

The dead or wounded charioteer and footman were flung beside the broken chariot, bloody and unregarded. The runaway horses, held with difficulty by their cruel bits, came trampling through the park, wild of eye, rearing, dripping with red sweat.

The noble lady turned from her inspection of the premises and transfixed the domina with an eyeglass, after the imperial neronian manner:

"You have plenty of room," she said in a cold, flat voice. "I am Livia, wife of the Senator Marcus Flavius. I am on my way to the coast on account of my health, which is very poor. The state of my liver is something awful. I cannot stand the least noise or excitement. Society has been too much for me this year. But when you are popular you must expect to pay the penalty. It is out of the question for me to continue my journey to-night. Of course I expect to pay for my entertainment—if you can call it that," she added contemptuously.

The domina was now as white as her linen veil. There was nothing to do except to make the best of the affair and not to antagonize this Livia, or any of her attendants. "My house is at your disposal," she answered, with a voice that trembled in spite of her. "But you will see that I am only a poor farmer, unaccustomed to the ways of the great world. I have not slaves enough to undertake your entertainment, for the few I have could not cook anything that you would consider fit to eat. I have nothing to offer a lady of your rank and wealth except the poor shelter of my house."

"Come, now, that sounds better!" the noble Livia exclaimed. "That's the way I like to hear people in your circumstances talk. I'll fix things to suit myself. As for cooks—why, woman, I have cooks that the Emperor himself has borrowed. Come and sup with me this evening, domina—what's your name?"

"Evodia."

"Oh, a Roman . . . what family?"

"None that you have known, madam. Quite beneath your notice, and so of no consequence whatever."

"I daresay," Livia answered, with a discolored smile. "It's a pity others of your class haven't your sense and humbleness. But, by Isis, I am tired of standing. What are you swine thinking about?"

Her gray eyes flashed as she turned quickly, struck smartly with the back of her hand the face of the nearest slavewoman, and cried:

"Drop that bird cage" (the woman had done so involuntarily) "and go fetch me a chair."

The unlucky woman wiped her mouth furtively—her mistress' heavy rings had cut her lips—and turned entreating eyes upon the domina, who beckoned her into the house. She hurried back with a chair and Livia, seating herself after a disdainful glance at it, began to issue orders in a loud, strident voice.

The eunuch captains of the various squads, armed with whips, began to lash the footmen, horsemen, gladiators, actors, house-slaves and animal keepers into some semblance of order, and marshalled them for inspection and instruction before the noble lady. She dispatched her secretary with orders to see that they were disposed of for the night. Under his direction the cooks took possession of the modest kitchen with many sniffs and curses; the maids of the bedrooms, with equal scorn where they whipped off bedclothes, prepared baths, arranged multitudinous articles of the toilette. The dining-room servants despoiled the gardens of the few flowers that were left, and emptied boxes of extravagant table service. Hundreds of candles and torches began to spangle the darkness of the house and flame in the park. The stable yard was filled with horses and grooms, to the dismay of the domina's field hands, who fled before them, carrying away the two horses and six plow oxen of the farm. Evodia hurriedly directed the exodus of her small household to the cottage under the pines. This was

at such a distance from the villa and so screened by the hedge and shrubbery she hoped it would not be detected by the unwelcome visitors, and enjoined upon her family the discreetest silence and seclusion until the strangers should be gone. Her slaves, with the exception of old Isis, were completely terrified. They were country bred and had never seen such a motley sight before. Their curiosity was intense, but luckily their terror was greater, so they huddled together under the pines and wondered with shudders if the lions and leopards would break loose and devour them.

At bedtime old Isis discovered that Daphne was missing and had just informed her mistress of the discovery when the truant came in, trembling and hysterical. She fell down on the floor and buried her face in the domina's skirts.

"Oh, mistress, such doings! Such awful people. . . . Oh! . . . Oh!" and writhed about.

"Come," said Evodia sharply, "sit up, Daphne, and either speak plainly, or not at all. Where have you been?"

"Oh, domina, I was crazy to see the noble lady and the slaves, and I hid under the bed in one of the sleeping rooms. You never saw such a running about." Daphne sat up on her heels and talked rapidly, making many gestures. "There was a great big old fat black man with a whip in his hand—such a whip, domina, like a bunch of tails. And every few minutes some of those women, white or black, got a lash from it. They didn't dare cry out, either, poor things. And such a table, domina! They've been eating for two hours, and the cooks killed Miss Zöe's pet peacock and my pig. And oh, domina, in the middle of the supper the great big ugly old fat black fellow told the noble lady that the charioteer wasn't hurt much but just shamming, and didn't the noble lady have him hauled in, tied to a pillar in the court and almost beaten to death? Yes, domina, while she was eating supper, and the musicians were playing and singing; but they couldn't sing as loud as he could scream. Didn't you hear him, domina? I was so sick and so scared I crawled out and ran away. They are just devils from hell, domina, come to plague us for our sins."

"Hush your mouth!" old Isis exclaimed, panic-struck. "Domina, forgive the poor fool; she has lost her few wits."

"I am not surprised," Evodia replied. "She knows nothing of the way that people live in the cities. Now, Daphne, you understand why I have ordered you all to stay close here at the cottage.

But I must tell you that these people are not devils, they are human like ourselves, only they worship false gods, or none at all, and their lives should make us feel contented to live quietly, far from the pain and confusion of the great world. Now go, for Miss Zöe is waiting for you to brush her hair. Then both of you go to bed and to sleep, and do not lie talking half the night or you shall be put with the other slaves."

The domina herself was too uneasy and disturbed to go to bed or to sleep. With old Isis nodding near her, she sat in a chair until daybreak, then slept for an hour before breakfast was furtively cooked and silently served.

She ordered all the slaves to remain on the hill; the men in an improvised tent, the women in the house, and strictly forbade any communication with the villa.

"If any of you disobey me," she said coldly, "I will not punish you myself; I will hand you over to the eunuchs of the noble lady."

She well knew that Daphne had treated the household to an animated account of the beating of the unfortunate charioteer, and a lively description of Livia and her lieutenants; but fearing that this might not be enough, and that curiosity untempered by terror would probably bring the rabble from the villa to the cottage, she paid Livia a visit at the hour she thought likely that fashionable lady would be "receiving" in Rome.

II.

Livia was still in the hands of her tirewomen, but called loudly to the domina to come in, wishing to overwhelm this woman farmeress and ignorant provincial with the very latest fashion of the Imperial City.

Evodia was overwhelmed. At sight of the noble lady her first impulse was to turn and fly; but an instant caution grasped impulse by the hair, and the domina seated herself calmly upon one of her own chairs officiously dragged forward by three slaves, one of whom then began to fan her vigorously.

Evodia caught the flying ends of her linen veil and held them closely under her chin. Her sombre black eyes looked like blots of ink in her shadowed face. Some emotion not to be repressed tinted her cheeks a delicate rose color, so that the Lady Livia exclaimed:

"By the gods, domina! . . . Here, Fannia, hold this mirror before the lady so that she may see how much she has improved in looks since the excitement of company and fashion has jogged her out of her plow-ruts."

The slave-woman glanced sarcastically at the domina as she held the polished metal disc before her. Evodia put it gently aside.

"Thank you, madam, but it will hold your reflection more perfectly."

Fannia concealed a grin with it, for Livia was painted so brightly that her face was a comic mask. She must have been fifty years old, but her towering hair was the color of new brass and so matched her cheeks and forehead. Her coiffure was almost completed, but her toilette had advanced no further than the gauzy robe she wore from the bath. A slave girl stooped to strap gilded sandals upon her bare, unbeautiful feet, while another pinned jewels in the pyramid of puffs, frizzes and curls of her hair. Near at hand the seeretary, a long-faced, sallow young man of dubious nationality, had evidently been reading aloud.

Evodia had caught some of the sentences as she entered, and was thankful for Livia's gesture for silence. The secretary placed the scroll on the table and fastened his eyes upon her with an insulted admiration which had brought the color to her face. She moved her chair slightly, giving him the view of her back in its ugly black wool cloak. He smiled, propped an elbow on the table, and fingered a tray full of gems.

The silence was comparative only, for between the eunuchs and slaves arranging the breakfast table on one side of the court—where Livia was sitting—and the slaves in the bedrooms on the other, the air quivered with sounds but slightly subdued.

From the rear of the house through the open doors came the outcries of the attendants, the hammering on the broken chariot, the wheezing of an improvised forge, the stamping of impatient horses, the clashing of weapons as gladiators fenced, the tuning of unmusical instruments, the snarls of teased lions and leopards. The place reeked with strong perfumes and the smell of cooking.

Evodia had appraised the damage inflicted upon the house and gardens with indignant eyes and a swelling heart, but dared make no comment even when Livia said abruptly:

"My carpenter tells me my chariot can't be repaired under several days, so I'll just rent the house for a week. Set your own

price. The wife of Marcus Flavius is well able to pay for whatever she wants." She picked up a bulging purse; the meshes broke, and a shower of ringing gold fell around her. The secretary scrambled for the pieces and she screamed with laughter, bidding him be careful not to pocket any or she would have him searched on the spot.

"My house"—Evodia began with flashing eyes, then stopped, dropped her eyelids, and went on in a vastly different voice—"is rather small for your ladyship; nevertheless, as you cannot continue your journey, it will have to serve your purpose. But I measure my hospitality by your generosity. The wife of Marcus Flavius is the mistress of the house——"

"By Isis, but you know how to turn a compliment," the Lady Livia cried, well pleased at saving her money. "But if I can't pay in one way, I will in another. See if I don't. I'm the sort of woman who never forgets a friend or an enemy. Isn't that so, Zosimus?"

The sallow secretary grinned and bowed, depositing the gathered up gold on the table.

"But I'll not defer my favors to some future day," Livia continued graciously. "I'm the sort of person who lives in the present. My motto is, get all you can to-day, for you never know what's going to happen even when you carry an astrologer around with you as I do. He cost me a pretty penny, I can tell you, but he knows very well when his predictions turn out wrong what's going to happen to him. Now about this last accident he foretold nothing. In fact, he said I'd have a fine time on the way. So I paid him on his back this morning when he was least expecting it. Couldn't foretell his own whipping—the fool!"

"Then why do you keep him?" Evodia could not help asking, while the slaves giggled.

Livia shrugged her bony shoulders:

"Why, it's the fashion. And sometimes the idiot tells extraordinary things. He has fits, too, and amuses me. But, as I started out to say, I'm going to make things pleasant for you while I'm here. My women shall make some dresses for you, and I daresay I have some jewels a little out of style that would look quite swell on a farm." She drew the tray away from the secretary and began to rattle the ornaments on it.

"No, thank you," Evodia said quickly, as her unruly pulse

leaped. "Being a farmeress, I cannot afford fine clothes or jewels. They would be out of place on a woman of my humble position."

"You've got lots of sense," Livia exclaimed, turning willingly from the jewels. "I wish I had you for a housekeeper. You'd save me money, I know you would. Come, now, what'll you take to run things for me? I'll give you a free hand."

Evodia got up, looking taller and statelier than ever.

"Much as I might like a position of that kind, the common sense for which you graciously praise me, tells me that I could not fill it. I lack experience, and I am not ambitious. I prefer country life."

"Everybody to her own tastes," Livia replied rudely. "I daresay it suits you better. Why are you going? By the way, where are you staying? I don't see any other houses on the farm except some cowsheds in one of the fields. Are you there?"

"No," Evodia answered evenly. "I have a small cottage on the hill, and I would like to ask a favor of you, since you are so gracious."

The secretary scanned her calm face with a little smile.

"Granted," cried Livia, "before it is asked. You'd like to have me send your meals to you?"

"Not at all," said Evodia, "for I live very simply and have a tolerable cook. I want to ask you to keep your household on this side of the box-hedge which divides my garden from yours, during your stay here. Because," she hastily added, before Livia could speak, "I do not want to lose the few slaves I have. I have forbidden them to come to the villa. You know how foolish such people are. I would find myself deserted when you left, owing to your superior attractions." Livia laughed loudly.

"Clever farmeress! I'll bet any amount the backs of those slaves of yours look like maps of the Empire. Yes, I'll bet you know how to keep them in order. By Isis! I'm sorry you won't come here and straighten out my affairs. Sure you won't? I'll give you forty sesterces every lunar month. Zosimus, here, shall draw up the contract on the spot. No? Positively? Well, all right; the more fool you. But I'll give orders to my household, and if you catch any one of them on your side of the box-hedge, you have my permission to crucify him, her, or it. By the way, does your prohibition include me?"

legionaries, magnificently mounted, passing the gate. He called out respectfully and so earnestly that the officer drew rein to listen to him. As the situation was graphically described, he laughed aloud:

"By the gods! It is fit for the theatre. Let me in, old man, and I'll soon scatter these Egyptian locusts."

The porter did not wait for instructions, but spread the gates open and the three entered, pacing the wide driveway with jangling accoutrements; the young officer, hand on hip, eyes roaming at large, noted the disarray and confusion as he approached the house, and heard the babel of voices, the shrieks, the disorder that had converted the modest farmhouse into a fashionable pandemonium, a sneering smile curled his lips as he drew up at the portico and surveyed the eunuch who hastened to his stirrup.

"Numa Virgilius, captain of Prætorians!" The name slipped from lip to lip until it reached the ear of Livia, reclining somnolently in a green hammock swung in the court under an awning of green, red and gold. She sprang up briskly and ran to greet the shining vision on the threshold.

"Welcome, Virgilius! What an honor!" The young officer smiled engagingly, and seated himself upon the chair which Livia carried forward.

"You heard, then, of my terrible accident?" the noble lady inquired, beaming upon him with painted lips and blackened teeth.

"Yes; by Mithia, the gods were merciful," Numa replied, thinking how like a cat she looked. "What would the world have been without Livia?"

"Lucky for me," simpered Livia, "Fortuna deposited me and my attendants at this place, poor and miserable as it is. It has been a shelter, if nothing more, and—between us, Virgilius—I have saved enough money to buy some jewels I want. I think that, now I am here, I will remain for perhaps a month, as this country air and quiet has had a wonderful effect upon my liver and nerves."

"I regret to hear that you have decided to remain," Numa said quickly, "for I hoped to be able to render you some assistance, and to accompany you on your journey. But of course you prefer to travel more leisurely, and——"

"Oh! no, no," Livia cried, bouncing up. "I would not for the world forego the pleasure and distinction of your company. I could never look the Emperor in the face again if I refused the

window of every building on the place with iron gratings, so that they could be safely left open in hot weather.

One night she awoke suddenly from sleep to see a monstrous tawny head with phosphorescent eyes pressed hard against the bars but a few steps from her bed. An anguish of terror petrified her until the great beast padded softly away; then with a leap and step as light she hastened from room to room, closing heavy shutters until Zöe awoke with the cry that she was suffocating. The domina prayed that the lion might not invade the tents where the sleeping slaves lay at his mercy, but the beast thought all men carried pointed steel and keen whips in their hands and betook himself to the cowsheds, where he killed the domina's best milker, and was easily cornered and recaptured the next morning by his careless and frightened keeper. This African grovelled in the dust and begged the domina not to mention his carelessness to the Lady Livia.

"The beasts are hungry, domina," he said, "that is why they are restless."

"Give them all the rest of the carcass of the cow," replied Evodia, who was sick at heart. "And for heaven's sake see that they are securely fastened at night. What pleasure can anyone take in carrying around such ferocious creatures?" she murmured to herself as the wretched keeper went off, driving the lion before him. Never had she prayed so fervently for deliverance from evil as in these days. She got very little sleep, and the increasing riot at the villa made her so nervous she trembled at the sough of the wind in the pines overhead, and had palpitation of the heart at any sudden outcry in her own household.

Old Isis sat like a statue of jet at the front door of the cottage; a gigantic field hand, equally black, at the rear. The others were posted like videttes along the hedge, and Zöe and Daphne were kept under strict observation.

"How long is this going to last, do you think?" the domina inquired of Isis as of an oracle, who replied oracularly:

"God knows, mistress."

For the week had passed and still Livia gave no sign of moving on, though the chariot was ready for the journey and the horses so restive the unhappy astrologer would have been safe in predicting another runaway in the first mile.

On Wednesday afternoon the porter saw an officer and two

"No, no, I beg you. She offered to do so, but I refused. I do not want to make an enemy of her. I have managed so far not to offend her. She loves money, and she is a dangerous woman. . . ."

The captain looked intently at the speaker.

"I can see, domina, that you are no ignorant country woman. May I ask your name, and family?"

Evodia hesitated painfully.

"I am the divorced wife of the senator, Marcus Flavius . . . the first one."

The officer stared, leaning forward.

"Impossible!" Then, "How extraordinary!"

"You will not speak of me?" she begged, with agitation.

"By Mithia, no!" he answered fervidly. "Your seclusion shall be sacred to me, domina. Gods! To find you here . . . and in such a plight! Everyone thinks you are in Ephesus, or the desert."

"This place is as far from Rome as the desert," she replied, "or at least I thought it was until this unspeakable woman stumbled upon it. Tell me, sir, are they all like her now? Are none of the old families left?"

"A few," he said, "but she is a common type." He drew his chair nearer and said in a low voice: "Domina, take my advice. If this Livia publishes your whereabouts, go further into the wilderness. And if you have any children, give them a sleeping draught from which they may awake—in Paradise."

She shuddered away from him.

"I have heard . . . a little . . . but I did not know it was as bad as this. . . ."

"Such a magnificent horse, dear mother!" exclaimed a high, clear voice at the door. "Whose? . . ."

Zöe stopped on the threshold—a nymph of summer. She and Daphne had been making wreaths of the vermilion trumpet-vine and both wore chaplets of the blazing flowers. Her eyes were as dark as her mother's, but otherwise she was as fair as a Goth, with two plaits of bright hair hanging to her knees. Her features were straight, but not classically severe; her forehead was low, her rosy lips a waving line of beauty. The figure was slim and childish, supple from much exercise, and hung with a perfectly plain white

tunic. Behind her, peering over shoulder, Daphne darkened like her shadow.

"My daughter, Zöe," said Evodia, her heart as heavy as lead. "She is but a child, Virgilius, just fifteen."

The young captain stared with undisguised feelings.

"I see that you belong to the imperial army," Zöe cried eagerly, without advancing, however. "I hope, sir, you have a legion with you to chase these horrid people off our farm?"

Evodia frowned, signalling to her to leave the room, but the officer said:

"Let her remain, domina. It is a long time since I have seen my sisters, and one of them, Flavia, must be just her age."

Zöe, who was decidedly spoiled, at once entered and seated herself, looking at the young captain with innocent admiration, for it was a long time since she had seen a man so young and so handsome and so splendid in armor.

"How can you bear that armor?" she inquired, her sparkling eyes examining with great interest the fine bronze inlaid with silver, ivory and mother-of-pearl. "It is beautiful, but it must be heavy and suffocating."

"I am used to it, and that is the secret of all endurance," the captain answered; "only, I keep out of the sun as much as possible."

Old Isis came in with cups of cold milk from the spring, a dish of honey, and a loaf of bread.

Evodia glanced at the captain with a smile.

"This is farmer's fare, Virgilius, but you have been riding for a long time; the day is warm, and I hope you are hungry and thirsty."

"Both," he said; and as they sat about the table in such friendly fashion, the door darkened and the Lady Livia, supported by two eunuchs, entered the room. Her small green eyes observed the artless tableau at a flash.

"I have come, my farmeress, to bid you farewell, and to thank you for the loan of your farm. Can it be that you are acquainted with the Emperor's favorite, Numa Virgilius?"

"We meet for the first time to-day," Evodia replied calmly. "But he is kind enough to bring me news of some mutual acquaintances."

"Ah, indeed? And who can they possibly be?"

"People in very humble ranks of life . . . secretaries, housekeepers. People that I knew in early youth."

"And who is this girl?" the noble lady suddenly inquired, fixing her eyeglass upon Zöe, who was regarding her with great and unconcealed curiosity.

"My daughter. . . ."

"If I had seen her before, she would have taken part in a pantomime I composed for my players," Livia said affectedly, remembering her nobility.

Virgilius arose, fastening his helmet. "I see that the Lady Livia is ready to start on her journey, so I must not detain her. Vale, domina."

Livia hustled into her litter, waved a languid hand, and, departing, left a trail of deadly perfume in the path.

Numa Virgilius mounted his red charger, wheeled, facing the setting sun whose level rays flashed through the pine trees like spears, glancing from every point of his splendid armor with intolerable brilliancy. The evening breeze lifted the horsehair of his helmet's brazen crest and waved it like a glittering banner.

Thus did he shine, like Phoebus Apollo, for many a night in Zöe's dreams. In a sonorous voice he declaimed some mystic sentences. Then saluting Evodia and her family courteously, took the downward path and was soon out of sight.

"Mater, what were the words he said?" Zöe asked presently. "They sounded like an invocation."

"He is a worshipper of Mithra," her mother answered, "and he was saluting the setting sun. As for me, I thank the good God that He has sent this Roman to our relief."

"And to-night we can sleep at home," Zöe cried joyfully.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the domina sharply. "That place will undergo a thorough purification before I enter it again. Isis, you will take all the slaves and go early in the morning. . . ."

And the two women went indoors discussing house-cleaning as they have done ever since the beginning of the world and the building of the first grass hut.

CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

(*To be continued.*)

EDITORIAL.

THE NEW ERRORS.

On Wednesday, July 3, 1907, the Cardinals of the Holy Office condemned and proscribed a list of sixty-five errors, selected from the works of Catholic writers, who, under the pretext of scientific, historical investigation of the origins of Christianity have sought to spread opinions that would undermine the whole fabric of dogmatic religion. The Decree of the Holy Office was approved and confirmed by the Holy Father on the following day, and was published in Rome on July 17. Translations have since appeared in the Catholic papers of all countries and in some of our secular journals. Though the Decree has been commonly called a Syllabus, this term is not used in the document itself. In fact the name " syllabus " has been used officially only once, to designate the catalogue of errors, issued by Pope Pius IX in 1864. The errors in that catalogue had all been previously condemned in Papal Allocutions and Letters, whereas the present list is a selection chiefly from the works of the Abbé Loisy, some of which were placed on the Index in 1903. Readers of The Messenger will recall that in December of that year five of his books were condemned by the Holy Office. A letter from Cardinal Merry del Val to Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, expressed the sorrow of the Holy Father that such " grave errors concerning the primitive relation, the authenticity of the facts and teachings of the Gospels, the divinity and knowledge of Christ, the divine foundation of the Church, the sacraments " were to be found in the books prohibited. These errors are now condemned in detail.

By Catholics the condemnation has been welcomed as another proof of the care exercised by the Church lest her faithful children snould be seduced by false doctrine. Non-Catholics have not been slow to recognize that many of the condemned propositions are subversive of fundamental Christian dogmas, and would be heartily reprobated by their own spiritual leaders. It was to be expected that the advocates of non-dogmatic Christianity of the broad and liberal Protestantism into which Catholicism was to be transformed. should be disappointed at the emphatic repudiation of their theories, and that in some cases efforts would be made to misrepresent the

nature and effect of the decree. The Socialist Jaurès in France thinks that Pius X has cut off the Church from science, and a New York journalist gravely assures us that hereafter "a Catholic scientist will be a contradiction in terms." If by science the writer understands the physical sciences, the absurdity of his statement will be apparent to any one who reads the propositions, in which the only mention of such sciences is to reject the opinion that the Church is opposed to their progress. If he refers to historical or critical science, then he should bear in mind that the whole purpose of the condemnation is to assert before the world that rationalistic criticism of the Gospels and of Christ is pseudo-scientific, starting from error and leading to erroneous conclusions.

Perhaps the most common sentiment, excited by the Decree in Catholic circles in the United States, is a feeling of sorrowful amazement that such errors could have been upheld by any Catholic. The ordinary layman needs but to read them to discern how alien they are to Catholic teaching. "Is it possible," he might ask, "that any Catholic priest or layman could ever have taught such monstrous doctrines?" Happily the books in which these doctrines are propagated have been very little read outside of certain circles; so that the doubt has already been expressed whether these errors were not rather conclusions deduced by others than actual statements of these writers. It is well to know that the doubt is unwarranted. At least half the propositions are taken word for word or equivalently from the pages of one little book by the Abbé Loisy, "Autour d'un petit livre." Proposition XX in which the supernatural character of revelation is practically denied occurs on page 195. Proposition XXII on the nature of dogma is quoted on page 189 from *l'Evangile et l'Église.* Proposition XXVIII on the proof of Christ's Divinity, Prop. XXIII on His human knowledge, Prop. XXXVI on the Resurrection, and the whole series on the institution of the Sacraments are found in the same work. In fact, the order in which the condemned propositions appear, follows closely the enumeration of subjects in Loisy's book.

One might have expected that the condemnation of Loisy's works in 1903 would have been followed by the retraction of these errors. Far from it! He has continued to defend them, and to write in a spirit more and more naturalistic. His defenders have attacked the Sacred Congregations. Following his suggestion, they have represented him as a martyr to scientific research; another Galileo they

have styled him. Let us hope that the new decree will open their eyes to the gravity of their errors, to the folly of blindly accepting rationalism, however disguised, as science or history.

The Holy Father has been pleased to proscribe these errors without mention of persons. He has condemned them as false without attaching a special censure to each proposition. For loyal Catholics it is enough to know that, though not speaking *ex cathedra,* the Holy Father, as Supreme Teacher, has approved of this doctrinal decree of the Holy Office. They will accept his decision not merely with respect, but with religious assent.

A word, in conclusion, on the binding force of this decree. In the first place, it is not a dogmatic definition of the Pope. Hence it is not guaranteed by infallibility, the personal prerogative of His Holiness. It is not even a directly Pontifical act. His approbation *in forma communi* does not change the nature of the decree, as a doctrinal decision of the Holy Office, for which the Sacred Congregation is juridically responsible. Such decrees demand of the faithful a religious, interior assent. To refuse such assent because the decree is not infallible would evidently be absurd. We are bound, moreover, to give the positive assent which the will can demand of the intellect on the authority of the Congregation, as long as solid, positive proofs of its being mistaken are not at hand. This is true of all doctrinal decrees. In the present case many of the propositions condemned are evidently heretical, in direct contradiction to revealed truths; others are on the borderland of heresy. The faithful Catholic will find no difficulty in rejecting all of them as erroneous, and in thanking God for the providential appearance of this decree which gives the death-blow to the false application of evolution to dogma.

SOME UNCERTAINTIES IN SCIENCE.

When the much lamented M. Brunetière, the distinguished French literateur and editor of the greatest of French magazines, *La Revue de Deux Mondes,* spoke some years ago of the "bankruptcy of science," he referred particularly to the failure of modern scientists to make good the claims which had been so persistently advanced about the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, to explain the origin and meaning of the living things around us. His declaration, almost needless to say, caused no little perturbation in the minds of scientific men throughout the world,

and of course his arraignment of science was indignantly impugned. Recent developments would seem to show that even in much simpler matters than the origin and meaning of life, modern science has been wandering in uncertainties, and now has to take up a position very different from that which it occupied during most of the nineteenth century. It will not be forgotten that that century is usually spoken of as the most wonderful period in the development of science that the world has ever known.

At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at the beginning of August, Sir William Ramsey, who is usually considered one of the greatest of living physical scientists, announced that by means of radium emanations, he had succeeded in changing one metal into another. Some such announcement as this has been expected for the last five years or more, so that, though it works a revolution in the modes of scientific thinking which have prevailed for the better part of a century, it does not come with a surprise that would otherwise be the case. Ever since the discovery of radium it has become clear that the supposed essential distinction of the chemical elements from one another would probably soon be disproved. Instead of there being seventy different kinds of matter there are probably but a few elementary substances, if, indeed, it will not eventually prove that there is but one kind of matter, which is differentiated in many ways by the energies which happen to occupy it for the time being. At the discussion which followed Sir William Ramsey's announcement in the session of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, this theory of matter was urged by most of the scientists who had comments to make on the new discovery.

There are two phases of the suggestions implied by this announcement that are of special interest to those who have paid attention to the development of human knowledge. The first and the most important of these is the fact that what the distinguished English chemist has announced is the transmutation of metal, a doctrine very rife during the Middle Ages, but which was rejected with no little scorn by scientists during the nineteenth century. One of the readiest subjects for ridicule of the old scholastics that could occur to a writer on science, especially that curious phase of it known as popular science, was to ridicule the credulity of these old-time scholars who accepted such foolish notions as the possibility of the transmutation of one metal into another. Especially was this true

with regard to the precious metals. The other phase of significance of the new discovery is quite as interesting to those whose studies have led them to be sympathetic with the great philosophic thinkers and writers of the Middle Ages. The new theory of the composition of matter, which seems to be necessitated by these recent discoveries, is apt to remind us very forcibly of the old scholastic doctrine of matter and form. All things are composed of an underlying substratum of material, the same in all, but differentiated by the special dynamic qualities with which at the moment they are gifted. Forms may change from time to time, but matter remains the same. Matter is indestructible, but may take on new forms or dynamic qualities and apparently constitute quite different substances. The fact that recent science should swing back to theories of the composition of matter, which were first urged with marvellous power in the thirteenth century, and even earlier, and to the doctrine of the transmutation of metals which occupied men all during the Middle Ages, shows how prone is human thinking to run in cycles and how lacking in finality is much of our present day knowledge of science, though so many men have allowed its supposed conclusions to disturb their thinking with regard to important ethical and religious principles.

CANADA A NEW JESUIT PROVINCE.

By a decree of the Very Reverend Francis Xavier Wernz, General of the Society of Jesus, dated August the 15th, the Canadian Mission of the Society is erected into a Province, with all the rights, faculties and privileges of the other New World Provinces of New York and Missouri. By the same decree the North Alaska Mission of the Society is detached from the Province of Turin and joined to the new Province. Hitherto the Canadian Jesuits formed only an " independent " Mission, and were without any direct representation in the General Congregations, in which all the more important business of the Order is transacted. Henceforth, at all General Congregations, Canada will be on a par with the other Jesuit Provinces. At first the Canadian Jesuits formed only a Mission dependent upon the Province of France. In 1846 New York and Canada were united, and in 1863 the New York-Canada Mission was joined to the Province of Champagne, which had just been separated from the Province of France. In 1869 the New York-Canada Mission became independent, and ten years later (1879) New York was united with Maryland, while Canada was united to the English Province.

This continued until 1888, when the Canadian Mission became independent. The new Province, although, with that of New Orleans, the latest to attain its full development, has nevertheless a glorious history, extending back some 300 years, while its roster contains some of the most illustrious names in the annals of the Society of Jesus. The first Jesuits to set foot on Canadian soil were Fathers Biard and Massé, who landed at Port Royal in 1611. Then followed for the space of half a century an era of the most heroic labors for the conversion of the Indians. It is to this period that belong such men as Brébeuf, the Lalemants, Daniel, Jogues, Goupil, Dablon, Chaumonot, Ragueneau, Bressani, Le Moyne and many others; examples, all of them, of the most exalted type of heroism, and some of them, we fondly trust, soon to be declared by the infallible voice of Christ's Vicar, martyrs of Holy Church. In 1635, in spite of the manifold difficulties of the times, they opened at Quebec the first college in North America, which continued its beneficent work until the suppression of their Order—in 1773. The Society of Jesus was restored in 1814, and in 1842, at the earnest solicitation of the saintly Bishop Bourget, the Jesuits returned to Canada. Since then their growth and progress have been steady and sure. Whereas, at the time of the suppression of the Society, there were in Canada only twenty-one Jesuits all told, there are now almost three hundred; while the various residences, missions, stations, etc., stretch all the way from Quebec to St. Michael's, Alaska, a distance of more than 5,000 miles. The old college at Quebec has three worthy successors in St. Mary's College, Montreal, for French-speaking students, founded in 1848; St. Boniface College, Manitoba, for students of both languages, founded in 1885, and Loyola College, Montreal, for English-speaking students, founded in 1896.

The novitiate of the Canadian Province is situated at Sault-au-Récollet, near Montreal. It was built in 1853, thanks to the munificence of Mon. J. Vinet and of Mr. O. Berthelet. Here about thirty young men of both languages, many of them the pick of the various colleges throughout Canada, are preparing themselves for definite admission into the Order. In De Lorimier, a suburb of Montreal, is situated the College of the Immaculate Conception, for the higher studies of the members of the Order. It was built in 1885, and accommodates a considerable number of Canadian Jesuits as well as some of other Provinces.

THE CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

New Russian Archbishop for America.—Bishop Plato, the first Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Kieff, and Superior of the Monastery of the Epiphany at Kieff, has been appointed by the Czar, through the Holy Governing Synod, as the Archbishop of Aleutia and North America. His name before entering the religious state was Porphory Rojdestvenski, and he was born in 1866 in Kursk and became a priest in 1887 and a monk in 1894. In 1902 he was made bishop of Chigirin, and auxiliary to Kieff. He was a reactionary member of the second Duma, but was quite moderate in his views. He is expected to arrive in New York some time in September, where he will be received at the Russian Cathedral in 97th Street.

The Greek Catholic Bishop for America.—Bishop Soter, the first Greek Catholic bishop appointed by the Pope for America, arrived in New York City on the 27th of August, and was received by a large and enthusiastic delegation of the Greek clergy and laity. Bishop Soter, whose name in the world is Stephen Ortynski, was consecrated Bishop of Daulia (an ancient Greek see) on May 12th last in the Greek Cathedral of St. George the Martyr at Lemberg, Galicia, Austria. Bishop Soter will have charge of all the Ruthenians and Slavic peoples of the Greek Catholic rite in the United States who have hitherto lacked the ministrations of a bishop of their own rite.

Bar Harbor.—On August 11 the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, Bishop of Portland, blessed the cornerstone of a new church in Bar Harbor. Within a year the old frame structure, now hidden away where the road runs off Mt. Desert street, will be torn down, and the Catholics will have the handsomest structure in the place, on the finest part of the fashionable driveway. It will be the Church of Our Blessed Redeemer, not St. Sylvia's, as the old one was called. The new church will be of granite, and is very artistic in design. Its realization has been made possible by the energy and devotion of the pastor, the Rev. James D. O'Brien. The change of name is due to the desire of the Bishop to preserve the old Catholic traditions of the place. When the Jesuits founded their colony at Bar Harbor they called it St. Sauveur, a name which has been appropriated by the Episcopalians of the place, whose church is known as St. Savior's. The blessing of the cornerstone was a very notable event for that aristocratic settlement. It took place at the height of the season, and one or two thousand people must have been present, prompted by curiosity or piety. The Anglican pastor from across the way was conspicuous in the audience, and the houses and streets around were thronged with spectators or listeners. Although Bar Harbor is purposely made difficult of access, a great number of clergymen from

Maine and elsewhere took part in the ceremonies, and it was probably the first time that the natives ever saw the ritual carried out in all its beautiful details. The sermon was preached by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J.

Father Rasle.—Another notable event, not only for the people of Maine, but for the Catholics of the entire country, occurred on Thursday, August 22, at the grave of the illustrious Jesuit missionary, who was slain by the English in 1724. Father Rasle had labored for 26 years among the Abenakis of the Kennebec, or the Norridgewoks, as they were more properly called. Three successive military expeditions had been organized to destroy the Catholic village which had been formed there. Twice it was burned to the ground, but the Indians, with their priest, escaped. The third attempt was more successful, as the village was again burned, and Father Rasle and many of his people were killed. After the massacre some of the fugitives returned and buried their priest under the ruins of the altar. In 1833, Bishop Fenwick purchased the site of the chapel, paying $100 for a single acre. He erected a granite monument on the site of the chapel, but it was thrown down in the Know-Nothing excitement. It was again restored and has since that time been respected. Long exposure to the weather, however, had opened the seams and weakened the foundations. To prevent further damage, the Bishop of Portland instructed the Reverend John D. Kealy, who has charge of several of the adjoining missions, to undertake the work of repairing it. Though burdened with many other labors, Father Kealy, who was deeply interested in preserving the memory of Father Rasle, addressed himself to the task with great energy. The monument was raised three feet higher, and a solid concrete foundation placed beneath it. It involved considerable toil and expense, but everything was in readiness for the celebration, which had been fixed for August 22d, one day before the anniversary, which this year fell on Friday. A temporary chapel had been constructed in front of the monument on the very place where Father Rasle had been accustomed to celebrate Mass. At about 11 o'clock as many as eight or nine hundred people were on the ground, a gathering which is nothing less than extraordinary, as the grave is really in a clearing of the woods, about half way between the little towns of Norridgewok and Madison. Bangor is the nearest considerable city, and some hours of railroad traveling are required to reach the monument from there. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Vicar General, Rev. M. C. McDonough. The sermon was preached by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. After Mass the Bishop addressed the people both in French and English, and made the very gratifying announcement that the entire tract of the old Indian village, including in all 14 acres, had been recently purchased and would be soon consecrated as a diocesan cemetery, thus protecting the sacred spot forever from profanation. He also expressed the hope that the site of the monument would become a place of pilgrimage and that one day a spacious church would be erected there. As evidencing the widespread interest in the event, among Protestants as well as Catholics, the Maine Historical Society, of Portland, lent for the occasion the precious relics of Father Rasle, which are in its possession,

viz: the priest's strong box, in which he probably kept his chalice; the bell of the chapel, his crucifix and a small volume of Busembaum's Moral Theology. At the elevation, the old bell was rung, the first time for any such purpose in 150 years. The weather conditions were all that could be desired, and after the blessing of the monument the pilgrims withdrew. Previous to these ceremonies the Bishop had blessed the very beautiful little church which Father Kealy had erected in Madison, and afterwards confirmed about 100 children and adults. The procession of the children who were to receive the sacrament of confirmation, moving along the street leading from the priest's house to the church, and preceding the Bishop, wearing his cope and mitre and surrounded by his clergy, constituted, along with the solemn blessing of the church, a spectacle such as had never before been witnessed in that part of Maine.

THE PHILIPPINES.

The Political Parties.—A very capable Filipino, V. Albert, has been employed for months by the Bureau of Insular Affairs to prepare a report of the political conditions of the Islands for the information of the authorities at Washington. Among other things, he says: "There were at the beginning two parties, the Populars and Moderates, besides the Progresistas and the Independistas. The two first fused into the Unionistas, thus leaving three instead of four claimants for political preferment. Before the fusion, however, it must be noted the Independistas had subdivided into Radical, Popular and Moderate, but on April 29th of this year all three branches consolidated and took the name of Nacionalistas. This union, however, lasted only until June 2d, and a new split declared itself between those who declared for immediate independence and those who did not." At present, therefore, one would infer from what we have of the report that there are in the Philippines the Unionistas, the Progresistas, the Nacionalistas, with their two divergent groups of Immediatistas and non-Immediatistas. The writer, however, designates them as Progresistas, Nacionalistas, the Lukban faction which has no designation as yet, and the Independistas, those namely who refused consolidation with the Nacionalistas. He says that all this is very confusing and that although this political chaos is confined chiefly to Manila, yet he is "at a loss also in trying to report the political affiliation of the candidates from the provinces." Among the office seekers he notes Sr. Moreno, a lawyer working in the office of Judge Kincaid, and connected with some of the wealthiest families. Pablo Ocampo is a man formerly designated by the United States authorities as a "politico" and who had been exiled to Guam, but who has been a peaceful citizen since his return. Sr. Singson, one of the brightest law students of the University of St. Tomas and a favorite with the Insular Government, is another. The former Revolutionary President of Panay is also on the list, along with a newspaper man, a railroad magnate and a real estate dealer, and one classed as a property holder.

CANADA.

The First Pilgrimage to Martyrs' Hill, the Scene of the Martyrdom of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant.—The inauguration of pilgrimages to our Canadian Martyrs' Shrine took place on August 15th, the Feast of the Assumption. The director of the pilgrimages is the Rev. J. B. Nolin, S.J., in charge of the parish of Waubaushene, Ont., a village situated on the old Huron peninsula, about midway between Midland and Orillia, on Georgian Bay. This "bay" contains no less than 3,000 islands and is a favorite resort for tourists.

In May, 1902, the Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., accompanied by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., discovered the site of the martyrdom, on the summit of a hill in lot 4 of the VIIth Concession in Tay Township. Here, last spring, Fr. Nolin built a shrine in honor of the martyrs, much in the style of the shrine at Auriesville. It bears the name of "St. Ignatius of the Martyrs" in memory of the old Huron village of St. Ignatius, which formerly stood on this very spot.

The site is most picturesque. From the top of Martyrs' Hill, looking towards the north, may be had a superb view of Sturgeon Bay, while towards the east may be seen the beautiful valley of Sturgeon River.

On the morning of August 15th, about 8.30 o'clock, the main body of pilgrims left Waubaushene. At their head was the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto; the Rev. E. Lecompte, S.J., Provincial of the Jesuits; and about 30 others of the secular and regular clergy. The long line of carriages and pedestrians was a sight well worth seeing as they slowly wended their way towards Martyrs' Hill, praying and singing hymns. About 10 o'clock the procession arrived at the foot of the sacred hill, sanctified by the heroic labors, sufferings and death of the martyrs. Every heart was stirred by these holy memories, and gave expression to its emotion by fervent prayers to Almighty God and to His two faithful servants who had so nobly borne witness for the Faith.

When the ceremonies began there were present over 2,000 pilgrims. The greater part belonged to the neighboring counties. Several came from northern Ontario, and some from the shores of Lake Superior. Southern Ontario was also represented, as well as the Province of Quebec. The Rev. J. J. Elliot, a Presbyterian clergyman, and Mr. J. C. Brokwski, a well-known Protestant lawyer of Midland, were among those present.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, blessed the shrine. He was assisted by the Rev. Father Barello, P.P., of Midland, and the Rev. Father McRae, P.P., of Breckin. Then followed High Mass, sung by the Rev. Father Larne, S.J., assisted by the Rev. Father Désy, S.J., and the Rev. Father Bellemare, S.J., as Deacon and Subdeacon. At least 25 priests were present in the sanctuary. After the Gospel, the Rev. Father Moyna, P.P., of Orillia, preached in English. Many of the pilgrims received Holy Communion during the Mass, although it was now past noon.

One cure is reported. A man who had been a paralytic for five years back, and had to be carried by two men to the altar-railing, is said to have recovered the use of his limbs after receiving Holy Communion, and was able to get into his carriage unaided.

After Mass, His Grace warmly congratulated the pilgrims for having come in such large numbers, and expressed great satisfaction at seeing a shrine erected to the memory of our holy martyrs on the very spot where they had so nobly shed their blood. He also congratulated the Jesuit Fathers on the work they had undertaken, and predicted much good from it for the country. He then gave the Papal Benediction to all the pilgrims.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock there was a sermon in French by the Rev. Father Barello, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The numerous crowd then broke up slowly and reluctantly. The pilgrims went their several ways happy and satisfied. They had honored the martyrs, and henceforth they could count upon their powerful protection.

ITALY—ROME.

The Municipal Elections.—Catholics might have controlled the city's Common Council, but they missed their chance. The Socialists are in the saddle. At the first meeting of the Ediles or Aldermen there were wild disturbances. Attending to business was not on the programme, and hooting the Catholics and Moderates and hurrahing for the Socialists occupied the members almost exclusively. Sabbatini, who is the Socialist leader, came in for most of the applause. An attempt was made to elect a Mayor, a privilege left in the hands of the Council, but both sides were afraid to name a candidate, and so the meeting, which was in realty a riot, adjourned. If they fail three times the city will be governed by a Royal Commissary and new elections will be held next November. The usual moan is heard that "it is to be feared that for a few years to come the Eternal City will be at the mercy of the enemies of religion."

The Masons.—Some Catholics in Italy charge the Masons with being at the bottom of the disturbances in north Italy against the Salesians, who have been accused of crimes from which their Director General is going to claim vindication by the courts. At Mantua, Savona and Spezia riots broke out and some people were shot, even the priests being accused of using firearms, and churches were set fire to by the mob, but the Government promises to maintain order.

National Unity.—A cry is being raised by the press that in spite of all that has been done Italians on the whole are not enthusiastic Nationalists. The apathy in celebrating Garibaldi's birthday appears to furnish a reason for the alarm. While the press at home and abroad were lavishing extravagant eulogies on the hero the people looked on with unconcern, apparently verifying Lincoln's apothegm that "You cannot fool all the people all the time." Fopperti mourns over "the cold ingratitude with which the

people treat the memory of one of the greatest national heroes," and in the *Rassegna Nazionale,* an influential monthly of Florence, he grows hysterical over the neglect. He prophecies political dissension like that of France unless Italians mend their ways and stop saying that these manufactured heroes have already extracted extravagant payment for their services. All of Garibaldi's sons are generals and drawing big pay from the Government. The birthday, however, did not pass altogether unnoticed. The anarchists appropriated it. They not only stoned churches, but halted the government troops, endeavored to seize the regimental colors, hurled missiles at the Governor's palace, insulted the King and hooted the Mayor. The troops were under arms, and in Naples the cavalry had to clear the streets.

Japan and the Church.—The reception of the Ambassador Extraordinary Yasuya Uchida, who was sent by the Mikado to the Pope, recalls the great embassy which the early missionaries sent to Rome when Christianity was first planted in that country. A letter from the Emperor was read and His Holiness in reply expressed "his gratitude not only for the cordial reception given to his own envoy by the August Emperor, but also for the protection which he and his government had granted to the Catholic missionaries in his vast empire." The ambassadors were invited to the private apartments of the Pope and afterwards paid their respects to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val.

The Popular Fury.—The month has drawn to its close and there is no sign of an abatement of the excitement against the Church. Scandals of some alleged escaped nuns like Fumagalli and her tribe, the story manufactured by the hysterical boy Besson, or his abettors, with the salacious accounts which fill the columns of many of the Roman and other newspapers, have worked up the populace to fury; and anarchist and socialist agitators, who are said to be paid from abroad, are keeping up the excitement; priests are assaulted on the streets; churches are attacked, and in some cases set fire to; and even great ecclesiastical dignitaries are openly insulted and spat upon. Perosi was the victim of the latter outrage. Meantime the Government is either powerless or unwilling to put an end to the disorder. Its apathy or fear renders the appointment of a successor of Cardinal Svampa, the Archbishop of Bologna, who has just died, a matter of serious difficulty. No bishop can be appointed in Italy without leave of the King. It is apprehended that because of the impossibility of finding an incumbent sufficiently liberal to suit the views that are now prevalent, the See will remain vacant.

FRANCE.

Briand's Latest.—There was a vague hope at one time that Briand might develop into a Conservative. The little comedy he performed in the Chambers by gathering up his papers and flouncing out into the lobby like an angry child, was eagerly seized on as proof that there was a rupture between him and his chief. But they are still together, and the latest assurance of it is a little bill which he proposes for confiscating the 2,000 buildings which Catholics have erected since the Concordat was made. That alone is a fine handful, but there is more. He lays hold of all the homes for aged priests, all the

legacies for masses and other pious objects, unless an heir in the direct line appear, but the claim must be entered within three months after the passage of the bill. He does not even admit anyone else's claim to the books, manuscripts, works of art, tapestries, sacred vessels, reliquaries, etc. They all belong to the State. The bill has not passed yet. One can hardly conceive that it will be accepted by the deputies. But it will probably go through.

Suppression in the Colonies.—Perhaps our Protestant friends who have been thanking God for Clemenceau's drastic action in France will open their eyes when they read the news from Madagascar. There is a man there named Augagneur with whose patronymic the French press when he was in Paris used to find plenty of amusement. Augagneur is an atheist, so on his arrival he set to work to exterminate religion. Catholics were not surprised, but he denounces the Protestant missionaries there as foreigners. Out of 210, he says, there are only 31 French. "All the others, English, American and Norwegian, despise the French and regard them as immoral." Therefore, says the Governor, "the divine word made in England is not to go through the custom house." In order to do away with Catholic and Protestant alike, he has issued a decree which closes 2,000 schools and deprives 90,000 children of instruction.

The Wife's Property.—Thirteen years ago the Duchess d'Uzès and an associate began a fight to enable married French women to possess property over which the husband should have no control. Just before adjournment the Chambers passed the bill, and it is now a law. No doubt the grinding of the divorce mill spurred the activity of the legislators. In 1884, when divorces were legalized, there were 1,879. Last year there were 16,224. There are movements in the country tending to do away with the marriage ceremony altogether. All that shows the wisdom of urging such a law.

The Sillon.—The hopes based on this lay association, which was supposed to cut its furrow straight in the field of French social, economic, political and religious affairs, and which for that reason, we suppose, called itself the *Sillon,* looks at present as if it were not doing well. It is resenting all ecclesiastical advice and influence; there is a split between the older and the younger members, the slow-going and the rapid; some of the principles it involves have to be benignantly interpreted in order to be accepted, and its principal organ, *L'Eveil Democratique,* is sharply critcizing Catholics who are fighting for the Church on lines that differ from those adopted by the *Sillon.* Finally the Coadjutor Bishop of Cambrai is out with a letter to the heads of colleges to indicate the dangers to which the *Sillon's* principles may lead.

The Army.—A feeling of what looks at a distance to be something like consternation has been caused by the resignation of General Hagron, Vice-President of the Superior Council of War, and Commander Designate of the Army of the East. The old general refuses to be responsible for the army as at present organized. He is left with a phantom, not an army, he says. It is no sudden resolve. Picquart pleaded with him and so did Clemenceau.

His action is supported by the responsible part of the press who blame the deputies for pushing the Government to its present attitude so as to gain the good will and the votes of their constituents.

Casablanca.—The French have entered into possession of one town of Morocco. Already the other governments are commenting on the ferociousness of the methods adopted. Spain is coöperating with France, but beyond holding the one place that has been seized, nothing has been done, and the tribesmen outside seem to be fiercer than before. Small reinforcements are coming from France, but the uprising is so general and a "holy war" so imminent that peace seems impossible without permanent occupation. But as that will be in contravention of the treaty of Algeciras, which provided that the country should be merely policed, the whole world is awaiting the expression of Germany's sentiments upon the conduct of affairs. Rumors also come at the end of the month that the Spaniards and French are beginning to disagree, but that is officially denied.

ENGLAND.

More School Trouble.—The name Reginald McKenna has become a menace to Catholics. He was beaten fairly and squarely on his "ridiculous little bill," as he himself called it. It now looks as if he never intended it to pass. He is, or controls the Board of Education, and it has gone straight to the heart of things without the worry of political manipulation and publicity. One of the duties of this Board is to examine pupils who desire to enter the training schools for teachers. If the applicants pass, the Government pays a sum of money to any school which the successful candidate may select. Catholic training schools are on the eligible list, but the cunning McKenna is at hand to change that. He has issued a set of regulations which are to go into force immediately, according to which, in the first place, none of these training schools, even if they do not belong to the Government, can refuse any applicant; secondly, such schools can impose no religious practices on their pupils; thirdly, for the first offence, a subtraction of a hundred pounds from its subvention is imposed; fourthly, if there is a second breach of the regulations, the school will no longer be classed among the eligibles, viz., no successful scholar can choose it, and so it collapses. The working of the scheme is easy. Get a Jew or an Atheist or a Protestant to apply to a Catholic training school. According to McKenna's arrangements he has to be admitted. Then let him protest against the practices of piety, and in quick succession follow the fine and the closure. Thus having no trained teachers there can be no Catholic schools of any kind, and, lo! the work is done. It is a wonder no one thought of it before. It would be interesting to know McKenna's religious and social antecedents. Meantime the Conservatives are belaboring him. Balfour denounces one of his propositions as "grossly unjust and grossly unconstitutional," and points out that his training school scheme puts him in flat contradiction with his predecessor, Mr. Birrell. The Irish members, of course, are in the forefront of the fight against

the man with the Irish name and the bitter anti-Catholic heart. T. P. O'Connor said he felt inclined to say to the two English parties, "A plague on both your houses." He denounced McKenna as issuing a declaration of war, and pointed out that whereas the Church of England has subscribed for voluntary schools from 1863 to 1895 £508,000 out of a total of £4,563,000, the poor Irish—"my constituents are mostly dock laborers," said O'Connor, "subscribed almost as much—£409,834."

The Catholics Fight.—It is not proposed to let McKenna have his own way. Under the leadership of Archbishop Bourne and including such representatives as the Duke of Norfolk, Redmond, T. P. O'Connor, and others, a delegation started off, not to interview, but to warn Bannerman. The Archbishop read a very vehement protest stating their objections to McKenna's trick. It will be surprising to Catholics on this side of the water to hear that some of those training schools cost three or four hundred thousand dollars to build. These buildings, said the Archbishop, were erected under the sanction and with the approval of preceding Governments, as well as with the positive assurance that they never would be withdrawn from their present use. The Archbishop bluntly told the Premier that he could make up his mind that Catholics would not obey the regulations. O'Connor and Redmond also spoke. In reply Bannerman afforded an example of that patronizing manner of speech of which he and his kind seem to be hopelessly unconscious; first, that if Catholics took some Nonconformist pupils they would be getting something intellectually better than they now have, and socially better of course. He repeatedly said it would be a good thing for the broadening of the religious ideas of Catholics to have Protestant elements in their schools, and though met with frequent and forcible cries of no, no, he kept on repeating the same words. After giving an enigmatical answer to the petitioners he bowed them out. McKenna was present. Some English wag wants to know if the solution of the question is going to be by a *deus ex McKenna.*

The Anglicans Appeal.—While the Catholics were gathering their forces the Anglican bishops went to interview McKenna. The Archbishop of Canterbury meekly said: "According to your instructions we shall have to receive Jews if they apply." "Certainly," was the reply. "You can reject them only on *reasonable* grounds. Religious faith or social class will not be regarded as reasonable ground." So that our English Protestant prelates who resent being told by the Pope what is the doctrine of Christ, must listen meekly to a politician and be told what is *reasonable and what is not.* In this educational fight there is another conspicuous individual with a name as suspicious as McKenna's—Macnamara. He, too, is surprised that Catholics object to Nonconformists taking possession of Catholic schools, and thinks, as Bannerman does, that the papists will be improved intellectually and socially by such additions.

Home Sweat-Shops.—Some prominent writer is advocating a return to the old system of human slavery as desirable under present conditions. Of

course it is only a device to call attention to the condition of the English poor, which in some respects is worse than when men owned slaves. They own them now, but do not say so. An investigation is going on in the House of Commons and the honest men there must have shuddered when they heard that the average wage of women out-workers, that is those who do not work in the factories, was 4s. 6d. a week. The factory hands earned 7s. Cotton shirts were made for 6d. or 8d. a dozen. One woman, with six children and a sick husband, made 14s. in one week by working night and day. It was admitted that these poor people would be better off if they did not work at all, but depended on charity. Family life, of course, under such conditions, was out of the question. Such compensation given to workers easily explains how colossal fortunes are amassed and how socialism may appear reasonable.

Bowing to the Chair.—It is customary for the Speaker of the House of Commons to bow three times every day as he approaches his chair. What is the meaning of it? T. P. O'Connor says it is because, in old Catholic times, the Blessed Sacrament was kept above the Speaker's chair. The host, of course, is no longer there, but for three centuries the custom of bowing to the empty repository has been preserved.

IRELAND.

Irish Good-Behavior.—People with Irish blood will be very proud of the report that comes from Cork, especially now that English statesmen are discoursing eloquently upon Irish crime. Justice Johnson, opening the Cork assizes about the middle of July, called attention to the fact that there were only *two cases* to be tried—one for stealing postal orders, another for perjury. With the exception of these two there was no charge of a crime in Cork for that session. Yet Cork is a seaport with over 100,000 population. And yet we hear continually in Parliament of Irish crime. We do not know if the justice is a Catholic or not, but in addressing the jury he gave the credit of this marvellous condition to *the parochial schools.* "I believe myself it is due *entirely* to the hard work and honesty and self denial of those ladies and men who with a higher ideal of the Christian life devote their lives, by precept and example, to instruct those whom they teach and among whom they live." The judges of Limerick and Boyle announced similar conditions in those cities.

RUSSIA.

The Russia Church Council.—The Czar on April 25, 1907, approved and ratified the holding of an Extraordinary Council of the Russian Church and the order of business to be observed in it by a constitution in the following language:

1. The Council shall consist of bishops, clergy and laity.

2. Bishops of dioceses are bound to be present at the Council. Auxiliary bishops and retired bishops (*prebyvayushchie na pokoye*) will appear at the Council on summons from the Holy Synod.

3. Bishops of dioceses unable to appear at the Council on account of undergoing ecclesiastical penance will send to the Council their deputies with power to vote, chosen from the priesthood.

4. Clergy and laity summoned to the Council will participate in the deliberations on all conciliar questions and proceedings, but the decrees and decisions of the Council shall be drawn up and signed only by the bishops or their deputies.

5. For the preliminary examination of the questions to be presented to the Council private conferences will be arranged if the Council deems it necessary among its members, both bishops and clergy as well as laymen, who will submit their conclusions for the deliberation of the Council.

6. From each diocese, besides the bishop, there shall be two members of the Council—one from the clergy and one from the laity.

7. From the court and military clergy, besides the archpriests in charge of them and other clergy, there shall be two members at the Council—one from the clergy and one from the church-wardens (*ktitori*).

8. Elections for members of the Council from each diocese shall be held in parochial, decanal (*blagochinnicheskiya*) and diocesan conventions. At the parochial conventions representatives shall be chosen from the laity, one for each parish vestry (*pricht*). The clergy of a deanery, together with the parochial representatives, shall meet at the decanal meeting and elect from among themselves one clerical and one lay delegate to the diocesan electoral convention. The latter shall then elect from among its members three clergymen and three laymen, from whom the bishop of the diocese shall select one clergyman and one layman to attend the Council. The order of procedure in these elections will be laid down in special regulations made by the Holy Synod.

9. The following may also take part in the Council with the rights of members: Delegates from other Orthodox bodies, from monasteries, ecclesiastical academies and other church institutions, and likewise special individuals famed for their theological knowledge or love of the doctrinces of the church and generally for their devotion to the church, in the discretion of the Holy Synod.

10. The presiding member of the Holy Synod will be the president of the Council, and the two other metropolitans will be the vice-presidents.

11. For the transaction of the business of the Council the Holy Synod will provide a staff of secretaries from its working force in the synodal institutions to be subject to the president of the Council. Learned theologians and canonists may be summoned to take part in its labors.

12. The sessions of the Council ought to be public, but various sessions may be held in private if the Council deems it necessary, and the procedure to admit non-members to the latter will be defined by rules established by the Holy Synod.

13. The work of the Council will be published by the secretaries either in the form of short statements or by stenographic extracts.

14. Moscow has been chosen as the place for holding the Council. So far no date has been decided upon as to when the Council shall be convened.

THE READER.

The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Sienna. Translated by Algar Thorold. Benziger Bros., N. Y. $1.80 net.

The very excellent translator of the Dialogue, who gives us this volume, tells us that "St. Catherine had no style as such; she introduces a metaphor and forgets it; the sea, a vine, and a plough will often appear in the same sentence, sometimes in the same phrase." Why not? *Le style, c'est l' homme,* in this case *la femme.* It is St. Catherine with a charm all her own, a charm which the translator has unconsciously and perhaps unavoidably absorbed, not indeed in the mixing of metaphors, but in the grace and beauty of his language and thought. For he has given us his own thought, or many thoughts in a very delightful preface, some of which deserve quoting for their own sake and because they help us to understand St. Catherine. "It would be hard to say," he tells us, "whether the Age of the Saints, *le moyen age enorme et delicat,* has suffered more at the hands of friends or foes." (*Enorme et delicat,* is like Vanni's picture in the frontispiece.) "When the contempt of the eighteenth century for the subject, the result of that century's lack of historic imagination, was thawed by the somewhat rhetorical enthusiasm of Chateaubriand and of the enthusiasts beyond the Rhine, hostility gave way to an indiscriminating admiration. The shadows fell out of the picture; the medieval time became a golden age when heaven and earth visibly mingled; when Christian society reached the zenith of perfection, which constituted it a model for all succeeding ages. Then came the German professors with all the paraphernalia of scientific history, and looking through their instruments, we, who are not Germans, have come to take a more critical and perhaps a juster view of the matter."

"Religion was in those days a mental and social force which we, in spite of the petulant acerbity of modern theological controversies, have difficulty in realizing. The unanimity with which the Christian idea was accepted in those times made the saint a well-known type of human character, just as nowadays we have the millionaire or the philanthropist. He was often accepted as the bearer of a divine message, and not infrequently that message was one of warning or correction. It is narrated of the Blessed Colomba of Rieti, who though a simple peasant was called to the unusual vocation of preaching, that the Holy Office took alarm and brought her to Alexander VI for examination. When the saint found herself in his presence she was overcome with devotion at the sight of the Vicar of Christ, kissed the hem of his garment and fell into an ecstacy, during which she invoked the Divine judgment on the sins of Rodrigo Borgia. It was useless to try to stop her. The Pope heard her out, proclaimed her complete orthodoxy and set her free with every mark of reverence."

Thorold's "Life of St. Catherine," which he inserts in the preface, is very interesting, and the beauty of Sienna, where Catherine was born and lived, is of itself sufficient to make us love the saintly daughter of the humble dyer, and his wife Lapon, who, we are told, had twenty-three other children besides Catherine to look after. The wonderful child saw visions from her babyhood, and her playmates were the angels, who prepared her for the work she had to do, for she lived in the evil days when the Popes had left Rome for

Avignon. "The soul of St. Catherine's *gesta,*" says the writer, "expressed itself in a style so winning, so sweetly reasonable, as to make her the dearest of friends to all who had the privilege of intimate association with her and a permanent source of refreshment to the spirit." Even when a child her pet name was Euphrosyne, because of her grief-dispelling power. She was the very opposite of Savanarola, who was her contemporary and who tried to be a reformer and failed because of the asperity of his temper. It is her sweetness which makes Catherine's writings so persuasive, and which differentiates her from so many other mystics and ascetics, especially from those into whose hands devotional literature has fallen. They are not endowed with the higher spiritual faculties and it is not unfair to describe them as the *feuilletonists* of piety." St. Philip Neri used to say that in the matter of spiritual books we should prefer those written by a saint. In the *Dialogo* the translator tells us, and we must agree with him, "we have a great saint, one of the most extraordinary women who ever lived, treating in a manner so simple and familiar as at times to become colloquial, of the elements of practical Christianity. Passages occur frequently of lofty eloquence, and also of such literary perfection that this book is held by critics to be one of the classics of the age and land which produced Boccaccio and Petrarch." After such an encomium there is nothing left but to obey the voice: *tolle et lege.*

The Prince of the Apostles. By the Rev. Paul James Francis, editor of *The Lamp,* and the Rev. Spencer Jones. The Lamp Publishing Co., Garrison, N. Y.

A curious interest attaches to this book in that it is the work of two distinguished Anglican ministers who claim that their priestly orders are valid and that they are genuinely and truly Catholic. They prove in the most satisfactory way that the Pope is the successor of St. Peter and that England was separated from the Church by fraud and violence. The supremacy of Peter is set before the reader by proofs from the Scriptures, the testimony of the early councils, the attitude of the Eastern Church, the declarations of the Fathers, etc.; and all the objections are fairly and squarely met as one would find in Catholic theology. The "witness of the British Church" is particularly valuable, especially in dealing with the famous Grossetete, who used to be quoted as the representative of those who flouted the papal pretentions and was "the harbinger of the Protestant Reformation." The doughty bishop is shown to have been very outspoken indeed in his dealings with the Sovereign Pontiff, but at the same time a most ardent and loyal papist.

With regard to the separation of England from the Church, the writers say that "the account of the English Reformation so long current among Anglicans that the Church of England eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded by Henry to shake itself free from the usurpations of the Church of Rome and all its detestable enormities, has been so thoroughly discredited of late years by our best historians, both secular and ecclesiastical, that no man who has due regard for his reputation as a scholar will any more venture to uphold the old-time tradition about the blessed English Reformation. The substitution of the King for the Pope as Supreme Head of the Church of England, so far from being in any sense the free and willing act of the English clergy, was accomplished in the teeth of national opposition by sheer brutality of force coupled with political trickery and fraud." This changed

view of English historians is a proof, the writers think, that the work of Corporate Reunion with Rome is making headway.

To the objection that Rome has introduced new doctrines in the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception the answer is made by showing that the feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin was kept in the English Church prior to the Reformation, and that the infallibility of the Church is impossible unless its mouthpiece be so.

It is to be sincerely hoped that both of these devoted men will not wait for the dream of Corporate Union to be realized, but will soon, like so many of their clerical brethren, make their individual act of allegiance to the Prince of the Apostles.

The Finding of the Cross. By Louis de Combes. Benziger, New York.

This interesting book gives us a very careful study of the situation and character of the hill on which the crucifixion took place, the author reviewing as he passes the various opinions of the writers who have discussed the question. A critical study of the life of St. Helena, which enters naturally in the account of the "finding," shows us what was in the opinion of the author the real status of the great empress in relation to her husband. The writer does not accept the reality of the apparition of the blazing cross in the heavens above the heads of Constantine's soldiers. The addition of the cross to the emperor's standard is attributed rather to Helena's instructions than to a heavenly vison. Incidentally the popular impression that Constantine withdrew from Rome so as to rule over a non-pagan city on the shores of the Bosphorus, receives rather a rude shock by the information that he was compelled to leave Rome because he was hated by the populace, being regarded as a Nero for having put to death his son Crispus and his wife Fausta. The excavations on Calvary are very minutely described, and the various tests of the genuineness of the cross are carefully discussed. An appendix to the book deals with the other relics of the crucifixion. It is a book rather for the ecclesiastical student than the general reader and for that reason, of course, is the more valuable.

SCIENCE.

The Transmutation of Elements.—Two months ago we mentioned the newspaper rumor that Sir William Ramsay had succeeded in changing one element into another, and we also quoted Prof. Ramsay's denial. It appears now that coming events did cast their shadows before. At the last British Association meeting at Leicester there was a warm discussion regarding the nature of the atom, the electron physicists asserting that there is no such thing as matter, that matter is only a shape assumed by electricity, and the chemists holding to the permanent material little particle.

Lord Kelvin finished the discussion by declining absolutely to believe that matter is a form of motion and that it is composed merely of whirls of electricity. Then Sir William Ramsay announced what he embodied in a letter to *Nature,* July 18.

He referred to the spontaneous change of radium into helium noticed in 1903. Now, he states, if radium is in contact with water the gas produced is mainly neon; when a saturated solution of copper sulphate is substituted for water, argon and lithium are produced; that is, copper is changed into

lithium. A full account of this work will shortly be communicated to the Chemical Society.

Prof. Ostwald, of Leipzig, being interviewed regarding Ramsay's discovery of the transmutability of elements calls it "the greatest scientific achievement since the discovery of the practicability of applying the electric dynamo to mechanics." After describing the processes gone through, Ostwald added: "When I visited Sir William Ramsay in London he demonstrated to me that he could produce lithium from copper by the action on a solution of copper sulphate of the emanations of radium. Since then, as I have seen from the proofs of an article which Sir William is about to publish, he has not only confirmed the discovery, but has added to it." Ramsay and Ostwald are great names; their owners are cautious, accurate workers, so we must wait for further details before doubting.

New Steel Rails.—The railroads are charging many of their big accidents to the steel makers. Defective rails are said to be the cause of the trouble, and the cause of the defective rail, the remote cause, is hurry—a desire to do more than a certain amount of time will allow.

Nearly all our rails are made of Bessemer steel. This variety of steel is produced by running the molten pig-iron into huge fire-clay lined iron retorts called converters, and blowing air through the white-hot liquid, thereby oxidizing the carbon and other impurities and burning also a small portion of the iron which united with the silica to form slag. The fairly pure liquid iron is then recarburized by adding a known amount of carbon in some definite alloy.

The railroad chemists, especially Dr. Dudley, of the N. Y. Central, probably the best expert in his line, claim that after adding the iron-carbon alloy to the blown metal, operations are so hurried that the chemical reactions are not completed, slags, oxides and gases are retained instead of being eliminated, and consequently the rails are rolled from defective material.

Many of the big roads determined some time ago to place no more orders with the mills till some understanding had been arrived at. Now, we are told, the steel companies are urging the railroads to determine the kind of rail they want, and are showing themselves anxious to improve the manufacture. The Carnegie Company is spending $2,000,000 on their great rolling mill with a view to satisfy more completely the consumers' demand, and the people's demand, also, for a better rail.

Hydrolith.—Dr. Jaubert describes (*Scientific American,* Aug. 3) hydrolith, a new compound introduced by him for the simple preparation of hydrogen. This gas has long been made, on a large scale, for balloon filling, by the interaction of zinc or iron filings on hydrochloric or sulphuric acid. This method is inconvenient, especially if the materials have to be transported from place to place.

Hydrogen is produced from hydrolith, the hydrogen stone, by merely throwing the new substance into water; hydrogen is rapidly evolved just as acetylene is from wet calcium carbide. Hydrolith is made by exposing metallic calcium to a current of hydrogen in horizontal retorts at a moderately high temperature. The metal calcium, a short time ago quite a rare thing in the market, is now produced in commercial quantities by electrolysis of fused calcium chloride.

Chemically pure hydrolith forms a white crystalline mass for which there

is no known solvent; its density is 1.7. When this white substance (95.24 per cent. calcium and 4.76 per cent. hydrogen) is added to water hydrogen is freely given off and slaked lime remains behind. One pound of the commercial substance produces about 16 cubic feet of gas.

A Twenty-five Knot Steamship.—The Cunard line is in a fair way to regain the blue ribbon of the sea from the great German companies. The Lusitania, the first of the two new Cunarders, passed her trial trip with great success a few weeks ago.

This giant liner (*Scientific American*, Aug. 10) measures 790 ft. in length, more than one-seventh of a mile; 88 ft. beam, and 100 ft. through from keel to the top of the pilot house. At full draught, 37½ ft., she displaces 45,000 tons; she will accommodate 2,200 passengers and a crew of 800.

Her designed horse-power is 70,000, but it is expected to run 10,000 higher. This power is developed by turbine engines and transmitted to four shafts, two high pressure and two low pressure, with a coal consumption of 1,100 tons a day. Though of enormous size her appearance is most graceful, and by reason of 175 separate water-tight compartments in the hull she is said to be unsinkable by any ordinary disaster.

Her speed is as remarkable as her other characteristics, for during a 48-hour continuous run she maintained a 25¼ knot gait; that is, nearly 29 statute miles an hour.

Prof. Newcomb's Opinion of Mars.—Despite the fact that Dr. Todd's camera has shown some apparent artificial regularity in the so-called Martian canals, Prof. Newcomb, whose statements every astronomer will respect, declares himself against the habitability of the planet. As a special lecturer during the present summer session of the university, Berkeley, Cal., he said that the laws of heat and the theories of the atmosphere made all reasoning about the presence of man on Mars very imprudent. "My conclusion in regard to this, he said, is a general one, based on the theory that not one of the 10,000 worlds of the solar system has sufficient heat to allow life."

Condensed Milk.—Farmers' bulletin No. 74, issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, tells us that "the value of milk for nourishment is not as well understood as it should be. Many people think of it as a beverage rather than as a food."

As a food, according to modern investigators, cow's milk holds a place intermediate between cereal and strictly animal foods. One very important constituent, probably the most important, is fat, which in normal milk varies from three to even seven per cent. In this country it has been decided that the so-called "standard milk" should contain not less than three and a quarter per cent. of fat.

Ordinary milk is extremely sensitive to the action of many micro-organisms, and can act as a carrier of infection. Some of these organisms produce souring and like "milk diseases," while others flourish in the fluid and transfer their toxic action to the unthinking consumer.

Many efforts have been made to cause milk "to keep." In a former issue we described dried-milk, a white powder requiring the addition of a fixed quantity of hot water to be ready for use. It is convenient, but its taste is injured by the high temperature of preparation. If milk is heated to

boiling, about 100° C, most of the organisms are destroyed, and the milk is called *sterilized;* the flavor is decidedly affected. If, however the milk is heated, for twenty minutes, only to 75° C, (167° F) the milk is called pasteurized (after Pasteur); its flavor is not appreciably changed, while its keeping qualities are somewhat improved.

Neither sterilized nor pasteurized milk will "hold out" for more than one or two days under ordinary circumstances. There are two kinds of prepared milk, however, which are more stable; one, evaporated milk, reduced in vacuum pans, preserved by sterilization only without the use of sugar, and hermetically sealed in cans, will keep good for an indefinite period as long as the can remains unopened, after which it is subject to the same changes as fresh milk or cream. Borden's Peerless Brand undoubtedly is the standard in this class of goods. The other is condensed milk, the best known brand, with a high reputation gained during long years before the public, being Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

This preparation, which will keep for a very long time, is reduced at a temperature lower than 100° C, in vacuum pans, mixed with cane sugar and sealed in tins. The loss in bulk is about two-thirds, the flavor is not affected, and according to Dr. Hutchison, of the Hospital for Sick Children, London, England, this condensed milk is more easily digested than ordinary cow's milk. These qualities make this prepared food a necessity for camping parties, explorers and the traveller, who carries his own supplies, and make it almost a necessity even in large cities where it is frequently nearly impossible for the poorer classes to procure reliable fresh milk for infants.

The credit for this boon to human kind is due to Gail Borden, a patient, persistent worker, who looked into the future. Born in New York State in 1801, he appeared as a surveyor in Texas in 1827. In 1839 he was appointed first collector of the port of Galveston, when Texas was a republic, and Houston its governor. Most probably the need of good food, lasting and nourishing food, came home to the young surveyor during his professional wanderings. At any rate, he devised his *meat-biscuit,* a compound of meat extract and bread, an invention which gained him a medal at the first World's Exhibition, London, 1851, and also election as honorary member of the London Society of Arts. The meat-biscuit was not a financial success; it came too soon.

Borden returned to the United States and began his experiments on the condensing of milk. Probably he did not have the scientific knowledge of a present-day worker, but he possessed all the instincts of a careful, studious experimenter. He knew that to make an honest food product from milk the essentials were healthy cows, a scrupulously clean dairy, fresh, rich milk, rapid evaporation at a low heat, and protection from air. This doesn't sound difficult, but it was only in 1853 that he applied for his first patent. This was refused for a very strange reason; in 1856 he applied again and successfully. Four or five more patents followed, and Borden's Condensed Milk, patriotically called the Eagle brand, was a success.

The growth of the manufacture may be conjectured when we hear that 500,000,000 pounds of milk are condensed every year in the United States. The Borden firm produces most of this enormous amount, using the milk of 100,000 cows in 90 factories and receiving stations scattered through 10 states.

ART.

The Late Joseph Sibbel.

Archbishop Glennon has begun work on the great cathedral planned to adorn his metropolitan city of St. Louis. Farther West, His Grace of St. Paul, is actively preparing the details of a like magnificent temple. From a number of other centres of progressive Catholicity are current reports of new structures either projected or in course of construction. A glance at the specifications shows how much our critical taste has advanced, not only in regard to architectural outlines, but in the direction of the supplementary ornamentation as well. In this respect sincere regret must be felt at the loss occasioned to Catholic art by the recent death of Mr. Joseph Sibbel, the sculptor, of New York, whose work is so much admired in the new Cathedral of St. Paul, at Pittsburg, opened last October, and in many other churches and public buildings.

Up to a very recent date religious sculpture was reduced to a mere trade, in which quantity, not quality, was the prevailing consideration. There was a stereotyped treatment of sacred personages and subjects, with results machine-made and lacking character. Mr. Joseph Sibbel, however, with the instinct of the true artist, refused to bow to this ever-prevalent spirit of commercialism and showed himself a man with original ideas and courage enough to break through the conventionalism of his craft. Consistently adhering to this principle, he had before his all too early death established for himself the highest reputation as a classical exponent of ecclesiastical art in this country, and he has left to his son, Armin, who continues his work, a rich legacy of models and conceptions.

Our readers are familiar with the statues of Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., Catherine Tegawitha "The Lily of the Mohawks," and Sts. Turibius and Rose of Lima which Mr. Sibbel made for the seminary at Dunwoodie. He was most happy and successful in his conception and admirable representation of these great models of Christian virtue. The same may be said for the statue of St. Patrick at the New York Cathedral. It showed that he could produce something of a distinctive quality and adequately supply genuine artistic demands. There is further evidence of this in the seventeen statues, carved from Indiana limestone, on the outside walls, and the eight figures in composition that adorn the interior of the new cathedral at Pittsburg. In these representations of the great heroes of Christianity, the sculptor abolished all conventional forms and aimed to portray historical life-like characters, true in every detail to the traditions and customs of their times. Fine marble groups for the altars of St. Cecilia's and St. Augustine's churches, Brooklyn, also show the grace and refinement he put into his work. His bronze Stations of the Cross, at the Pittsburg Cathedral, alto relievos, each figure embodying a typical character distinctly clear in action and expression; the St. John Nepomuk at Williamsport, Pa.; the St. George, at Dayton, Ohio, and a score or more of others, all showing his superiority in originality of conception and excellence of workmanship, make an effective contrast to the conventional commonplace we had become accustmed to in our churches, and present an inspiring lesson to those who would emulate his success.

THE NEW YO
PUBLIC

CARDINAL POLE.

BL. MARGARET OF SALISBURY,
MARTYRED 27 MAY, 1541.
MOTHER OF CARDINAL POLE.

THE MESSENGER

VOL. XLVIII OCTOBER, 1907. NO. 4

A RUINED CASTLE BY THE SEA.

IT was the writer's lot, two years ago, after enduring the ordeal of a severe surgical operation, to spend the days of convalescence amid the sea-breezes of Hayling Island. This little island, now known to fame chiefly by it golf-links, is closely attached to the coast of Hampshire, where that county borders on Sussex. It is four miles long, and contains some ten square miles. It is connected with the mainland by a swing-bridge, erected in 1824, and by a railway bridge, and boasts of two interesting old churches, and the ruins of a Priory, which was a dependency of the famous Norman Abbey of Jumièges.

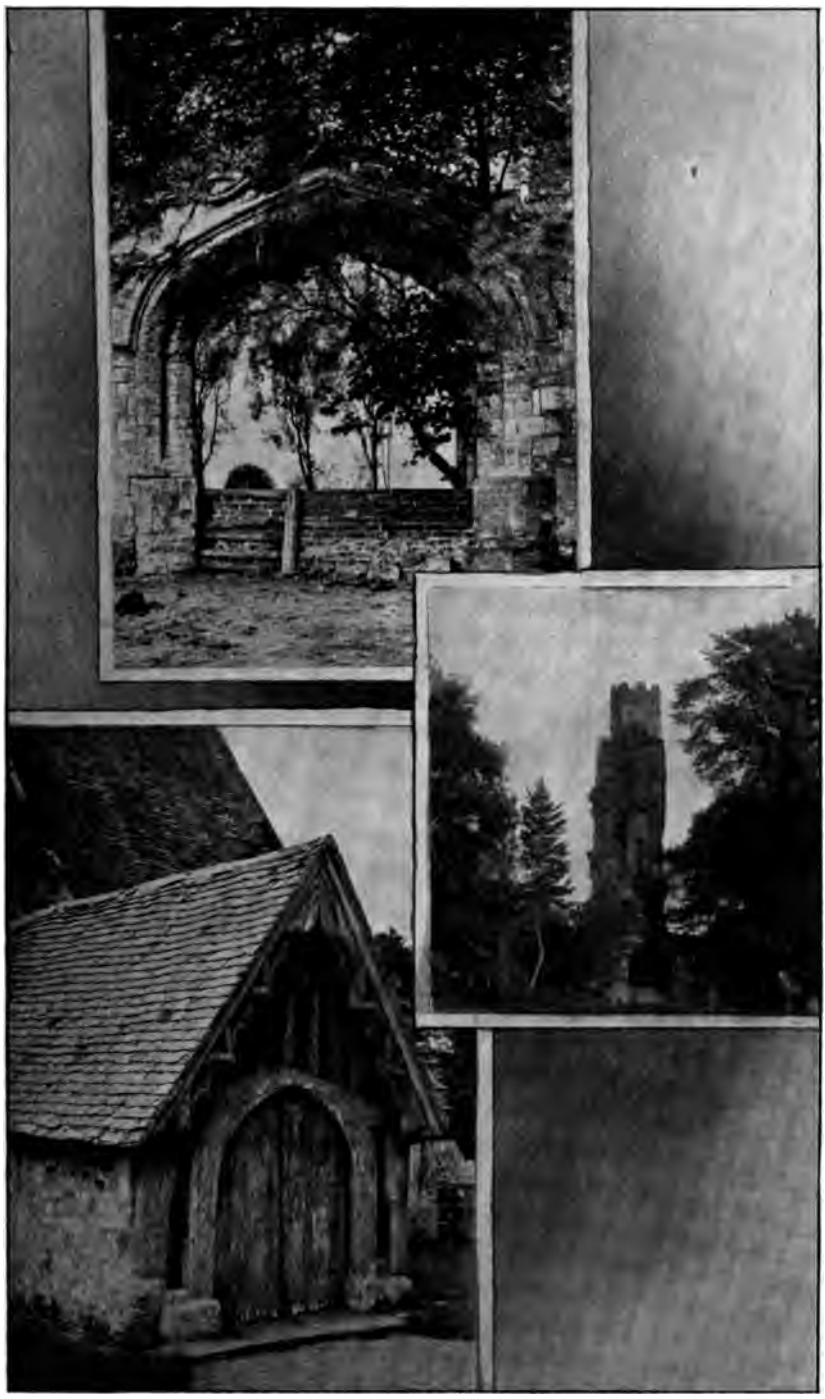
At first, it was sufficient happiness just to lie upon the sands and listen to the countless sky-larks which filled the air almost continuously with their thrilling notes of joyous melody. And when the sun's rays shone down too hotly on the beach, one could always seek refuge in the garden under the cool, dark shade of the ilex trees, which spread their sombre branches almost to the edges of the shore.

But as bodily strength returned, the archæological instincts of the pilgrim revived also, and in the cool of the day many an interesting expedition was made to the relics of Christian antiquity, which abound in the neighborhood. And thus after due homage had been paid to St. Richard of Chichester and his Cathedral shrine, and the pilgrim had stood where Harold knelt in the Saxon Church of Bosham before the coming of the Conqueror, and gazed upon the stone that covered the grave of the little daughter of Canute, there came a day when he went to seek one of those forgotten shrines, which are dearest to his heart, and to muse among the ruins of the once stately castle, where a royal martyr lived, a castle that was for some

two centuries a fortress of the old religion, an outpost of the persecuted faith.

Crossing the bridge on to the mainland one bright June day, a walk along the water-side, under great trees of chestnut and beech, brought us in half an hour to Warblington. Unfortunately the tide was low at the time, and the prospect seawards was marred by long stretches of mud-flats, whose odor was even less pleasant than their aspect. But when the tide is in, the view must be fair enough, with Thorney Island in the foreground, and out far beyond the long, low promontory of Selsea Bill, which recalls so vividly the memory of St. Wilfrid, the great apostle of Sussex. Before us, on the very edge of the creek, the spire of Bosham gleamed, while further inland the taller spire of Chichester rose stately in the blue distance. For Warblington lies on the border line between Hampshire and Sussex.

We turn inland across a field or two, shadowed by gigantic elms, and soon find ourselves at the little church, which stood here when the great Norman compiled Domesday Book, and which in the days of his Plantagenet descendants was re-dedicated in memory of "the holy blissful martyr," St. Thomas of Canterbury. A most charming little church it is, itself a whole epitome of English history. Its central tower has three stages, the lowest Saxon, the next Norman, and the third Early English of the thirteenth century. In this last period the church was rebuilt, and within we still find the south arcade with delicate clustered shafts of Purbeck marble, which was built in the days of the third Henry. In the reign of his warlike son, Edward Longshanks, other additions were made, and of the fourteenth century are also the two recumbent effigies of noble ladies that lie in the nave. On the north side of the chancel is what is probably an anchorage, where once an anchoret lived enclosed, a little low building, which has a low window or squint opening on to the High Altar, so that the solitary could ever see from his cell the Blessed Sacrament hanging in its veiled pyx above the altar, and at the saying of the Mass could, in the beautiful old words of our forefathers, "see and adore his Maker." How vividly these little out-of-the-way country churches bring back to us the days of long ago! And yet how difficult it is to realize fully a time when English men and women were found ready, all over the country, to devote themselves to a life of such absolute self-abnegation, such a death in life, as that of the anchoret walled up in his narrow cell. Well might the Bishop read the funeral service, as he blessed the as-



THE GREAT GATEWAY OF WARBLINGTON CASTLE.

WARBLINGTON CASTLE.

WARBLINGTON CHURCH, NORTH PORCH.

pirant to so extraordinary a life, and enclosed him in the tiny chamber which he was never more to leave! But the peculiar glory of this church is not within. It consists in the extraordinarily fine north porch with timber front of fourteenth century date. The massive oaken timbers could hardly be matched nowadays; such trees are rarely found in England in our degenerate time. The porch was an important part of the church in mediæval days. Here the first portions of the Sacraments of Baptism and Matrimony were celebrated, and here women knelt to be churched.

The churchyard is shadowed by grand old yew trees, one of which has a circumference of 26 feet, and must be of extraordinary age. Another feature of this pretty churchyard was new to us. At either gate we found a small low building the use of which was very hard to understand. We were told that they were built for watchers at the time when hired miscreants, called "Resurrectionists," used to come at night and violate the new-made graves in order to carry off the corpses and sell them to the surgeons for purposes of dissection. It seemed strange that this hideous trade should have been so prevalent in this secluded spot, that it was necessary to have nightly watchers to secure the sanctity of God's acre, but its vicinity to the sea may be the explanation, for it would be easy thus to carry off bodies to sell at Portsmouth.

As we stood in the porch of this little sanctuary of St. Thomas the Martyr, we looked across the churchyard northward to where a lofty ruined tower raised its battlemented crest amid the trees.

This indeed, rather than the church, was the sanctuary we had come to seek, for this, and one great gateway close by, is alas! all that remains of the once famous Castle of Warblington. And Warblington Castle must be ever dear to the Catholic pilgrim for the sake of the great lady who made it her home, and was torn from its peaceful shelter to witness for Christ in prison and on the scaffold. For Warblington was the favorite home of Blessed Margaret Pole, then the last surviving member of the royal house of Plantagenet, the great-granddaughter of Edward III.

This is what makes the beautiful porch and the little church so profoundly interesting, for though the castle had its own chapel, doubtless on Sundays and feast days Blessed Margaret would be careful to assist at the Parish Mass, and here at Easter time she would come to kneel beside the poor and humble at the Table of the Lord, and be fortified with the Bread of the Strong.

A modern house, built by a worthy alderman of Portsmouth, occupies part of the site of the martyr's castle, and still contains traces of the older building, and we were kindly given permission to inspect and photograph the ruins. The illustrations will give a better idea of them than any word-painting of mine could do. It is still possible, though somewhat risky, to mount to the summit of the ruined tower, the base of which is used as a stable, and which is the haunt of innumerable pigeons. It now stands a solitary beacon to proclaim the glories of the past. This tower is one of the four which formerly stood at the angles of the castle. The building, which dates from the end of the fifteenth century, was in good order until 1633, but was dismantled in the time of the Commonwealth.

Part of the moat still remains, but the great gateway is shorn of drawbridge and portcullis. An ancient local history thus describes the old castle:

"The walls are stone and of great thickness, but those of the tower and gateway are faced only with stone, the inside being of brick. A deep moat and corresponding fosse surround the ancient site on three sides, but on the fourth the earth has been levelled. Ivy clings to the mantles and shattered turret, and the arches of the porch are festooned with it. The foliage of the elm and of the ash is to be seen through the ruined casements, and though desolation has completed her work, yet the hand of nature has been busy to compensate for the wanton destruction apparent at every step.

"The building originally formed a quadrangle, surrounded on every side by a moat 30 feet wide and 10 feet deep, fronting the west, with an entrance under an arched gateway flanked by turrets, a porter's lodge to the south, and an armory to the north.

"The southern side of the quadrangle comprised the chapel, 42 feet by 32 feet, and the great hall, 58 feet by 32 feet, communicating at one end with a small cellar, and at the other with the buttery, kitchen and brewery. The state apartments occupied the northern side, with a fair gallery and sleeping rooms above. The interior was of brick, faced with stone, brought from the Isle of Wight, or from Caen in Normandy. A very particular description of the building, when perfect, is to be found in a survey of the Manor of Warblington taken in the eighth Charles I (1632), by William Luffe, general surveyor to the right worshipful Richard Cotton, Esq., the lord of the manor, and by his command."

From this we learn that the court was 200 feet in length and in

breadth, and that the four towers were covered with lead. "There is a fair green court before the gate, containing two acres of land, and near to the said place, a grove of trees containing two acres of land, two orchards, and two little meadow-plots containing eight acres, and a fair fish-pond near the said place," and so on.

The Blessed Margaret Pole was, it will be remembered, the daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, who was murdered by his brother, Edward IV, having been, according to popular report, drowned in a butt of his favorite wine. The son of "murdered Clarence," her only brother, Edward, Earl of Warwick, the true heir to the throne, was legally murdered on this account by the jealous Henry VII. Queen Catharine, of Arragon, used to believe that the sorrows which afflicted her in later years were a judgment of God for, as she said, her marriage had been "made in blood," the blood of this innocent, whose only crime was his right to the throne. She believed that her father, King Ferdinand, had refused to give her in marriage to the Prince of Wales, as long as a male heir of the house of York was living. Queen Catharine lavished her affection on the victim's sister, for looking upon herself as the innocent cause of the Earl of Warwick's death, she was anxious to make her every reparation in her power. She made her godmother and "Lady Governess" to her infant daughter, Princess Mary. In 1513 she was permitted to succeed to her brother's vast estates, and was granted the title of Countess of Salisbury. Her property chiefly lay in Hampshire, Wiltshire and Essex, and she seems to have preferred the first of these counties. It was at Christ Church Priory that she prepared the magnificent chantry in which she wished to be buried, and at Warblington, at the opposite extremity of the county, she made the home of her old age, when the fickle cruelty of Henry VIII had driven her, like her royal mistress, from the Court, and his wicked persecution of her family had accumulated sorrow upon sorrow on her gray head.

She was the bravest and most constant of women, as her most bitter enemies freely admitted, truly a *mulier fortis*. When the time came that everyone in England was obliged to take a side, Margaret of Salisbury clung to the hapless Catharine's cause, and took the place of the poor mother as guardian of her daughter, Princess Mary. But even this was not long permitted. In February, 1534, the royal commissioners descended upon the Princess' peaceful retreat, at New Hall in Essex, and tore her from the arms of her

ARMS OF HENRY VIII, NOW IN NEW HALL CHAPEL.

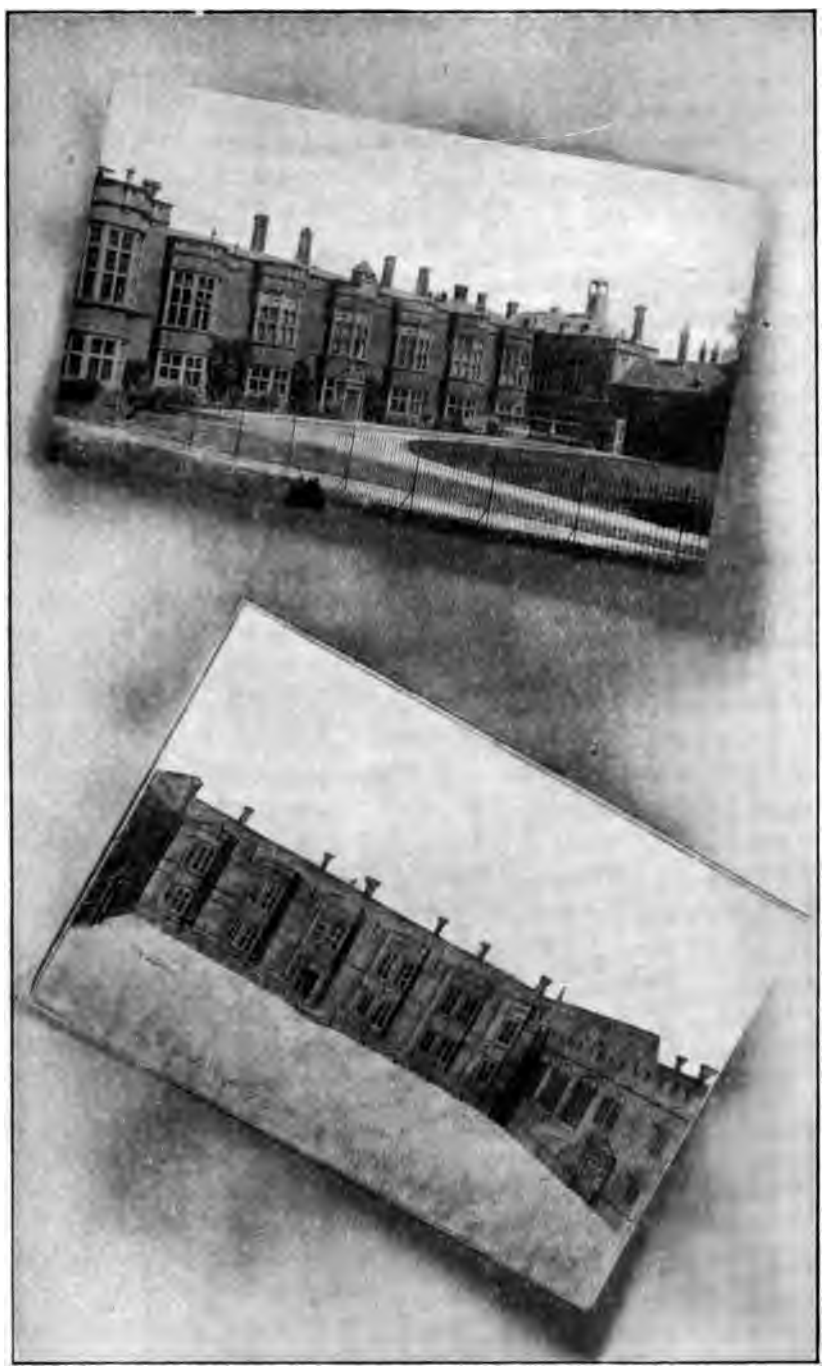
WELSH DRAGON OF THE TUDORS—NEW HALL.

ENTRANCE TO CHAPEL—ARMS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

venerable relative. This was a blow more bitter than the mere deprivation of rank or titles, for thus the Princess lost for the second time a mother's care. It was as great a sorrow to the Countess. The Spanish Ambassador wrote to the Emperor that the Lady Governess, "a lady of virtue and honor, if there be one in England, has offered to follow and serve her at her own expense. But it was out of the question that this would be accepted, for in that case they would have had no power over the Princess."

The whirligig of time brings strange revenges. New Hall, which witnessed this sad and final parting, is now a convent, the English home of the Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre. The ancient presence-chamber is now the conventual chapel, and the altar occupies the place where once was the royal dais. On the wall opposite the entrance may be seen a splendid achievement of the arms of King Henry VIII, carved in stone and richly colored, which is said originally to have adorned the great gateway tower. And outside, above the entrance to the chapel, is another coat of arms, that of Mary's triumphant rival, Queen Elizabeth, with a fulsome Italian description calling her the most shining star in heaven and on earth, the most beauteous, the most learned, and the most virtuous of Virgins and of Queens! But with a most happy instinct, the good nuns have placed just above this, a large statue of our Blessed Lady, so that the words now seem to refer rather to the Queen of Heaven, than to the apostate daughter of Henry VIII. Thanks to the kindness of the good Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre, who now preserve with loving care the once royal mansion, I am able to give some views of the convent-palace, where once Princess Mary and her faithful guardian spent days of comparative peace and happiness, before the tragedy of their separation.

Henry VIII had purchased it in 1517, and was so charmed with it that he gave it the name of Beaulieu, which it did not long retain. The noble gatehouse which he built, as well as the Great Hall and the old chapel, have long since disappeared. What remains is indeed but one side of the great quadrangle. It was here that, after the dispersal of her household, the unhappy Princess Mary still continued to live, save for a time when at the height of Anne Boleyn's power, she was actually sent to Hunsdon to act as attendant on the favorite's infant daughter, Elizabeth. After Anne's execution, she regained possession of New Hall, and lived there quietly until 1553, the year of her accession to the throne. She had much to suffer



NEW HALL—ESSEX.

NEW HALL IN THE TIME OF BLESSED MARGARET.

during the reign of her young brother, Edward VI, because of her refusal to give up having Mass celebrated publicly in her chapel. Here, too, we know she had the Blessed Sacrament reserved all through the worst days of Protestant ascendancy.

The illustrations show the entrance to the present chapel, and Elizabeth's arms with the inscription

En terra più savia Regina. En Cielo la più lucente Stella
Vergine Magnanima, Dotta, Divina, Leggiadra, Honesta e Bella.

and in the general view of the façade, we see the same doorway, with the statue of our Lady above the coat of arms. The trophy of armor round the escutcheon of Henry VIII is of later and much inferior workmanship to the shield itself. The curious stone dragon, now in the park, formerly stood on the gates erected by Henry VIII. It represents the red dragon of the Princes of Wales.

But we must leave New Hall with its once magnificent avenues of lime trees, and follow our royal martyr to her retirement at Warblington. Blow after blow fell upon her, for she had earned the resentment of the most cruel and relentless of tyrants. Her fidelity to the Queen and the Princess was not her only offense; she was also the mother of Reginald Cardinal Pole, who in his book, *De unitate ecclesiae,* had dared to denounce the king's iniquities in vigorous terms, and had added to his crimes by persisting in remaining safely abroad, and by politely but firmly refusing to return and put himself into the power of the infuriated monarch. Attempts were made to procure his assassination in Italy, but when these also failed, vengeance fell heavy on the innocent heads of the Cardinal's family. Cromwell openly avowed this: "These that have little offended (saving that he is of their kin), should feel what it is to have such a traitor for their kinsman." Lord Montague, the Cardinal's brother, was arrested and executed for having sought absolution from the Holy See for having taken the oath of supremacy. The King told the French Ambassador that he intended to exterminate the whole family. Sir Edmund Neville, Lady Montague's brother, the Marquis of Exeter, grandson of Edward IV, and Sir Nicholas Carew, were all barbarously executed. The King did not even spare little children. Edward Courtenay, the little son of Lord Essex, and Henry Pole, the child of Lord Montague, were thrown into the Tower by this "Western Turk." The pathetic inscriptions carved by these children on the walls of their dungeons may still be seen.

We can imagine the grief inflicted on the Lady of Warblington by the murder of her son and her other relatives. But this was not enough to satisfy Henry's vengeance. It might have seemed impossible to touch this venerable lady herself. She was venerable for her age, she was a royal princess, she was revered for her virtues; in earlier days the King himself had honored her and had been wont to say "that the kingdom did not contain a nobler woman." But her destruction was now decreed, or to put it better, she was now to earn the crown and palm of martyrdom. The king commissioned Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, and Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, to arrest her at Warblington. They arrived there on the 12th of November, 1538, ten days after the apprehension of her sons. We can imagine the confusion into which the castle was thrown by this sudden and ominous arrival.

But the King's agents could neither frighten nor entrap the brave lady of the castle into any admission of guilt: though as they reported to Cromwell next day they had "travailed with her all day, both before and after noon, till almost night." "Surely," they protested, "we suppose that there hath not been seen or heard of a woman so earnest, so man-like in continuance, and so precise as well in gesture as in words, that wonder is to behold."

But they continue, "Now that we have seized her goods, and given her notice that the King's pleasure is she shall go, she seemeth thereat to be somewhat appalled. And therefore we deem that it may be so, she will then utter somewhat when she is removed. This we intend shall be to-morrow, so that we have caused inventories to be made of her said goods, and of such things as may be easily carried as plate, etc., and our purpose is to take them with us."

They accordingly carried off the venerable lady to Cowdray Park, near Midhurst, where again they pestered her with their cross-examination, but still to no purpose. No trace or shadow of treason could be found in her; she was evidently perfectly innocent of any crime. "We assure your lordship," the agents wrote to Cromwell, "that we have dealt with such a one as men have not dealt before with. We may call her rather a strong and constant man than a woman." However, the searchers left at Warblington had sent "certain bulls granted by a Bishop of Rome," found in one of the rooms, and this was sufficient in those days to condemn the most saintly.

Meanwhile the martyr was left some months at Cowdray, where

she was subjected to the grossest indignities by her unmannerly gaoler. During her imprisonment there her rooms and trunks were searched more than once, and in one of her coffers was found an embroidered vestment, which was to play a prominent part in the final tragedy. This was a tunicle of white silk on which were embroidered the Five Wounds of Christ and other instruments of His Passion.

This the King pretended to believe connected the Countess with the Pilgrimage of Grace, in which the Catholics of the north country had risen "for God, Our Lady, and the Catholic Faith," under the banner of the Five Wounds. It was also stated in Parliament that bulls from the Pope were found in her house, that she kept up correspondence with her son, the Cardinal, and that she forbade her tenants to have the New Testament in English or any other of the books that had been published by the King's authority."

On such evidence as this a bill of attainder was passed through the House of Lords in two days, the accused having no opportunity of defense, and no witnesses being examined! The Commons were equally ready to gratify the King's thirst for blood, and the attainder was finally passed the 28th of June, 1539, and on this day the Countess was removed from Cowdray to the gloomy dungeons of the Tower. Here she lingered for nearly two years, "tormented by the severity of the weather and the insufficiency of her clothing." At last, quite suddenly as it seems, her martyrdom was decided on. Early in the morning of May 27, 1541, she was led out to die. She could hardly believe the news at first, and protested that no crime had ever been imputed to her, but soon, resigning herself to the divine will, she walked with a firm step to the place of execution, on East Smithfield Green, within the precincts of the Tower. Here she devoutly commended her soul to God, and begged the spectators to pray for the King and the royal family. She desired to be commended to them all, but especially to her beloved god-child, Princess Mary, to whom she sent her last blessing.

She was then commanded to make haste and lay her head upon the block, which she did.

The regular executioner being busy in the north, "a wretched and blundering youth had been chosen to take his place, who literally hacked her head and shoulders to pieces in the most pitiful manner." Her last words were: "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice sake."

CHRIST CHURCH PRIORY.

Thus was consummated a piece of iniquity which it would be difficult to match in the annals of this country, even in those of this blood-stained period. And thus ended the kingly race of Plantagenet, winning in its death-throes a glory more brilliant than that of earth. For this noble victim of unnatural and savage tyranny entwined the golden boughs of the *planta genista* with the palm-branches of martyrdom.

"Hitherto," said her son the Cardinal, when the cruel news was brought to him, "Hitherto I have thought myself indebted to the divine goodness for having received my birth from one of the most noble and virtuous women in England; but from henceforward my obligation will be much greater, for I understand that I am now the son of a martyr. May God's will be done, and may He in all events be thanked and praised."

In meditating on these facts amid the ruins of Warblington, our thoughts flew swiftly across Hampshire to the western limit of the country, where it borders on Dorsetshire. There, wedged in between the estuaries of the Avon and the Stour, hard by the sea, rises the little town of Twyneham, encircling its Norman castle and its stately Priory Church. So important indeed was the Priory, that its name eventually gained the mastery over the old name of the borough, and now to all the world Twyneham is known as Christ Church. This is no place to describe the glories of that magnificent church with its splendid Norman nave and fifteenth century choir, its mediæval reredos and rood-loft, its Lady-chapel, which still retains its ancient altar, and its quaintly carved choir-stalls where once the Austin Canons sang God's praises night and day. But here, amid a group of glorious chantries, stands out one preeminent in beauty, the chantry-chapel erected by the Blessed Margaret Plantagenet as her chosen place of sepulture. Even now, cruelly and savagely defaced as it has been, it is still, both within and without, a structure of ideal beauty, designed at the time when the old Gothic traditions were still strong, and yet the breath of Renaissance was in the air, and the skill of Italian sculptors had begun to adorn, with detail of infinite and exquisite variety, the framework of English Perpendicular. This wonderful monument was intended to be the burial place, not only of the martyred Countess, but of her son the Cardinal. Needless to say that neither of them has found a resting-place within it. The splendid fan tracery of the vaulting within the chapel bears the royal arms of Plantagenet, and these were shock-

ingly and of set purpose defaced by the "visitors" who came to suppress the Priory, on November 28, 1539. The notorious and infamous Dr. London was one of these, and he was shortly afterwards put to open penance for adultery and died in prison. He, too, no doubt, found pleasure in defacing the shield, sculptured with the five wounds, which may still be seen over the place where the chantry-altar once stood, another touching memorial of the martyr's love for this sacred emblem. She may indeed be called the "Martyr of the Five Wounds." Her martyred body lies in the gloomy chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, within the precincts of the Tower, amid a company of fellow-victims, some like herself illustrious for their virtues, and others notorious for their crimes. There, side by side with the unhappy Anne Boleyn, and Henry's other murdered wife, Catharine Howard, lies this noblest victim of his rage; and near her, in all probability, still lie her fellow-martyrs, John Cardinal Fisher, and Sir Thomas More. They all received the honors of beatification from Pope Leo XIII, in 1886, and we hope that the day will come when we may reckon them among the canonized saints.

But Warblington has other memories yet for the Catholic pilgrim. The influence of the royal martyr seems to have lingered long there, and her spirit to have inspired its later owners. The Cottons of Warblington were foremost among the faithful Catholics of the penal days. The castle and estates which had been confiscated by the Crown, had passed to the head of this family, during the Protestant reign of Edward VI. But Mr. George Cotton, of Warblington, deserves a high place in the roll of these heroic men, who suffered themselves to be despoiled of their goods rather than compromise their faith. These Recusants, as they were termed, from their refusal to attend the new Anglican worship, were ground down, as is well known, by a most cruel and oppressive system of fines. The Parliament of 1581 imposed a penalty of £20 a month on all persons absenting themselves from church, and such as could not pay the same within three months were to be imprisoned until they should conform. The Queen, by a subsequent act, had the power of seizing two-thirds of the recusant's land and all his goods for default of payment. Hallam says, "These grievous penalties for recusancy established a persecution which fell not at all short in principle of that for which the Inquisition had become so odious. Nor were the statutes merely designed for terror's sake—to keep a check over the disaffected, as some would pretend. They were executed in the

most sweeping and indiscriminate manner." Abbot Gasquet, in a valuable paper on the *Hampshire Recusants* has shown, from a careful examination of the Exchequer Receipt Books, and of the Recusant Rolls preserved at the Public Record office, that Hallam's severe censure is more than justified. In the last twenty years of Elizabeth, the amount received by the Exchequer in fines from Catholic recusants amounted to the enormous sum of £120,305 19s. 7½d.; and we must multiply this sum by at least ten to get the equivalent in modern money.

The special Recusant Rolls do not begin till 1590, and are divided out into counties. In that of Hampshire, for this year, the first name of those fined at the rate of £20 a month, and thirteen months in the year, "for not going to church, chapel or other place of common prayer," is the name of George Cotton, of Warblington, who pays £260 on this score. He actually paid the same enormous sum annually for at least twenty years. Abbot Gasquet says: "Imagine what such payments mean; actually in hard cash this gentleman—a man of considerable property about Havant—in these twenty years paid in fines some £5,200 in money of those days, or something over £60,000 of our money. I did not myself for some time believe that this could have been the case, and supposed that although he was nominally fined that amount, the money was not actually paid. I have, however, satisfied myself that the cash was in fact handed into the royal treasury. In what are called the *Pells Receipt Books* . . . each six months is recorded a receipt of a moiety of the £260 which Mr. George Cotton is stated on the Recusant Roll to have paid. He begins in 1586 by a small payment of £15 6s. 8d. In 1587, on May 20, he pays £140, and the other moiety of the £260, namely £120, on November 24; on this day he also pays £199 6s. 8d., said to be "in part payment of the sum of £1199 6s. 8d." arrears of fines for not going to his parish church. By degrees he is forced to pay off these arrears. Thus on November 28, 1588, besides his usual six monthly moiety of the £260, he pays into the Queen's purse £433 6s. 8d., and a like sum at two subsequent dates.

In 1586 the Catholics had been given hopes that they might perhaps purchase toleration by the payment of a yearly sum to the Queen. A commission was appointed, on April 13, to examine the Hampshire recusants as to their ability to pay. Few were able to offer anything. Many of the Catholic gentry were in prison for their faith. But Mr. George Cotton promised to pay to the utmost of

his power, which, however, is "but weak of itself, and hath been of late not a little diminished as well by ordinary charges of children and servants necessarily depending on me, as by manifold losses sustained, partly by long imprisonment, partly by the evicting of a great part of my living." He adds that he has lately married three daughters, and has seven children more depending on him. Still he concludes, "besides the great sums which I have paid for the statute of Recusancy, I offer £30 a year;" and this he afterwards changed to £40.

But this slight hope of toleration soon passed away, and as we have seen, for the next twenty years, Mr. Cotton was paying the crushing fines, seeing his estates and goods gradually melting away, and himself little by little reduced to penury. We find that at the end of Elizabeth's reign there were only sixteen Catholics left in the kingdom who were able still to pay the fine of £20 a lunar month. The rest had forfeited two-thirds of their estates. These lands were leased out by commissioners appointed by the Crown for the purpose, and the lessee paid a certain rent into the Exchequer.

Mr. Cotton, of Warblington, was one of the sixteen still not utterly impoverished. But besides the loss of property, he had to endure many another trial. His house at Warblington was a castle indeed, but it was no castle to him. At any moment, by day or night, it might be broken into by the pursuivants searching for priests or "Church stuff." The house was known to be a place of refuge for many a hunted priest, but if ever one should be found there, it would bring total ruin, yes, even a felon's death, upon his generous host. Yet shelter and a welcome was never refused at Warblington to any of the persecuted missionaries, nay, they were received there as angels of God. The house was so near the sea that it became a convenient shelter for the young priests who came over from Douay or Rheims, at the peril of their lives, and landed at dead of night at some quiet nook of the Hampshire coast. The great gateway that had seen the Blessed Margaret of Salisbury borne out on her way to imprisonment, now witnessed many a furtive arrival at midnight, and the gates that were cautiously opened to let in the priests of God, too often rang to the blows of the pursuivants hot in pursuit. In the State Papers we find more than reports from spies, mentioning prominent priests or Jesuits who found shelter at Warblington. One, dated 1609, informs the Lord Treasurer that "in the house of Mr. Cotton, of Hampshire, there is harbored a Jesuit who names

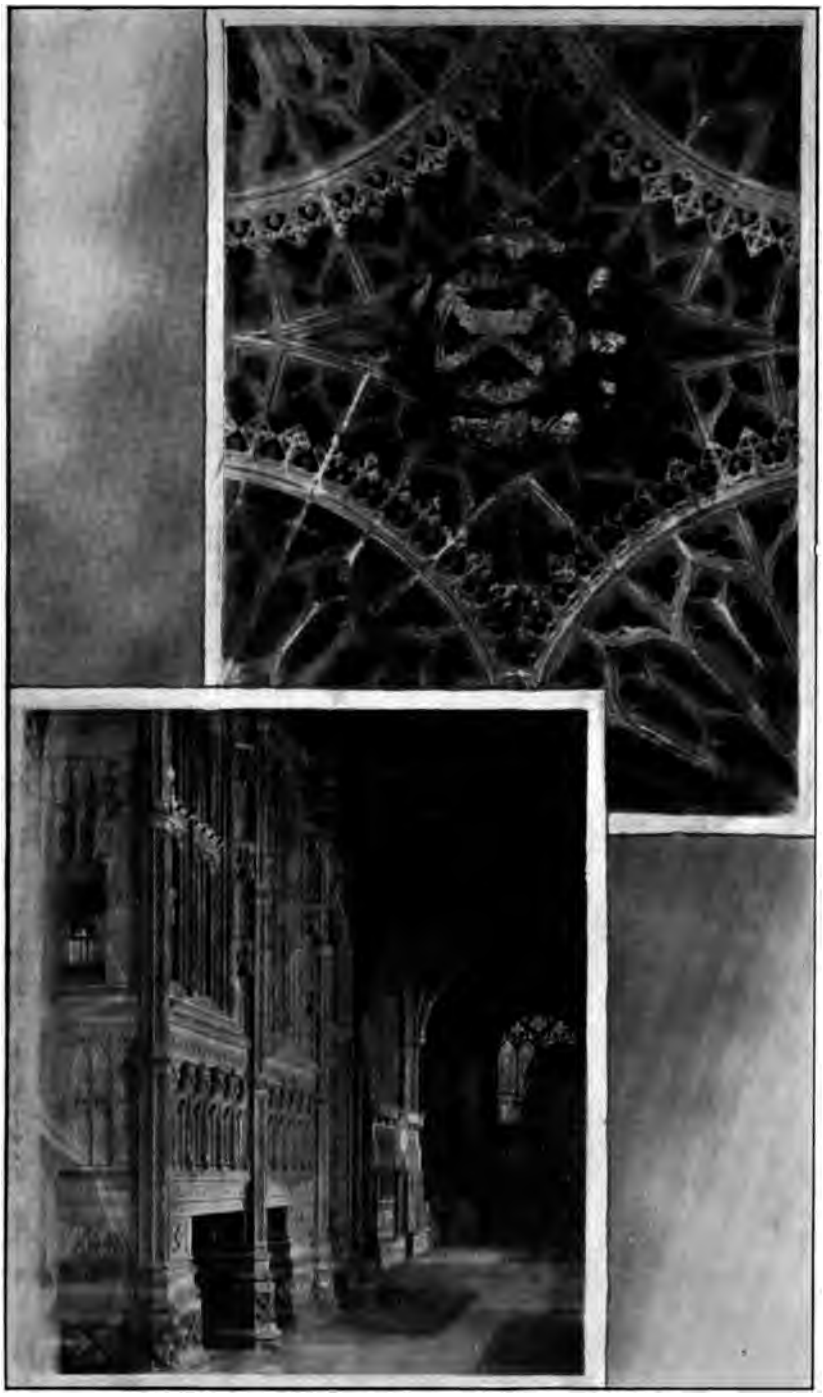
himself Thomas Singleton. He teaches the grandchildren of the said Cotton." Among other priests who made their abode at Warblington, we find Father Thomas Lister, S.J., a companion of the martyred Father Oldcorne, who had known imprisonment, and exile, and the famous Father Baldwin, whose exciting adventures in the company of a band of church students, I have described at length elsewhere.(1) The Government having released him from Bridewell, under the impression that he really was the Neapolitan merchant he pretended to be, this distinguished Jesuit took refuge with Mr. Cotton at Warblington, where he rendered great assistance to the Catholic cause.

Warblington was in fact for many years a constant hospice, opened not only to priests but to the persecuted Catholics of every grade and condition. It went by the name of the Common Refuge. Mr. Cotton, who was an intimate friend of his saintly neighbor, Thomas Pounde, of Belmont (that noble confessor who was so dear to Father Edmund Campion), vied with him in doing his utmost to propagate the faith, and was in fact one of the most zealous to enlighten those blinded by the errors of heresy, and to confirm any Catholic who might be wavering. He suffered long years of imprisonment in Dinchester gaol and in other places, and finally had the honor to die a confessor in chains. A letter written in 1614 records his end. The old man was despoiled of all his goods and consigned to a dungeon to the end of his days, which was hastened by hardships, filth, misery and a chronic malady. The ministers, as if he were unworthy of Christian burial, would not allow his corpse to be buried in their churchyard, hence his remains are deposited in an open field."

May we not say truly that our castle by the sea was the home of two most glorious martyrs of Christ; for we cannot doubt that such prolonged constancy crowned by so blessed a death, merited for George Cotton, of Warblington, the martyr's crown and palm?

His family were worthy of him. One of his sons, John, was a student at Oxford, when Father Campion's fame attracted him to Lyford that he might hear the famous Jesuit preach. He was in consequence apprehended with the martyr, and suffered a year's confinement in the dungeons of the Tower. He was again cast into the Tower in the time of King James I, and remained there for five

(1) *In the Brave Days of Old*, "A Jesuit in Disguise." (Burns & Oates. 1906.)



VAULTING OF THE CHANTRY, SHOWING ARMS OF BL. MARGARET PLANTAGENET DEFACED BY THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS.
CHANTRY OF BL. MARGARET, CHRIST CHURCH PRIORY.

years, a close prisoner. Many other sufferings he bore for Christ, with a cheerful and joyous heart, and crowned a life of self-sacrifice with a saintly death in the year 1638. Other members of the family are found inscribed on the rolls of the Jesuits, the Benedictines and the Poor Clares; for the holy example of their martyr moved them to a generous emulation in renouncing home and all earthly delights for the love of Christ.

Nor were they less loyal to their earthly sovereign than to their heavenly king.

Richard Cotton, our martyr's heir, was one of the most devoted adherents of Charles I. On him, as on all loyal Catholics, the vengeance of the victorious Parliament fell with double force, as the object both of civil and of religious hatred. The exact date of the demolition of the splendid castle at Warblington is not known, but tradition assigns it to Cromwell's soldiers, and there is every reason to believe it in this instance to be correct. A detachment of troops was probably sent by Sir William Waller to dismantle it, either when proceeding to besiege Portsmouth, or after having recovered Chichester from the hands of the king's partisans, both of which events took place in 1642.

After the building was reduced to a heap of ruins, its materials were dispersed over the country, and may be traced in various old houses in Emsworth, Havant and the neighborhood. Even Portsmouth is said to have shared in the spoliation, and a street in that great town still bears the name of Warblington street, because it is believed to have been built out of the ruins of the old home of the Blessed Margaret and her faithful successors. The last of the Cottons of Warblington died unmarried about 1736. Thus they have passed away and left but little visible memorial behind them, (we could find but one of their monuments in the church), yet the fragrance of their memory still seems to linger round the ruins of their ancient home, and it is good that their example should not be forgotten.

DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE CATHOLIC INDIAN PROBLEM.

II

CAUSES THAT CREATED THE INDIAN SCHOOL CRISIS.

MUCH as the Indian Reservation has been decried, abundant as the opportunities for political profligacy and brutal injustice it afforded, cruel and inhuman as its repressive measures were at times, there remains no doubt, that in its preliminary conception, it harbored the elements of beneficence and practicability. Under a proper discharge of its functions, it would have been comparatively successful, not only in shielding the Indian from fraudulent adventurers, but in advancing him by progressive stages to civilization. The idea was a Catholic one, and found its original types in the Franciscan California missions and the Jesuit South American reductions. Segregation with aboriginal people, like segregation with contagious disease means salvation; dispersion means disorder and anarchy. Of course it could work two ways. Under the control of arbitrary and tyrannous agents it could create the greatest hardship and lay the seeds of fatal demoralization; under the influence of upright and practical supervisors it could become the vehicle of an incalculable amount of good. The system itself at first blush, did violence to altruistic notions of justice and sentimental conceptions of equity. It deprived the Indian of that unrestrained natural liberty, which invested him with such a glamour of romance, and surrounded him with such a fascination of heroism.

It, however, taught the native nomad the first lesson in domesticity; it curbed his predatory invasions by circumscribing in defined limits the field of his activity; it put an end to bloody tribal feuds by the restraining influence of the army garrison, always within call; it permitted the reclamation of fertile lands which were lying fallow; it opened the boundless forest reserves to commerce, which were rotting in decay; it made way for the discovery and development of exhaustless mineral resources; it pushed forward—not without resistance—the most civilizing influence of the age—the railroad. Its local centralization of the tribe, in the care of resident guardians and advisers, for such were the designated duties of the Agents, would

have made it a cohesive, pliant, ductile body, with the signposts of civilization displayed in every direction, and safeguarded against the incursions of an undesirable white element. The struggle between civilization and barbarism, is always an unequal one, prolonged or shortened as it may be. It can end in but one of two ways: extermination if resistance is offered—absorption if the inevitable is accepted.

A further step in this progressive, but still experimental evolution was the inauguration of President Grant's Peace Policy, July 20, 1869, and the abrogation of all further treaty rights by an Act of Congress, March 3, 1871. Both were radical departures from the traditional modes of dealing with the Red Man. According to the Congressional enactment, "no Indian nation or tribe within the territory of the United States shall be acknowledged or recognized as an independent nation, tribe or power with whom the United States may contract by treaty." It brought to a close a chapter in the history of the nation, far from reputable, and one we would gladly erase. To the cursory observer, if not to the man of affairs, the sight of a committee of grave, dignified, punctilious statesmen, habituated to an atmosphere of legal precision and parliamentary awareness, meeting an equal number of half-starved, gorgeously befeathered and grotesquely bedizened savages—in all solemnity and as one to go through the formalities of a treaty, recognizing them as free agents, independent people, while their very presence was enforced by an arbitrary display of military power or by the pangs of impending starvation, was a travesty and deception that hardly comported with the honor of a great republic.

The fraudulent and ludicrous character of these treaties, is such, as to require a mind of abnormal pliancy to reconcile them with even a low standard of commercial ethics, not to speak of international honesty. When the Dutch Governor, Minuit, in 1622, perfected his title to the purchased Island of Manhattan—the present site of New York at an expense of sixty guilders ($24.00), a transaction that one Indian historian facetiously calls "an exceptional piece of stupidity," the Indian soon discovered the dishonest artifice. Is it any wonder that in 1653, a wall had to be built about the Island that still perpetuates the event—to place a barrier to the Indians' violent and demonstrative manifestations of gratitude? When, [illegible] the Cayugas and Onandagas were cajoled into parting with [illegible] on the Susquehanna River for "a piece of cloth,

two blankets, two guns, three kettles, four coats, fifty pounds of lead, and twenty-five pounds of powder," need we again be surprised that the innocent recipients of this lavish bounty in incontinent haste, used the two last items of their payment in singling out their benefactors as marks of well deserved appreciation? Did Roger Williams unsuspectingly fall a victim to " ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," when he purchased the whole of Rhode Island for " forty fathoms of heads? "

The enumeration might be indefinitely prolonged, only to reveal more fully the preposterous, if not criminal character of a majority of these treaties. As to the manner the subsequent treaties were observed, the tenuous and ambiguous phraseology in which they were couched, and the implacable massacres they unfailingly led to—the less said the better. " Among civilized men," is the outspoken declaration of the first Peace Commissioners, " war usually springs from a sense of injustice. When we learn that the same rule holds good with Indians, the chief difficulty is removed. But it is said our wars with them have been almost constant. Have we been uniformly unjust? We answer, unhesitatingly, yes."

There exists no doubt in the mind of any dispassionate student of Indian affairs, that the $850,000,000 spent in Indian wars, were spent to ratify treaties.

These treaties, of which we have no less than 372 filling an octavo volume of 1075 pages, were generally treaties for the cession of land. It was all the poor savage, aside of his pelts and skins, could barter, and then it was so much easier to part with. It was by these treaties a greater part of our national territory was acquired. It included in their entirety the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, not to allude to the great portions of Tennessee, Michigan and Wisconsin. In all these cessions or purchases, the Indians right to the land was historically unassailable, legally indisputable. The precedent established by the original discoverers of our Continent, that the Indian had an imprescriptible right of occupancy, as long as he recognized that sovereignty went with the right of discovery, was frankly admitted. Had it only been as scrupulously observed. For more than eighty-five years the only process of extinguishing the Indians' title to land, was with the consent of the Indian. This consent was expressed in the treaties, in which both parties acted with equal rights of initiative and equal rights of negotiation. In only one case, that of the Sioux, of Min-

nesota, after the outbreak of 1862, did the United States extinguish a title by conquest—but even then, in view of the desperate straits the Indian was placed in by a criminal disregard of the existing treaty, the Government provided him with another Reservation, and further allowed him the proceeds of the sold lands vacated.

The total expenditures for these ceded lands from 1789 to 1902 amounted to $345,615,260. The sum of $2,065,845 is still annually appropriated to the Indian under treaty stipulations.

The inauguration of the Peace Policy, marked the dawn of a new era in the history of the Indian, and necessitated a complete reconstruction of procedure. The Peace Commission was authorized "to call together the chiefs and head men of such bands of Indians as were then waging war, for the purpose of ascertaining their reasons for hostility, and, if thought advisable, to make treaties with them, having in view the following objects, viz.: First. To remove, if possible, the causes of war. Second. To secure, as far as possible, our frontier settlements, and the safe building of our railroads looking to the Pacific. And third. To suggest or inaugurate some plan for the civilization of the Indians." While ostensibly an eminently fair and just policy, calculated to enlist the sympathy and approval of all lovers of justice and humanity, while at the same time not altogether acceptable to the reluctant Indian, the third provision proved to be one of the severest blows the Catholic Indian mission ever received. It meant the disintegration of three centuries of work, and the diffusion of the Catholic flock in a manner that could not be viewed without dismay and sorrow. It looked as if the whole policy were more a premeditated onslaught on the Catholic Church, than a mission of mercy and helpfulness to the Indian.

The report of the first Peace Commission, January 8, 1868, on which four distinguished army officers, Generals Sherman, Harney, Terry and Auger, real "Indian fighters" served, was more in the nature of a national indictment than a calm survey of the proposed work. It aroused the country to a most humiliating sense of national apathy and shame; it energized instant action to make national reparation for a "Century of Dishonor." "Nobody pays any attention to Indian matters" it daringly proclaims. "This is a deplorable fact. Members of Congress understand the Negro Question and talk learnedly on finance and political economy, but when the progress of settlement reaches the Indian's home, the only question is, how best to get his lands. When they are obtained the In-

dian is lost sight of. While our missionary and benevolent associations have annually collected thousands of dollars from the charitable to send to Asia and Africa, for the purpose of civilization, scarcely a dollar is expended or a thought bestowed on the civilization of the Indians at our doors." The transparent truthfulness of the picture, the unmincing logic of the arraignment set in motion a wave of national sympathy and infused a stimulus to the appeal, that augured well for the Indian.

The plan outlined was apparently humane and helpful as far as it concerned the Government, generous and stimulating, as far as concerned its overtures to the agencies that would espouse it; but from the Catholic standpoint it could only create fear and anxiety. Had but one, and that, really the crucial provision of the Peace Policy, been eliminated or modified, it would have met the hearty concurrence of every Catholic missionary. The Peace Policy demanded the allotment of the various tribes to the different churches. But with one or two feeble and tentative efforts, these churches had never done any missionary work among the Indians, and probably without the invitation and support of the Government would never have attempted it. Again if their assignments had been made to the pagan Indians, to initiate the work of Christianization, no exception could have been taken to the provision. What inducement could be offered to enlist their interest and secure their co-opration?

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his report for 1872, places on official record, what is clearly and distinctly a violation of the Constitution, by making established religions with exclusive privileges at various points of our national territory. The summary method was simply to parcel the Catholic Indians, who outnumbered all civilized Indians, to the different sects, heedless of the vehement protests of the Catholic missionaries who had converted them, despite the turbulent opposition, almost requiring armed intervention, of the Indians, in defiance of the elementary principles of justice and fair play. The prospective conditions were appalling. Picture the consternation of the 1,700 Catholic Mission Indians in California, the 3,000 Catholic Yakamis in Washington Territory, handed over to the Methodist Church! The 7,683 Catholic Pueblos of New Mexico—Catholics for ten generations—to the Campbellites! The 4,324 Catholic Pimas relegated to the Dutch Reformed Church! The 1,440 Catholic Winnebagoes consigned to the Hicksite Friends, while the 400 Catholic Pottowatomies fell to the Orthodox Friends!

The 1,362 Catholic Menominees to the Congregationalist Church! The Catholic Chippewas to the Protestant Episcopal Church!

By an act of characteristic restitutive magnanimity the Government assigned the Fort Colville Agency, in Washington Territory, with its 3,349 Indians, the Tulalip, with its 2,600, the Grande Ronde and Umatilla, in Oregon, with their 3,307, the Flathead, in Montana, with their 1,700, and the Devil's Lake and Grand River Agencies, in Dakota, with their 7,445 Sioux—to the Catholic Church!

The allotment of 23,000 Catholic Indians, the fruit of centuries of toil and care, prayer and martyrdom to Protestant church bodies; these bodies in some instances filled with deadly hatred of everything that savored of "Popery;" the Indians corralled on Reservations, the boundary of which no priest could overstep, even in the most imperative exigency demanding his ministry, without subjecting himself to insult and arrest; the missionary the victim of scurrilous assaults and cowardly misrepresentation of agents, nominated by the sect, or the Protestant missionary himself acting as agent, made the official Government reports a disgrace to the Department, and an outrage on decency. The whole unfortunate and disastrous calamity marked one of the most perilous depths into which our Indian work in all its vicissitudes had ever sunk. Yet, when the calamity was impending, and an apparent deathblow dealt to a work in the very forefront of Catholic endeavor, one sanctified by the lives and deaths of men who, in apostolic heroism were the ripest fruit of Catholic zeal on the American continent—the voice of Catholic sentiment was unheard, the quickening of the Catholic conscience benumbed, the spiritual disaster passed unnoticed! Righteous indignation voiced itself in the sporadic, stammering, half apologetic, but futile accents of individual protest.

The Peace Policy, like many an utopian creation, in spite of its supposedly well-meaning and equitable intention, was doomed to failure from the very moment of its birth. This was manifest to clear thinkers on both the Catholic and Protestant side. There can be little doubt, but that the Government was misled by overzealous, misguided philanthropists, who ensconced in their snug libraries in the far East have ever retarded the work of Indian progress more than they advanced it, and have frequently proven themselves more of a stumbling block than a stepping stone in a work demanding practical knowledge and personal observation.

In the light of history—we mean Protestant history—the pro-

moters of this policy might have read "that the Roman Catholic missions among the Indians, from the very first down to our times, have been more successful in accomplishing their aims and results which they had in view than have those of any or all denominations of Protestants." (1) They should have perceived the incongruity, not to say impossibility and criminality of leading the Indian into such hazy mists of theological metaphysics, that clamor for solution in the circles of scientific culture and academic training. There is a volume of condensed wisdom, at the same time an unconscious sarcasm in the old Nez Percés Chief Joseph's opposition to a mission school, finding in it another provocation to warfare. "They will teach us to quarrel about the Great Spirit . . . we fight each other, we don't want to learn to fight about the Great Spirit." This, a display of sententious wisdom that can be found in every tribe, would be enough to give the fullest confirmation of what Columbus wrote to King Ferdinand: "For the temper of the brain in quick apprehensions and discovering judgments (to say no more), the most High Sovereign God and Creator hath not made them inferior to Europeans." Certainly superior to some Americans.

The principal stipulation was: that each denomination in assuming the spiritual responsibilities of the tribe assigned to it, must also assume the education and industrial obligation. Its unaffirmed maxim was the old Catholic shibboleth—first Christianize, then civilize. The school must be in juxtaposition to the church; the teacher must accompany, or be identified with the missionary; the alphabet must be taught in connection with the catechism, the Indian's duty to God was to teach him his duty to Uncle Sam. To assure the amplest scope of action and the fullest measure of success, the national treasury was flung wide open, and the pledge of the United States given, that if the respective church denomination would erect schools at their own expense, the Government would pay for each and every child of Indian parentage attending them.

Hardly recovered from the stupefaction occasioned by the wanton and disastrous disruption of their old flocks, in order to save the remnant entrusted to them, sorrow and irresolution was soon changed into an intensified zeal and a more consuming ardor. Providence seemed to change the moment of supremest defeat into one of signal triumph. Individual charity with unexampled munificence came to the aid of our penniless cause; school houses sprang

(1) The Red Man and White Man. George E. Ellis, p. 80. Boston, 1882.

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its rational faculties, and while opening new lines of specialization for the psycopath, in its temporary aberration, trampled under foot the laws of equity and decency in indiscriminate madness.

It was the hand of an enlightened, intrepid Presbyterian minister, the historian of his church, Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, who penned the epitaph of the Peace Policy: "Through the jealousy which has been excited by the greater extent and success of the Roman Catholic schools."

The withdrawal of the pledged Government support, added another sad chapter to the unfortunate history of the Catholic Indian Missions. It precipitated a crisis, probably the last one we shall be called upon to face—a crisis unless it be met with decision and courage, openminded intelligence and open-pursed generosity, will make the rising generation eyewitnesses of the Indians' doom and disappearance as an object of our religious care and solicitude. The providential interposition of a consecrated woman, who had cheerfully given her wealth as she dedicated her life to this national reparation, is momentarily staving off the impending doom. It was mainly, if not solely through her unobtrusive charity that these schools, costing a million and a half dollars were erected and equipped. Efficiently managed by men and women who love them as the very apple of their eyes, and undergo innumerable privations to sustain them in their unimpaired attendance, they elicit the commendation of the Government and the gratitude of the Indian. The death of this benefactress would plunge the Church into further complications, the mere contemplation of which involuntarily makes one shudder with fearsome apprehensions.

"The history of the Indian Department," if the sober and reflective judgment of one of the greatest of Indian specialists, made twenty-five years ago, one who was the friend and counsellor of Bancroft and Parkman—John Gilmary Shea—" is a history of sectarian intrigues and violence to hamper and break up the Catholic missions, and raise such obstacles as would drive from the fields of labor, in which they were really serving the whole country, the devoted Catholic priests who gave their talents and education to the enlightenment of degraded members of the human family." (1)

H. G. GANSS.

(1) American Cath. Quart. 1881, p. 528.

IN THE ALBAN HILLS.

(*Continued.*)

II

BEFORE leaving Frascati we visited the ruins of Lucullus' Villa, and the so-called "Grotte di Lucullo." The grounds of the villa extended over a large area now covered by many of the largest villas of Frascati, in fact, at the Villa Torlonia was found a tile, now to be seen at the Kircherian Museum in Rome, upon which is the following inscription:

L. LVCVL. LVC. F.

(Lucius Lucullus, Son of Lucius).

We found the ruins of the villa underground; they consist of a quadrilateral building containing many rooms and surrounded by large galleries. As we went through these vast ruins we felt disappointed to find no trace of frescoes, mosaics or other indications of the uses to which the different rooms were applied, and had to content ourselves with recalling the descriptions of its winter and summer habitations, its fine paintings and statues, the library, richer than those of Cicero and Cato, which Lucullus generously allowed his friends to use, the fine *thermæ* and the many *piscinæ* in which quantities of the choicest fish were always at hand for his famous suppers. At his death the Romans had decreed that Lucullus should receive a state burial at the Campo Marzio in Rome, but his desire to be interred near his Tusculum Villa was respected, and his tomb is supposed to be the neighboring Torrione di Micara, a circular building enclosing several sepulchral chambers, of which, however, only three are ancient.

The "Grotte dei Centroni," or of Lucullus, are vast remains of an ancient villa. The long portico of several stories and the endless subterranean galleries, hewn out of the solid rock, would suggest that these ruins are remains of *thermæ* or some other public building.

We found an encampment of "Pecorari" (shepherds), close by and the ruins are used by them as stables for their horses, donkeys, etc., whilst numberless sheep, guarded by savage wolf dogs, were grazing on the open Campagna. We visited the huts and spoke with the shepherds, and my friend was so much interested in what he saw and in

my account of the life and customs of these poor shepherds, that I have decided to take his suggestion and try to arouse the same interest in my readers.

When autumn comes flock after flock of white sheep are seen descending from the mountains which lend so much picturesque beauty to the vast Campagna. Guided by their shepherds and great starved looking dogs the compact flock of hundreds and hundreds of tired sheep descend slowly, to the sound of rude bells, with heads bowed to the ground, giving the impression of a conquered army as they pass in a sunset of fire, such as can only be seen on the Roman Campagna. The men who accompany them, dressed in the costume of the country, as picturesque as they are ragged, look like beings of other times with their long and rough square beards, bushy eyebrows, deep set eyes, and slouched felt hats, whose once bright-colored ribbons fall over their long and unkempt locks.

The Roman Campagna is nothing else than the ancient Latium. Nature has divided it into three plains bounded by mountains. The first of these plains surrounds Rome, is traversed by the rivers Tiber and Anio, and enclosed by the Sabine and Alban Mountains, by Ronciglione and the sea; then comes the vast plain which lies between the Volscian and Alban Mountains on one side and the sea on the other; this encloses the Pontine marshes. Lastly, towards the east, is the third plain, the valley of the Sacco, which runs between the Volscian and the Æquian and Hernican hills and, after a short course, falls into the Liris near Isoletta below Ceprano.

This immense plain, denuded in olden times of its woods, probably for strategical purposes, has not been cultivated for centuries. With rare exceptions it is the property of the descendants of the feudal lords, who, even when they have the means, have no desire to reclaim it, possibly because waste land pays a very small tax, and by hiring it for pasturage they receive, without trouble or expense, an income which falls not far short of that which they would receive from cultivated land. On the other hand, as a taste for rational agriculture has never been encouraged amongst the peasantry, and as neither landlords nor government offer any facilities for the purchase of land in small lots, the peasants continue to live as shepherds or farm laborers, or they emigrate.

Naturally this state of things is inexplicable to strangers who, in their own countries, are accustomed to see land, much inferior to this, so assiduously cultivated. Certainly the hills, valleys and edges

of the Campagna are cultivated by the landlords, and here the vineyards, olive groves, orchards, maize and corn form, in their luxuriant vegetation, a strong contrast with the abandoned Campagna, though, even here, the method of cultivation leaves much to be desired.

Some time ago, being desirous of learning the system on which the pasturing process is regulated, I visited an immense property in company with its owner who, as we rode towards one of the shepherds' encampments, explained to me, that with the exception of the woods near the hills, and a certain amount of land, which he retains for his own use, all the property is let out in lots for pasturage, and that no grain is sown, but nature is left to do its own work. The sheep-owner contracts with the landlord to take a certain amount of pasture land at a specified rent, from the 1st of October to the 24th of June, the rent to be paid in three installments. If there are huts on the lot he must pay rent for them, otherwise he has to construct at his own expense the necessary huts, which, at the expiration of his tenancy, become the property of the landlord without compensation. I was told some of them cost as much as 200 francs.

The appearance of the encampment vividly recalls the primitive life of the ancient shepherds and the marvellous Virgilian descriptions. And primitively, indeed, they live to-day in the characteristic conical or quadrangular huts, solidly made of branches and straw, which seem to act as guardians of the solitude of the endless plain. In these rude dwellings they pass the entire winter almost entirely separated from the rest of the world, though at the gates of Rome.

The owner of the flock, with his wife and family, which sometimes includes his parents, have a hut to themselves, whilst the shepherds, who often bring their families with them, take up their quarters in other huts, which vary in size according to the number of men employed. The wages of each man range from 20 to 30 francs a month, with food, while boys and girls receive half that sum. Round the interior of the huts are rows of beds, one above the other, like berths on board ship. There are two entrances, one opposite the other, and in the middle of the hut is a deep hole for the fire. They eat twice a day, at 9 A. M. and 6 P. M. Their food consists of "Ricotta," polenta, made of Indian corn, coarse bread and soup made of herbs boiled in water and seasoned with olive oil, into which pieces of bread are thrown.

The sheep remain day and night in the open, and the ewes are

A SHEPHERD OF THE CAMPAGNA.

milked twice a day in front of the hut of the chief shepherd. When this operation is complete the milk is put to boil in a large cauldron hung over the fire inside of the hut. The substantial part of the milk condenses, and being taken out with a perforated ladle is formed into " Pecorino " (ewe's milk cheese). After that the whey is allowed to boil again until it curdles. This substance is passed into small osier baskets of which it takes the mould as it cools, and thus the " Ricotta " is made. Whilst the milk curdles, a coagulated substance forms on the surface; this is the " Giuncata " so dear to the Romans, and which with sugar and cinnamon is eaten, according to a traditional custom, on Ascension Day. Of the " Ricotta," one part, which is sold in Rome, belongs to the owner; the other serves as food for the shepherds, who, thanks to the special virtues of this characteristic food, or to the oxygen which they freely inhale in the open places, attain, as I am informed, a partiarchal age without infirmities.

In some instances the flocks on the Campagna belong to the large landowners, who possess properties and castles on the hills; but those I visited belonged to persons who make a living by this industry; and this class generally lives in small villages in the Volscian or Hernican Mountains, where they have pasture lands of their own, or rent some for the summer maintenance of their flocks. They do a large trade with Rome in skins, wool and two months' old lambs, " Abbachio," of which the Romans are particularly fond. These are killed, skinned and prepared for the market on the encampments, from which thousands of " Abbachio " come daily into Rome.

Perfect order and wholesome customs generally reign in the encampments, and the filial respect with which they treat their chief is very touching. They are fond of music and many of them play on the accordion, flute, bagpipes, tambourine and occarino. As the evenings grow longer they recreate themselves by singing their plaintive and rather monotonous melodies, or by dancing their favorite " Saltarella," and no words can give an idea of the spirit and " go " they throw into the performance. As they warm to the dance they mark the points with loud whoops and stamp the time with great vigor. On Sundays and feast days, when the women dress in their picturesque costume and adorn their ears and necks with quaint gold or coral ornaments, the scene in these solitary camps is wonderfully picturesque and animated.

The simple religious faith which exists amongst the shepherds is

most edifying. Their huts are adorned with small religious pictures before which a little oil lamp not unfrequently burns, and when, from some distant campanile, the sound of the Angelus bell is heard over the silent plain, men, women and children instantly unite in that beautiful prayer. As I contemplated a scene like this, the " tidings of great joy " brought to those other " shepherds abiding in the field," kept running through my mind.

The camps being at long distances from Rome and the villages, these good people are often deprived of spiritual ministrations. However, the gentleman whose property I visited had a private chapel attached to his country house, where Mass was said for the shepherds on Sundays and feast days by a priest from Rome, for whose convenience a carriage was provided by the landlord. It is to be regretted that this beautiful example is not generally followed. In the camps precluded from enjoying this privilege, the inhabitants meet together and sing the Litanies and hymns in common to the accompaniment of some musical instrument. Not unfrequently a marriage or birth occurs, and on these occasions a priest from the nearest parish is brought to perform the religious ceremony, and great rejoicings follow. As we rode back I turned to take another look at this novel scene, and at that distance I was reminded strongly of those Oriental encampments, which interested me so much in Egypt and Algeria.

Before leaving the Campagna it may be well to give some idea of the manner in which agricultural labor is provided. There is a class of men who make their living by contracting to furnish farm hands, and are known as " Caporali " (corporals). Before the season begins a corporal, or boss, as I believe he would be called in the States, calls on the landowner or his agent, with whom he stipulates the wages, formerly 1 franc a day, without food, and contracts to supply the number of hands required, at times amounting to one thousand. The corporal's remuneration is a percentage on the total amount of wages paid by the landlord. At the proper time the corporal receives a certain sum on account to enable him to move his men from their distant villages to the land on which they are to work, where huts are provided for their shelter. The corporal is bound to remain with the men, to whom he sells provisions, charging his own price, which is deducted when he pays their wages.

The laborers are recruited in different parts of the country, and their behavior compares very unfavorably with that of the poor

GROUP AT A SHEPHERD'S CAMP.

shepherds, their encampments being noisy and disorderly, fights often occurring between them. At present their wages are much higher, for emigration has thinned their numbers considerably, and carried off the most industrious to other countries. The socialistic propaganda, however, has made them discontented and arrogant; they often strike at most critical moments, and the landowners fear they will ultimately be obliged to give up cultivation altogether.

But it is high time to return to our wanderings in the Alban Hills. Apart from their classical and mediæval reminiscences, the walks and drives around Frascati are the very perfection of what, I suppose, all people have in mind when they talk of the scenery of the Alban Hills. It is not Alpine scenery, nor valley scenery, nor forest scenery, nor river scenery; but it is a union and mixture of them all, in such a succession of varied and enchanting landscapes that I should hardly conceive it possible for any human being to be insensible to the beauty of those walks and drives.

Below the Villa of Mondragone we came upon the dry bed of the volcanic Lake of Cornufelle, in the vicinity of which stood a grove of beeches dedicated to Diana which Pliny describes. The Porcian Villa of Cato, the Younger, was recalled by Monte Porzio, standing yonder and crowned by a large village that was built by Gregory XIII. Here the English seminarists have their country seat, from the garden of which spreads a magnificent panorama. Perched on another hill is Monte Compatri with the convent of S. Silvestro rising above it, and high up on Monte Algidio, stands Rocca Priora, now identified with Corbio, the first place attacked by the Latin confederates on behalf of Tarquin, whilst on another peak are the remains of a temple of Diana mentioned by Horace.

> "Quaeque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
> Quindecim Diana preces virorum
> Curet."
>
> CARM. SAEC. 69.

In the plains beneath these hills many historical battles were fought. In 458 B. C., it was the scene of the great victory which Cincinnatus gained over the Æquians, under Cloelius Gracchus, and here the united armies of the Æquians and Volscians were defeated by Postumius in 428 B. C.

On a detached hill, at the foot of which runs the ancient Via Labanica, stands the picturesque mediæval town of Colonna, cover-

ing the site of Labicum, which existed before the foundation of Rome. Colonna was for seven centuries a stronghold of the ancient family of that name, so frequently mentioned in the annals of mediæval Rome, and withstood many sieges of their numerous enemies till at last it had to yield to the vicissitudes of the times. This family is still well represented in Rome, and one of its members married an American lady.

A romantic road through a forest of chestnuts brought us to Rocca di Papa, a volcanic cone covered with houses, which rise one over another to the summit, on which are the ruins of an old fortress. The anti-pope John lived here in A. D. 1190, hence the name Rocca di Papa.

Following a delightful walk, lined with ilexes, we came to the pretty Sanctuary of the Madonna del Tufo, to which an annual pilgrimage is made by the country people who hold it in much veneration, whence we descended through the woods to the Franciscan Monastery of Palazzuola, where we had a beautiful view of the Alban Lake. In the garden of the convent we were much interested in a consular tomb, cut in the rock, which has much affinity with Etruscan tombs. On the front and sides are carved the emblems of the consulate and the pontificate. Ascending the slope of the Alban Mount (Monte Cavo), we reached the Campo di Annibale, an extensive plain on which, according to tradition, Hannibal encamped when marching against Rome, and entering the neighboring forest we soon came upon the Via Triumphalis, paved with great lava blocks on which we could distinctly discern the marks of the ancient chariot wheels. This triumphal road used to lead to the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, which stood on the summit of the Alban Mount. At intervals the stones are marked V. N., Via Numinis. This temple was for Alba what the Capitol was for Rome, and here the dictators of Alba and Latium led their legions when they returned in triumph. On the site of the famous temple a Passionist Convent was built, in 1788, by Cardinal York, with materials furnished by the ruins of the temple. In front of the convent we beheld some massive fragments of masonry, from the centre of which rises a fine old wych-elm tree, and these, with some traces of the foundation, are all that remains of the famous temple.

The stupendous view from the Alban Mount would alone have richly repaid us for the fatigue of the ascent. It embraces the sea coast from Terracina to Civita Vecchia and, with a good field-

PLOUGHING IN THE CAMPAGNA.
SHEPHERD'S HUT.

TOMB OF THE HORATII AND CURIATII, ALBANO.

glass, Corsica and Sardinia can be distinguished; then the Campagna bounded by the sea, Rome and the hills, whilst at our feet lies Albano with its lake, Ariccia with its fine viaduct, Genzano, Civita Lavinia and the gem of the Alban Hills, the Lake of Nemi!

On our way to the Lake of Albano, we passed the site of the ancient Castrimoenium, a town fortified by Sylla, which is now occupied by the pretty mediæval town of Marino, so called from Marius whose villa is said to have been located here. In the eleventh century the ancient palace was a stronghold of the Count of Tusculum. It afterwards belonged to the Frangipanis and Orsinis, and finally fell into the hands of the Colonnas. We admired some antique furniture in the fine old rooms on the first floor, and some good pictures in the "Sala del Trono," which is decorated with an excellent fresco by Zuccaro. In another hall we saw an interesting series of the portraits of the Popes from the time of St. Peter to Pope Leo XIII, from which those in the Basilica of St. Paul's, outside Rome, was copied.

A nice ride through the "Bosco Colonna" brought us to the beautiful and romantic Lake of Albano, the circuit of which must be about six miles. The lakes of Albano and Nemi lie each in the crater of an extinct volcano formed like a deep basin. Unlike ordinary lakes, they have no visible feeders or outlets, and the volcanic rocks, in which they lie, do not afford any natural tunnels. Therefore when, probably through some volcanic agency, the water of Lake Albano rose in 357 B. C., and, overflowing its basin, poured down into the Campagna, the Romans constructed an Emissarium in 394 B. C., which not only keeps the lake at a proper level but serves to irrigate the neighboring land. The channel issues below Albano, and the water descends thence to the Tiber.

This difficult engineering work, which is more than a mile and a half in length, though made during the siege of Veii, 397 B. C., was completed in one year, the people's co-operation being secured by an appeal to their superstition, an oracle having predicted that if the overflow of the Alban Lake continued to reach the sea, Rome would perish, but that if it were checked Veii would be taken.

The opening of the Emissarium is enclosed within a Nymphaeum of imperial date. In the neighborhood we saw ruins of several Roman buildings which may have been the summer retreats of Domitian.

Making our way up the hill we entered the beautiful grounds of

the Villa Barberini, to see the ruins which are supposed to be the remains of the Villa of Domitian, or possibly of Clodius. This villa adjoins Castel Gandolfo, the favorite residence of the Popes for over 250 years, and the only one of the many Papal Villas which has not been confiscated by the Italian Government. In the twelfth century it was the stronghold of the Gandolfi family, and was afterwards held for 400 years by the Savelli. In 1596 it was raised into a duchy for Bernardino Savelli, by Pope Sixtus V. Savelli afterwards sold the property to the Papal Government for 150,000 scudi (dollars), an enormous sum in those days. In 1604 it was incorporated into the temporal domain of the Holy See by Pope Clement VIII. The present palace was built by Pope Urban VIII, who came every year to Gandolfo, and many of his "Bulls" are dated from it. The Pontifical palace was enlarged by Pope Alexander VII, and completed by Pope Clement XIII. Pope Pius IX spent part of each summer here before the invasion of Rome in 1870; but after that date the Papal Villa was almost abandoned, the best paintings and furniture being removed to the Vatican.

On the accession of Pope Pius X, the Villa of Castel Gandolfo was partially restored, giving rise to the rumor that the Holy Father was about to break the rule established by his predecessors not to leave the precincts of the Vatican, so long as the Eternal City would be the official capital of the usurper.

The fallacy of these rumors became manifest when the villa was selected by His Eminence, Cardinal Merry Del Val, as a salubrious retreat in which to pass a brief interval of rest from his grave duties during the summer months. Does His Eminence really take rest? Judging by the piles of documents which lay on his work table, and the number of Bishops, prelates, priests, monks, nuns and lay persons, who were in waiting when I had occasion to visit him, I doubt it very much. Yet His Eminence appeared quite at leisure, finding time to interest himself in everybody, no matter how slight their claim to his attention might be. The Cardinal's presence at Castel Gandolfo has had a most beneficial influence. His distinguished but unassuming demeanor, his affability, and above all, the friendly smile with which he greets poor and rich alike, have won the hearts of the people who, in this Prince of the Church, see also a friend. The consequence is that though Castel Gandolfo had fallen under the sway of socialism and anti-clericalism, it has now returned to its good old traditions.

LAKE ALBANO AND CASTEL GANDOLFO.

VIADUCT OF PIUS IX, ARICCIA.

The grounds surrounding the palace are full of beautiful alleys shaded with ancient trees, and commanding extensive views of the picturesque neighborhood; and here the Cardinal loves to spend the early morning hours. His Eminence frequently officiates at the parish church, where also many Bishops have been consecrated by him. During his excursions in the neighborhood petitions are frequently presented to His Eminence, who, ever gracious and ever charitable, never fails to stop his carriage to receive them whilst distributing generous alms to the poor who crowd around. Nearby in an ancient villa which Prince Torlonia has placed at the disposal of the Society of Jesus, the Novitiate of the Roman Province of that Order is established, and this villa is also a kind of sanatorium for Fathers who have become hopelessly infirm. During his stay at the palace one of Cardinal Merry Del Val's delights is to visit this Novitiate. The only object of interest in the village is the Church of St. Thomas of Villanova, which was erected by Bernini, in 1661, for Pope Alexander VII.

It is surmised that Castel Gandolfo was once the citadel of Alba Longa, the metropolis of the cities of Latium before the building of Rome. Its site has been established by the discovery of broken columns and huge blocks of masonry, probably fragments of the temples of the gods which, according to Strabo, were spared by the Romans when the city was levelled to the ground by Tullus Hostilius. According to the Latin poets Alba Longa was founded by Ascanius, son of Æneas, from whose white sow its name was derived:

> "Ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis
> Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam."
>
> Æ. VIII. 47.

The sow still figures on the arms of the little town of Albano.

Through an avenue shaded by huge ilex trees, planted by Pope Urban VIII, we proceeded to Albano, passing the tomb of Pompey as we neared the gate. The town disappointed us, but the environs are charming, and it is a favorite summer resort of the Romans. A basilica, erected by Constantine to St. John, formerly stood on the site occupied by the present Cathedral. We found but few traces of the ampitheatre in which Domitian delighted in exercising his inhuman cruelty, but the immense "Reservoirs," which also date from his time, interested us extremely. The wonderful preservation of this marvellous structure furnishes another instance of the solidity of ancient Roman buildings.

As we left the town we came upon the Church of S. Maria della Stella, under which are catacombs which were formerly connected with those of St. Sebastian in Rome. Close by we remarked an Etruscan tomb surmounted by four cones, formerly supposed to be the monument of the Horatii and Curiatii, but now identified as that of Aruns, son of Porsenna, who was killed by Aristodemus before Ariccia. We next came in view of a most picturesque group that we had often seen reproduced on canvas—the vast and imposing Chigi palace rising on buttresses from the ravine, and the symmetrical Church of the Assumption. Both palace and church were built by Bernini for Pope Alexander VII. From between them Ariccia is approached by a majestic viaduct 304 metres long and nine metres wide, which rises over a deep ravine, the sides of which are covered by a venerable forest. This splendid structure was executed by order of Pope Pius IX, in 1846-53.

The ancient Ariccia, a station on the Via Appia, was an important Latium town, whose legendary founder, Hippolytus, or Urbius, is commemorated with Diana by the Latin poets. The ravine was once a sheet of water called Lacus Aricinus, on the borders of which stood a temple of Diana. Ariccia was the birthplace of Atia, mother of Augustus, and as such is extolled by Cicero in his third Philippic.

On the road to Genzano we passed another handsome church built by Pope Alexander VII, the Madonna del Galloro, which in former times was served by the Jesuit Fathers. Here our attention was drawn to the substructions which raised the Via Appia above the level of the plain.

Passing through a triple avenue of ancient elms, the centre leading to the Palazzo Cesarini, we reached Genzano, where the Octave of Corpus Christi used to be celebrated by a festival called the "Infiorata," on which occasion the streets were covered with a bright carpet of flowers arranged in forms representing Bible scenes in an endless variety of ornamental designs. We learned that this poetical festival is now rarely held, and I could not but regret that the religious enthusiasm which, throughout the rural districts, found expression in this and similar celebrations seems to be crushed by the materialistic influence of modern Italy.

Not far from Genzano is the valley of Civita Lavinia, on the site of the ancient Lavinium, noteworthy as the birthplace of the Emperors Antoninus Pius and Commodus, of P. Sulpicius Quirinus, who was Cyrinus the Governor of Syria mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel,

EMISSARIUM OF LAKE ALBANO NEAR CASTEL GANDOLFO.

and many other celebrated personages. As we rode towards Nemi the beautiful aspect furnished by the delightful lake and its environs, recalled to my friend the lines of "Childe Harold:"

"Lo, Nemi! navelled in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The ocean o'er his boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy grassy lake;
And calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect naught can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake."

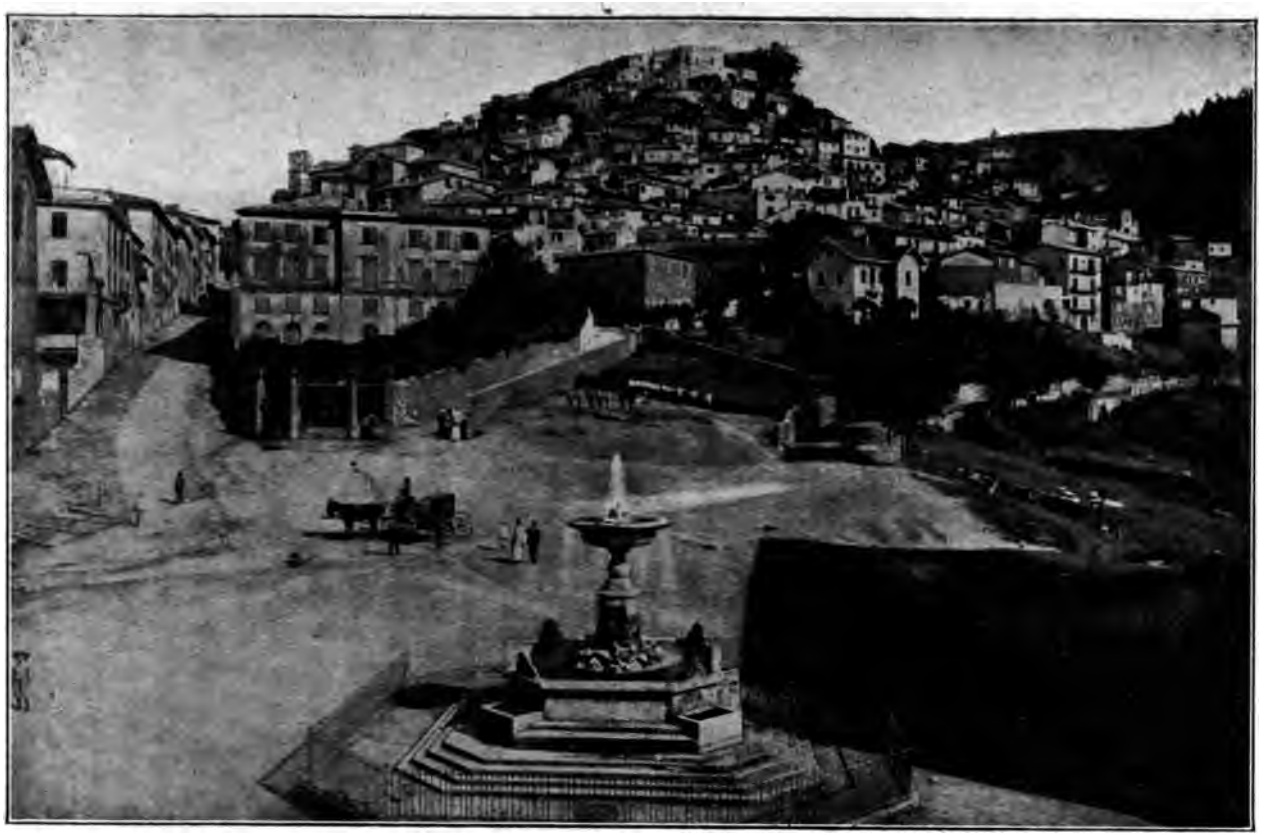
According to Ovid a grove existed in the precincts of the lake, in which stood the sanctuary of Diana of Ariccia, the foundations of which, together with a colonnade, were discovered during the excavations made some years ago below Nemi.

Like that of Albano, this lake has an Emissarium, its outlet being in the valley of Ariccia. Four unsuccessful attempts were made, between 1431 and 1895, to raise two splendid Roman Galleys sunk in the time of Caligula, and still lying at the bottom of the lake.

The village of Nemi occupies the site of the ancient town of Nemus; the fine old feudal castle which surmounts this beautifully situated village was built by the Colonnas, and must have been, as indeed it still is, all that a baron of the good old times of snatching and holding could desire. It has been completely restored by the present châtelaine, the Princess Ruspoli, an American lady, who uses it as a summer residence.

The tyranny of space has compelled me to give only a succinct account of our wanderings through the Alban Hills, and I must leave the reader to imagine the influence exercised over the mind by the combined effects of the beautiful scenery, genial atmosphere and, perhaps more than all, by the classical and historical reminiscences called up at every step. Yielding to this influence we decided to prolong our wanderings and visit Palestrina, Tivoli and the Emperor Adrian's Villa, and of these I hope to give some account in my next.

RICHARD M. VERVEGA.



ROCCA DI PAPA.

LAKE NEMI, WITH VIEW OF GENZANO.

AUTUMN.

All sorrowful our Mother Earth doth languish
  Despite her garments gay of red and gold,
She dons them but to hide her bitter anguish,
  Summer, her lord, has left her; she is old.

The children of her love are dead or dying,
  Dainty little flowers, harvests brave,
Upon her furrowed bosom low are lying
  Awaiting her last gift to them—a grave.

Around her all the dreary winds are moaning,
  Freighted with woe untold, complaining loud,
A Requiescat for the past intoning,
  Foretelling vaguely winter's icy shroud.

Yet ever brave, a lesson to us showing,
  She stands resigned amidst her many woes;
A summer of Eternity's bestowing,
  E'er follows on our earthly winter's close.

F. V. SANDS.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

(*Concluded.*)

THE inquisitive Daphne, who had little more sense than the baboons of the African forest where she was born, feeling that the prohibition concerning the villa was lifted, slipped away to see the locusts take their leave, lured by the merry sound of flutes and trumpets. She stationed herself on the stone wall, in the branch of an overhanging tree, far from the gates, out of sight of the porter, who was crabbed to the young slaves.

One of the horsemen, a handsome young Greek, spied her as she peeped down at him through the leaves, and fell out of ranks to speak to her. At first she repelled his invitation with much shaking of her flower-crowned head.

"Oh, come," he wheedled, laughing, "ride to the end of the wall at least. Plenty of room behind me; my horse's back is strong and broad. Though you're as black as Erebus, you're as beautiful as Aurora. I'll give you this gold chain for your neck."

The temptation was too strong for Africa. Light as a tree-monkey she dropped upon the saddle-cloth behind the handsome slave, and passed the end of the wall without seeing it.

The next morning, when Isis went down to the deserted villa, she heard a moaning from one of the cellars, and discovered the unfortunate gladiator who had been injured while attempting to stop the chariot horses. His condition was pitiable, for one of his legs was broken and his head badly cut. No one had paid any attention to him except the animal keepers in the adjoining cellar, who had thrown him bits of food and given him an occasional drink of tepid water.

The old slave woman washed and bound up his cracked head, and strapped his broken leg to a piece of wood. Under her care, and because of his iron-like toughness, he was soon able to hobble about. He offered to care for the turf and the flower-beds, and though he was a degraded specimen of humanity, the domina, remembering his courage, thought there must be something of value in his miserable carcass, and found that it was his soul.

She was able to illustrate her teachings by the purity and happiness of her household, and Asmodeus became a sincere Christian—so full of joy at his change of heart and habits that he often spent

half the night looking into the starry heavens, thanking God for having opened them to such a scum of sinners.

To his great grief Evodia pointed out to him that, being a slave, it was his duty to return to the service he detested. He bade her and the pleasant place farewell with many bitter tears. It was like leaving paradise for hell.

III.

The senator, Marcus Flavius, having amassed an enormous fortune, built a palace in Rome, a country house in Naples, given to his native town a college of gladiators and several public banquets, divorced three wives in order finally to marry a niece of Agrippina and a cousin, therefore, of the Emperor—made one speech too many before the august body of which he was a fair specimen at that time. Feeling secure in the possession of enormous wealth, he allowed his natural eloquence full swing for one glorious hour, and then read with the horror of the damned the autograph invitation of the Emperor to choose his own preferred mode of exit from the paradise he thought he had just completed for himself.

To decline this imperial invitation was impossible. After being senator in Rome, to skulk among barbarians in wolf and bear-haunted solitudes would be more repulsive than a death by torture. After the first agony of surprise, he chose the fashionable departure by vein opening, and consulted with his secretary while his physician, lancet in hand, read poetry while waiting sleekly in an anteroom.

Livia, the niece of Agrippina, was now at Naples with the Empress, meditating in her turn a divorce in order to marry the handsome captain, Numa Virgilius, whose flirtation with her was convulsing the court.

The senator, through the paid offices of his delators, knew this, and in drawing up his will put his money into two bags, leaving two-thirds of his gold to his Merciful Augustness, the Emperor, in gratitude for being allowed a "choice." The remaining third was left to the wife first loved and first divorced, the Greek Lesbia —afterwards known as the Lady Evodia—in trust for his only child, her daughter Zöe. Of his property, the whole of it went to the Emperor except a small country house, which was left to his last wife, Livia. This place adjoined an estate belonging to a

freedman named Appolonius, a beast worth many millions, who had long wanted to possess it. Livia was to have the country house during her lifetime only, and at her death it was to go to Agrippina.

"Now let us see how soon Appolonius will marry Livia," thought the senator, forgetting for a moment the adjoining bathroom and laughing softly as he signed the will, and paused before calling in the witnesses.

"That will hold, I think," he said to the scrivener, who bowed, replying, "As the gods and the Emperor please."

"The Emperor? He gets as usual the lion's share. The jackals may howl——"

"There is only one," thought the secretary, but there were a great many, himself among them. Not one of the household had been remembered. Slaves, all, they went with the houses to which they were appointed. Then he, Septimus, would go to the lion. He said so aloud, and the senator laughed again.

"You should be thrown to the lions for that—but would they devour a jackass?"

"It is a beast of which they are particularly fond," the secretary said boldly, and the senator—who felt uncommonly exhilarated—leaned back in his chair and cackled loudly.

"By the gods, you shall have your freedom for that. I would like to see how far from the dens you will carry your ears. I wager you a hundred sesterces you lose them in the circus not a year from to-day."

"If either of us wins or loses, who will pay the money?" calmly inquired the secretary.

"The devil that the Christians worship," replied the senator, so amused by this idea that he unlocked the drawer of the table and drew out a bag.

"Here, jackass, add to this testament of mine the statement that one Septimus, long-time secretary of the noble and benevolent Marcus Flavius, is hereby given his freedom and the sum of two hundred sesterces, to help him on his way to the circus. Have you written?"

The slave wrote, then fell on his knees and kissed the senator's hand.

"There, that will do," the master cried irritably. Then added curiously: What road do you take?"

"The one leading to the Villa Dolorosa."

A dark flush mounted to the senator's scanty hair, empurpling his fat neck. He could weep only when he had laughed himself helpless, and now he could not laugh. So he was in danger of disregarding the imperial invitation and dying of an apoplexy. His dagger was on the table and Septimus eyed it apprehensively. Still, his master had left to the domina of the hill farm no less than ten millions in gold, so why should he be afraid to say that he was going to her? The senator dragged with difficulty from his left hand a splendid oblong ring, a cameo on which was cut his own profile in white upon black, and set with diamonds.

"Give this to Lesbia with my love," he whispered, dropped his head into his hands and so sat for a moment. Impossible to imagine the condition of his mind, or the state of his soul. He lived in the same time with Seneca, and the philosophy of cultured paganism could have lifted him to equal heights from similar deeps—but he had made money his god and cynicism his boon companion, like the majority of his compeers, and now he was face to face with the Spirit of the Terror.

"Call the witnesses," he said in a changed voice, looking haggardly at the secretary. His physician and one of his intimates—who had a better heart or more courage than the others—entered the room and signed the parchment. The senator sealed the scroll and handed it to his friend. To the secretary he said, so that the others could hear:

"Take the small chariot and the pair of grays and go at once. Vale."

Septimus bowed, unable to speak, and went out as the senator and the physician went into the bathroom. A number of slaves with eager curiosity depicted on their many colored faces were trooping into the halls.

"It is done?" they asked eagerly. He shook his head, slipping away from them, and went to the stables where he hastened the harnessing of the grays to a small traveling chariot by giving an undergroom a piece of gold.

"Am I to drive you, sir?"

"No; I am to go alone," said the secretary, climbing to the senator's seat. The groom ran before and opened a gate into a back street. A crowd had gathered at the front of the palace, so no one noticed his departure. Nevertheless he drove at a fine pace until he was at some distance from the city on the Appian

Way. It seemed impossible to realize that he was a freedman. He was not young—forty-five certainly—and had been watching the sure and sinister approach of the Terror for a number of years; wondering mightily at the singular ways of men born free, senators in particular, who could drink and wreathe themselves with roses at the door of the torture-chamber, steal with both hands from the robber chief's chests, and die like whimpering dogs under the lightning stroke of his horrible anger. He had sometimes meditated murder himself, so fervently did he desire the death of the tyrant. But he could not nerve himself to it even when his rage and sorrow passed all bounds at the divorcing of his beloved mistress, the Lady Evodia. She had been married only five years when, at the imperial suggestion, the senator put her away. But during those five years how happy had been the household of slaves. Not that she was especially concerned about them, but she was so bright a spirit, so beautiful to look at, so lovely in voice and manner, so considerate and kind, they had lived in a slaves' paradise, and some of them had taken advantage of it.

Strange to say, with one or two exceptions, they had not served the first wife as eagerly and faithfully as they had the three others; yet, after she had gone and had taken their sunshine with her, they continually lamented her, recalling the joyousness of her rule. For she was succeeded by Pomponia, handsome and haughty, who queened it unmercifully for a year and a half, fell into sudden disgrace and was quickly divorced. Then came Cornelia, pale and vicious, whose very venomousness gained her a longer tenure of office. But she, too, fell into the nets of spies and delators, and soon after her well-deserved divorce was found dead in her bed. She was cordially hated.

It was said that her successor, Livia, was afraid of nothing so much as Cornelia's spite, so it was fortunate, indeed, that death had been so obliging.

As Septimus drove along, he let his nimble thoughts run backward and mused upon the senator's gradual rise in power and social life through these his wives.

Lesbia, the Greek, had been a professional dancer, a woman of no reputation whatever. It was hardly her fault, the secretary thought, for she was born in the class, and quite outside the pale of Roman aristocracy and alleged "decency." Yet, because of

jealousy of rivals, and because of her charm and grace and beauty, the senator had married her. But he soon discovered his mistake and hastened to correct it. Pomponia was the daughter of another senator who was not Marcus' equal in birth. His political influence was strong, however, and Marcus walked on it as on a tight-rope across a chasm which he never could have bridged otherwise. Then he cut his end of the rope. Cornelia was the wealthy widow of a knight who had been one of the imperial favorites. His shoes fitted the senator's fat feet, and Cornelia helped him to wear them. Although rich, she was intensely avaricious, and married Marcus for his millions. She quite detested him and decided to survive him; but he was cleverer than she was, and when the Emperor's ugly cousin was offered as a bribe to the imperial favor, Marcus presented himself to her with many gifts and was immediately snapped up. Numa Virgilius was in Britain at that time, whither all his family had emigrated.

"And now," Septimus asked himself, "where is Marcus?"

Unable to answer this question, he then wondered what the Emperor would do about the will. Would he be satisfied with the palace and all its treasures and the twenty millions of gold, or would he very likely find means to take the hill-farm and the daughter's ten millions? And what would the Lady Livia do? She had been virtually beggared by the terms of the will. Then Septimus' eyes contracted with amusement. No doubt she would now marry the unspeakable Appolonius, and induce him to buy the country house from Agrippina. What a fine match that would be now! Septimus laughed heartily. Numa Virgilius would never be caught in her haggard toils, do what she might, especially now that she had nothing. And the Emperor detested her. Still, she was an old serpent and was allowed to wriggle and hiss at court. Doubtless she would have something to say about the daughter's legacy. She would claim some of that money. What would she be likely to do?

The grays fell into a walk as Septimus fell into a deeper meditation.

He had intended to run away if his master had not freed him. He longed for service again under such a domina as Evodia, where he could offer his best and receive the reward his starved soul always craved—the approving smile, the appreciative comment, the amiable condescension. The charming Greek had been his ideal

for many years. He could imagine nothing superior in womankind. She had been very beautiful to begin with, and had augmented that beauty by magnificence of dress and jewels. From earliest childhood she had been trained in the arts of pleasing. Her walk was a delight; her dancing a revelation of poetry. Her voice, both in speech and song, vibrated with the tones of an æolian harp. Hers should have been the star of a joyous destiny—and she had married the fat Marcus, and he had divorced her. How many offers of re-marriage had she refused, the secretary recalled with wonder and admiration. Knights, senators, duumvirs, philosophers—all had been smilingly and definitely dismissed.

Marcus would have given her a palace whose expenses the Emperor himself would gladly have borne, but she chose instead a small farm secluded in the hills, and Marcus bought it for her. She wanted Septimus also, but the senator took umbrage at the request, turning a silly eye of jealousy upon the humble secretary, and offered her an Arabian, sixty, of parchment look, steeped to the eyebrows in learning; a bag of scientific bones, yet not without faithfulness to service and qualifications as a teacher.

Septimus had seen her depart from Rome with this philosopher carrying a bag of scrolls and a box of lunch, and old Isis carrying the little Zöe, who cried and held out tiny arms to him, so that he was not ashamed to cry himself. How the years dragged after that. He had taken to a study of the times, and saw that all men lived in terror—the richest and most exalted more than any. He had often seen the Emperor, especially after the marriage with Livia, and his heart almost stopped beating and the roots of his hair grew cold at sight of that monster. He felt that he would have fallen dead had that emerald eyeglass ever been turned full upon him with intent of scrutiny.

Its green rays had fallen upon his master at last. And now, where was Marcus?

Septimus pushed the persistent question aside. He was not religious. He had no altar to any god or goddess, unless indeed Lesbia was one. He had hung many wreaths upon the portrait bust of her that once adorned the atrium of the palace, and afterwards a hidden corner of his room. But if she had not been beautiful he would not have done that. But if she had not been beautiful she would not have been herself—so, as a slave, he adored her; and as a freedman he was sure he would lay down his life for her.

The old gatekeeper eyed Septimus and his smart equipage with deep suspicion, accusing them of being the vanguard of another horde of invaders. The secretary had to wait until Isis could be summoned to prove the truth of his assertions. She recognized him, but greeted him without cordiality. In her eyes nothing good could come out of Rome.

As the still grumbling porter slammed and locked the gate, Septimus offered the old woman the seat beside him, forgetful of his new dignity of Roman freedman, and so presented himself to his beloved domina in his usual humble guise. He did not recognize the brilliant Lesbia in the statuesque Evodia until the tones of her unchanged voice fell on his ear. He sprang from the chariot, bent his knee, kissed the hem of her tunic.

In the altered appearance of his goddess—the severity of her garb, the immobility of her figure, the undisguised sadness of look and voice—his sympathetic imagination read the history of the ten years of her exile.

He thought to himself that the proudest, coldest, most nobly descended Roman matron or widow could present no finer picture of purity and refinement than this lovely Greek of doubtful lineage and more than doubtful history. Yet Septimus, recalling her intense love of life and enjoyment of pleasure, her frank delight in all the beautiful things with which great wealth had surrounded her, was puzzled to discover the exact character of her transformation. It was not the chill of age, for she was barely thirty-three; it was not the loss of beauty, for she delighted the eyes in her classic and severe draping, and her vibrating voice was more seductive than ever with its mysterious undertone of sadness, like the profound undertone of a summer sea.

No; it was as if a crystal statue had suddenly changed to ivory, or as if a sparkling fountain had been petrified in its impetuous flow.

The domina saw at once that the secretary had come with news of importance, but postponed hearing it until he had refreshed himself with a bath and something to eat. She also felt that the news could not be very good, and wished to fortify herself and prevent that sudden, painful beating of her heart before hearing it.

Old Isis, who had no more nerves than one of her cows, could not forbear sitting near Septimus while he ate, to prod him with questions.

"Then you know nothing of the outside world?" he asked, in huge astonishment. "You don't know what has been going on in Rome? Maybe you do not know the name of the present—I mean the Emperor?"

"I'm not likely to forget that," said Isis impatiently. "But what I want to know is the name of the senator's present wife. How many wives has he had since our poor mistress was sent away?"

"Well, well," Septimus commented. "I've always thought that women had more than their share of curiosity——"

"I think the women of this farm have very little!" old Isis exclaimed angrily.

"That is what surprises me," said Septimus. "Evidently you have had no visitors."

"But we have," Isis exclaimed, and gave him a lively account of Livia and her locusts while the surprised listener devoured his country fare.

"The Lady Livia?" he asked eagerly. "Was she tall?"

"As a bean pole."

"Her figure?"

"Like the same."

"Hair?"

"The color of brass."

"Complexion?"

"To match."

"Voice?"

"Of a peacock."

"Manners?"

"Of a pig."

The two laughed cordially. They had always been great cronies.

"I see that you are acquainted with this noble lady, Septimus."

"I know her well. She is the Emperor's first cousin, sister of the devil, and last wife of the Senator Marcus Flavius. But," he added, forcibly detaining Isis by the arm; "sit down. I positively forbid your telling that to your mistress. I daresay she knows it. Anyhow, you won't burst. You won't have to keep it to yourself for more than two or three hours."

When he had washed his hands, he went into the domina's sitting-room, where she was waiting for him with a composure that

was too tense. She listened to him without so much as an exclamation. Presently she said miserably:

"I cannot take the money."

Septimus replied quickly:

"The Emperor may—indeed he probably will—save you the rejection."

"God grant it," she murmured, but Septimus was too preoccupied to notice the phrase. As the wife of the senator she had been no frequenter of temples or shrines.

"But, domina," he continued gravely, "in case the will is validated you cannot refuse the money."

"Why not?"

"It is not left to you, but to your daughter."

She grew dreadfully pale.

"But I do not want her to have it. She, too, will refuse it."

"Domina," he said quietly, "take another look at it. All the world is mad after money. It is the standard. Now here you are —and your daughter—lifted from poverty to honorable wealth. You will be able to command any position in society. You can marry anybody you please, and your daughter can make a marriage that will suit you. . . ."

"Stop," she said with great weariness. "If the Emperor"—she shuddered—"who has just murdered my husband . . ."

"Sh-sh!" warned the secretary, looking around uneasily.

"There are no spies here," she said bitterly. "If this tyrant should validate the will, it will be because of some monstrous caprice, and what will the consequences be?" It is not necessary for me to tell you, especially when you take the woman, Livia, into consideration. My life, and the life of my unfortunate daughter, hang by a thread."

She got up and paced the apartment, endeavoring to conquer her agitation and to subdue the palpitation of her heart, which began to flutter painfully.

Septimus watched her sorrowfully.

"Yet, domina, if the will stands, you will be obliged to take the money."

"Then God help me!" she exclaimed, "for no one else can. What shall I do?"

"Put on a brave face," Septimus urged. "Set up an establishment wherever Cæsar commands and bide your time."

He, too, had got up from his chair, and now he went up to her.

"Domina, I am a freedman. Henceforth I devote my life to you." He drew the dagger from his belt and held it out to her. "Say but the word at any time, and this will rid you of any enemy—I care not whom."

He repeated the last words slowly, watching her face. A look of horror spread over it.

"Put up your dagger, Septimus," she said, in her thrilling voice. "Not for the world would I so abuse your friendship. Indeed, some day you will probably retract and regret your offer of devotion."

"So far from regretting it, I hasten to repeat it," he replied. "I and my dagger are at your service, whether you will or not. I will never desert you."

But she only smiled mournfully with an expression in her lustrous eyes that both pained and puzzled him.

It so happened upon publication of the senator's will that the Emperor at once suggested to his young favorite, Numa Virgilius, a marriage with the young heiress; and then, hearing of Livia's descent upon the farm and her coaxing away by Numa (who seized the auspicious moment for confession), he was so vastly amused that he decided to command the divorced wife to reappear at court, and to use her elevation and her daughter's marriage to plague and torment his cousin Livia, whose antics afforded him endless diversion.

Lucky for Livia that she was born a fool.

The Emperor's mischievous determination was all the more inflamed by a further consideration of the contrast between Evodia's austere appearance and her former style. He would be able to plague and torment her, also, without doubt.

"And you say the daughter is pretty?" he further inquired.

"She is young, only fifteen, and looks the country-bred girl," Numa replied, beginning to feel a little uneasy.

"Life at court will soon cure that," said the Emperor. "And since you have met the ladies already, I will send my message by you."

IV.

When Livia heard of her husband's will she was furious. Her slaves, always treated capriciously, were now in terror of their

lives, and went about speechless, with slinking steps and miserable eyes. Daphne, to whom Livia seemed to have taken a great fancy, was being trained in the duties of a lady's maid, and was attending Fannia one morning when that trembling tirewoman was waiting upon her mistress. Both knew that something had happened to make Livia more than usual hard to please, for her eyes were venomous and her face livid even under its paint. However, she choked down her accumulating rage, venting none of it—as usual—upon the obsequious Fannia, but treating her with a satirical condescension which alarmed the woman to the verge of hysterics, and made her glance at Daphne with sincere commiseration when she was finally dismissed and the stolid African was ordered to stay.

"By Isis! Is she going to kill the girl?" thought Fannia, with a chill of horror. Instead of running stealthily toward the slaves' quarters, as she generally did, she lingered in an adjoining room, and presently heard a scream from Daphne which in many households would have brought a mob to the doors. No one came but a eunuch, who peered slyly in behind a curtain, not seeing Fannia, and went away with a hateful smile for which the slavewoman could have killed him. Then plucking up courage, she, too, peered in.

Livia, her towering red hair puffed and crimped and gold-powdered and jewel-hung, was dressed in a loose, saffron-colored tunic which left her thin, muscular arms uncovered. This slovenly robe, her ugly arms, and her ugly bare feet, in contrast with her painted face and gilded coiffure, gave her a truly devilish look and prepared an observer for any wicked manifestation. Yet Fannia almost betrayed herself by crying out at sight of the wretched Daphne, kneeling beside the toilette-table, her black face distorted with pain, one hand fastened firmly upon the table by a dagger driven through it with one hard blow. The blood, running down her arm, dripped from her elbow and puddled on the tiles of the floor.

"Now," said Livia, showing her discolored teeth, "I think you will stay and answer my questions."

She held a scourge across her knees. Thanking her heathen gods that she did not have to stay, Fannia stole away. Daphne soon found that unless she wanted shoulders to match her hand she had better answer as quickly as possible all her mistress' ques-

tions; told everything she knew or could invent about Evodia and her family.

The only thing that Livia cared to hear was that the domina and her daughter were Christians.

That was welcome news indeed, for it gave her power to destroy them utterly. It was all she wanted; so presently Daphne, nursing her hand with negro stoicism after the first shock of terror, went also to the slaves' quarters, where the lame gladiator—now one of the cook's assistants—tied it up for her and gave her a bag of cakes.

She then told him all that had happened.

"You'd better not tell anybody else, you black idiot," he said fiercely at her ear, "or your mistress will crucify you. If you don't swear not to open those thick lips of yours again about this business, I'll go and tell her what you've said."

Daphne burst out crying with loud sobs. Asmodeus seized her by the shoulders and shook her until her teeth chattered.

"And don't you mention my name or anybody's name . . . Oh, by the gods," he continued, forgetting everything except Evodia's danger, "I wish she had cut your tongue out, you gabbling ape!"

He was in an agony lest this babbling, irresponsible Nubian should betray him in later confidences, but he had effectually frightened her. She crept away whimpering, and the other slaves thought she cried over her injured hand.

Asmodeus knew very well what Livia had determined to do, so he resolved to go at once to the hill-farm and warn the domina. His lameness made the attempt extra hazardous. There was every reason to suppose that Livia would be told that he had run away; she would be acute enough to guess his destination, and when she recaptured him it would be the ergastulum, or slaves' prison, for him, or death by torture, or fighting with wild beasts in the arena. He was able to contemplate these horrible probabilities with composure, as far as he himself was concerned, but he could not endure the thought of them in connection with Evodia and her family. So without much preparation and with many prayers he set out early one evening, avoiding the main road, and was lucky in meeting with accommodating wagon drivers and so finally reached the farm.

Before he spoke, Evodia saw in him a second messenger of ill-fortune. He urged her to leave the country at once. He had had

every opportunity to know what was going on at court, and although Livia's influence with the Emperor was small, her dangerous knowledge would match his cupidity. The law against the Christians would be executed without doubt, and the whole of the senator's fortune would find its way into the imperial coffers. Livia would get nothing, but she would have the satisfaction of being Evodia's destroyer. Evodia realized that there was no time to be lost if she wished to save her life and that of the poor, faithful fellow who stood looking at her with dog's eyes of devotion. Even now his pursuers might be at the gates. She sent for Septimus.

"I shall now put your assertions of friendship to the proof," she said, and repeated the lame gladiator's news, adding: "As you see, I place my life in your hands."

Immediately whatever had seemed mysterious in her later life became clear, as Septimus listened to her.

Horrified he indeed was by her declaration of faith, for he shared the popular idea of the despised Christians. He had felt that up to this time the domina had not been frank with him, when she had persisted that it was necessary to put Zöe into a place of safety. He could see no reason why she should fear anything except confiscation of money, and she said she did not want it. The times were so troubled that everybody had enemies, but he was case-hardened and felt quite able to outwit any that his mistress might make. The idea had occurred to him that she might covet her daughter's fortune for herself, but he put it instantly aside. His goddess could do no harm, he would stake his life on that. And now to find that she was a Christian was an immense shock, because it made him feel that she was under some hideous delusion. All the more reason, however, for serving her and saving her, if possible, from the fate meted out to the fanatics of her faith.

While they were discussing the situation, the porter opened the gates to the imperial messenger, Numa Virgilius. No less consternation ensued than if a lion had stalked into a council of deer.

The domina dismissed Septimus in order to speak privately to the young officer. When she heard that besides her own commanded return to Rome, her daughter had been offered to Numa in marriage, a desperation of despair seized her. For a moment she scanned him as he sat as if posed, though unconsciously, for a picture of military elegance. The breeze waved the horsetail of his crested helmet and thrashed the stiff hairs on the shoulder-plates

of his superb cuirass. One extended hand rested upon the hilt of his sword; the other, blazing with jewels, upon the imperial letter opened upon the table at his side. Under the shadow of his casque his youthful and haughty face was inscrutable. Sooner or later he would hear the truth about her, so why not tell him now, and throw herself upon his mercy?

His military training enabled him to meet her unexpected confidence with no outward expression of feeling. Inwardly he thought:

"What is to be done? Livia will tell Cæsar, and what will the consequences be?"

Aloud he said:

"The centurion Pudens sets sail for Britain from Antium in two days' time. He and his family are now in Antium. They are accompanying the British Princess, Claudia. It is rumored that all of them are converts to the foreign superstition. Pudens has not been questioned, however, because he is a brave and honorable officer, and is at present indispensable to the Emperor."

"But the ship?" the trembling woman inquired. "Is it a war-vessel?"

"No; anyone may take passage. I will return to Cumae by way of the coast and will accompany you as far as Antium. It is advisable that when your daughter takes ship at Antium, you go with me to Cumae; otherwise——"

"I understand," said the domina, with pale lips. "May God reward you for your courage. I have no desire to involve you in any disaster that may befall me. I will offer Cæsar on my knees all the property and money that have been left me. He will keep it in trust for my daughter," she added bitterly. "As for the lame gladiator, have I not a right to him as long as Livia keeps Daphne? Moreover, he knows that she is guilty of the death of Cornelia. . . ."

"Send him to Britain, then, with your daughter."

For the second time in a month, the young officer waited in the farmhouse until the domina was ready to accompany him. Evodia's preparations were of the briefest. The farm was left in charge of Septimus; old Isis and Asmodeus were to accompany their young mistress to Britain. The domina and her daughter rode in the senator's chariot, drawn by the pair of grays, driven by Asmodeus. Isis followed in a cart containing the few articles necessary for the voyage.

Evodia saw from the shores of Antium the ship with all she loved sinking below the verge. Tearless and unhoping, she sat in her chariot like a sculptured Niobe until she reached the summer palace of the young officer, which was built on a high terrace overlooking the enchanted bay.

Nero was pleased to be gracious, and signified his intention to be present at a banquet given by Evodia at Numa's suggestion.

He had also signified his entire willingness to relieve Evodia of all responsibility as trustee of her daughter's property, and an absurd "legal" document was drawn up to that effect.

Livia was among the guests at the banquet, more venomous than ever in green and yellow. But her lean face, as well as the fat one of her imperial cousin, was wreathed with smiles as well as flowers.

The Emperor, indeed, had the air of one who cherishes an agreeable secret. His emerald eyeglass was leveled approvingly at his hostess, as he complimented her costume.

"A contrast, well designed," he cried in his falsetto voice. "First the virtuous Roman matron—Cornelia, in simple white, without a jewel; and then the dancer, Lesbia of Lemnos. . . . Admirable! Artistic! Is it no so, Petronius?"

The elegant one smilingly dissented.

"Methinks you should turn the sentence around, Divinity," he said. "To-night the Lady Evodia is certainly the virtuous Roman matron."

Evodia's heart began to beat sickeningly; she grew as white as her robe of fine wool when the Emperor raised his wine cup, nodded his laurel and rose-crowned head toward her and said:

"Not content with outshining us all in noble simplicity, and reminding us of the austere renown of more ancient days, the lovely Lesbia will now appear before us in her own unsurpassed character—that of the most exquisite dancer in the world. The stage waits—and so do we," he added significantly, as the curtains of an improvised stage slowly parted, disclosing a view of distant ocean beyond the magnificent gardens of the villa. Not far distant rose the beautiful outlines of a Greek temple. Large, lucid stars burned like lamps in the intense, velvety blue of the quiet skies.

Someone touched Evodia upon the arm. It was the actor, the beautiful Paris, who smiled encouragingly as he drew her away from the table. She went with the fixed gaze of a somnambulist.

Mechanically she was drawn by women's hands into a small dressing-room, but when these eager hands would have stripped her of her honorable tunic and stola, to replace them with the gauzy nothingness of the dancer's veils, she tore them loose.

They held the door against her, so she sprang upon the stage, with the floating hair and wild eyes of a mænad. The flutes began a shrill and tremulous complaint as she stretched out her delicate arms, her white face a tragic mask, her voiceless lips moving. She would have fallen had not Paris leaped to her side and supported her sinking figure. The tableau was striking in the extreme, owing to the beauty and grace of the actors, and was supposed by all but a few present to have been carefully rehearsed for the occasion.

The loud applause ceased instantly as Nero rose from his chair, stared through his eyeglass at the stage, calling out angrily:

"What is the matter there?"

Paris lowered the head upon his arm softly to the floor; then, rising, began a most wonderful pantomimic dance representing the death of Sappho. The curtain fell amid renewed and frantic applause, Nero himself clapping his hands more vigorously than anyone else.

As the hostess did not appear at the prolonged applause, a certain cold uneasiness seized the guests. Paris bounded in with his fawn-like grace, knelt before the Emperor, kissing the imperial hand, exclaiming:

"Divine Augustus! I thank thee for having given me this opportunity——"

"It was wonderful, wonderful!" Nero replied. "Tell me, my Paris, was it an improvisation?"

"Absolutely, Imperial Cæsar, but the inspiration came from thee."

"Is Sappho really dead?" asked Nero, with a laugh.

As if the question was a signal, the stage curtains parted and the body of poor Evodia, just as the pantomimist had posed it, was closely scrutinized by Cæsar. Not content with this, he sent for his physician, who declared at once that the woman was dead.

"A weak heart," he added, "the excitement of the royal visit, and the honor of appearing again on the stage before Caesar, hastened her death."

"May the gods grant me the honor of a similar end," Paris

murmured musically. The Emperor immediately crowned him with his own wreath.

When the royal party had left the villa, Numa seated himself at the banquet table, looking at Evodia's moveless figure. The blood beat fiercely in his veins and roared in his ears.

His thoughts leaped from death to life, from Evodia to Zöe, and were fused into an intense thankfulness that the one was dead—if in so tragic a moment—and the other alive and far from the fangs of the Imperial beast.

He could not foresee that he, too, would become a Christian, for he registered an oath to Mithra to marry and protect with his life the fair daughter of Evodia.

He died in armor, at the head of his legionaries, fighting the wild men of Britain, and not the wild beasts of the Roman circus.

Septimus, less fortunate, unable to use his dagger upon the tyrant, turned it upon himself, after the pagan manner of fidelity, hoping that in Plutonian realms he might follow the shade of his adored domina.

CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

THE YEARNING.

HARK to the sob o' the wild sea's keenin'
Betwixt the two hearts of us, Molly aroon,
Nigh to your soul 'tis my soul is leanin'
Over the miles that lies wide betune.

Little they think that hear me singin'
'Tis the pain o' my heart I'm tryin' to hide,
Me that can hear the laugh o' you ringin'
Sweet as the thrush in the green hedgeside;

Me that can see your gray eyes smilin'
Under the shine of your hair like sloe,
Molly, 'tis you was the witch beguillin'
To ease the hurt o' my bitter woe.

Light was the step ye had in the dancin',
Faith, 'twas the fairies got into your feet!
When you tossed your head, love, your gray eyes glancin',
Wirra, 'tis ruined I was complete.

Gray was my heart till it went to your keepin'
Again the beat of your own, asthore,
Joy of my sorrow, I've learned ye weepin',
You that had never a tear of yore.

"Go," says you, "where 'tis gold is rainin',
Many's the pocket yourself can fill,
And here will I stop without plaint or plainin'
In the cabin you've builded again the hill."

But sorra the glint o' the gold I'm spyin',
It's battlin' I am for sup an' bite,
For a sight o' the child in your arms I'm sighin',
An' the sound o' my Molly's voice this night.

I can hear the droon o' the cradle swingin',
Where ye sit in the light o' the burnin' peat,
Troth, it's the sad little song you're singin',
An' the lilt o' the dance has left your feet.

There 's threads o' white in the head you're bendin',
An' wan is the hand ye gave to me—
Sure, you're wearyin' sore for this exile's endin',
An' the day I'll be goin' back over the sea.

BLANCHE M. KELLY.

EDITORIAL.

PIUS X AS SUPREME TEACHER.

PIUS X has issued an encyclical letter to the authorized teachers of the Church, bidding them to put Catholics everywhere on their guard against the errors and pretensions of certain critics, historians and reformers, who insist on posing as true teachers of a religion after having forsaken its first principles. With a full appreciation of the responsibility of his office as supreme teacher in matters of faith and morals, he has felt it incumbent on him to warn the world against false teachers, and to direct his bishops how to help the clergy to safeguard the members of the Church from unchristian doctrines. He has not acted without the guidance from above, which is promised to the Vicars of Christ, nor without the counsel which he can always abundantly obtain from those who are appointed to help him rule the Church of God. He has rebuked the innovators, who by every trick of sophistry have been endeavoring to prove that what is true to-day may be false to-morrow, that the Church in modern times would be still the Church of primitive Christianity as Christ established it, even though it should repudiate what the early and all succeeding generations of Christians have believed as the unquestionable revelation of God Himself. Modernism is now known for what it really is, an attempt to recommend under a specious name errors, theological and philosophical, and reforms of ecclesiastical discipline, which would stultify and incriminate the entire past of the Church as a teaching and governing body. This much we can say positively after reading the list of errors, improperly called syllabus, which Pius X issued last July, and which was the subject of an editorial in THE MESSENGER for September. Until we shall have received the text of the encyclical it would be presumptuous for any one but the hack editorial writers of our daily newspapers to determine how the encyclical is to be applied in order to safeguard the faithful against writings which might injure faith or morals. To judge from the lavishness and the temper of the advice which our American journalists heaped upon the Holy Father and the faithful generally the very day the encyclical was announced, and before they were aware of its contents, it might seem a pity that he has not some means of consulting them before issuing a

message to the faithful. Scarcely one in one hundred of them has ever read the writings of the men whom he condemns, and they all appear to lack sympathy with the truth which he defends; still they are quick to observe what they consider his mistake, and to deplore, or better, to affect to deplore, what they regard as his tactical error, putting the Church entirely out of the march of modern or scientific progress. Very soon we shall have the text of the encyclical, and we may safely predict that it will be judicious and moderate like all the documents which have emanated from the Vatican under the present Pope. His regulations for the censorship of books will neither be impossible nor unreasonable. They will be no more than wise applications of the principles of censorship, which obtain in civil as well as in ecclesiastical law, and which are nowhere more rigidly enforced than in the offices of the journalists who are quick to find fault with a Pope, though in this respect he is quite as modern as themselves. The most urgent need of the Church today is a well regulated censorship of books and other writings treating of religion and morality. Every State has its exponents of policy, and whether they be members of its administration, or simply its prominent citizens, they may not, and, if loyal, they would not, utter anything derogatory or contrary to those whom they represent. Every well organized institution, sociological, educational or commercial, has its press or publicity bureau, and no one takes it amiss that such a bureau should control the utterances of those who represent it before the public. In religion such a censorship is more imperatively needed than in any other sphere of life. Immense harm may be done by an erring teacher who appeals for a hearing on the strength of his personal ability or character; if his appeal is confirmed by the authority of an organization to which millions look for the truth, the harm he does will be irreparable. No sane minded man objects to a proper revision of his writings. The more experienced a writer is the more he seeks the criticism of others before publishing his work. We may look forward, therefore, to the regulations concerning censorship with confident expectation that they will stem the torrent of useless and dangerous writings on religious subjects and compel certain restless innovators to mature their judgments and exercise sobriety in their theological speculations. One result will be fewer, but better, books and periodicals treating religious questions. Another result will be more serious effort to become acquainted with old theology before talking smartly

about the new; and still a further result will be both in preaching and in writing plainer and more convincing statements and expositions of the truths of the gospel in place of futile and often confusing attempts to reconcile conflicting philosophical theories, or to explain revelation by reason in such wise as to demonstrate that a supernatural revelation is not needed at all. While Pius X is thus providing wise regulations for those who are already in the ministry, teaching what they have already learned in the seminaries, he has been busy also reforming the studies in the seminaries themselves. It would already make quite a long chapter in the story of his pontificate to review all he has done for ecclesiastical studies, and it is very strange that those who complain of his attitude to modernism, as they call it, should overlook his reforms in the ecclesiastical colleges and seminaries in Italy, and his revision for this purpose of the decrees of the Council of Trent. Far from being retrograde, the present sovereign pontiff is more solidly progressive than any of the popes of the past century. More a man of action than academician, he has the advantage of governing the Church under less troublous and unsettled conditions, except in France, than his immediate predecessors. Like all wise reformers, he proceeds slowly when he attempts a change for the better, and he is careful to provide for its permanency. His rules for censorship will save the faithful from error; his reform of the seminaries will provide for the future worthy teachers of religious truth.

OUR AMERICAN BISHOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The death of Bishop Rooker, at Iloilo, is an occasion for considering the work of our American bishops in the Philippine Islands. For about five years four of them have been laboring there under the disadvantages which naturally follow revolution and war, and against all the odds of difficult dialects and of radical and sectarian disaffection. On arriving there they found the country honeycombed by anti-Christian secret societies, the clergy and faithful threatened with schism, an aggressive Protestant propaganda, and a civil administration not entirely favorable. Their predecessors had retired; the clergy had been demoralized; the friars were awaiting what then threatened to be a deportation, and the native priests were hampered in their religious ministrations, or preoccupied by political and even by military interests. Ecclesiastical revenues and properties were, for a time, sequestrated; churches were falling into decay or seized

upon by the Agilpayans and insurrectos; even the public schools were made centres of proselytism. Five years has brought about a great change. It is too soon yet to say that all is changed; but some of the unfavorable conditions which confronted them on their appointment have been entirely removed, and all of them have been somewhat improved.

The Katipunero society is no longer the political power that it was, and its counterparts among the lower classes have lost their influence; Aglipay and his schism have ceased to be regarded seriously; the Protestant propaganda has failed to obtain the co-operation of government officials upon which it counted; and the civil administration has repeatedly professed its dependence upon the co-operation of the American bishops for the pacification and advancement of the Filipinos. The bishops meanwhile, with Church and State separated, have lost no time with civil or political affairs. Leaving the recovery of their lawful property and revenues to the Apostolic Delegate and to the Archbishop of Manila, they have spent their time visiting their vast dioceses, baptizing, confirming, preaching, reorganizing their clergy, enabling them to make retreats, reconciling the people with the friars who remained, opening up seminaries, introducing new religious orders, such as the Redemptorists, the Josephites, and the Congregation of the Incarnate Word, prevailing upon the Orders already there to recruit their numbers by English-speaking members, opening convents and schools, repairing churches, and gradually withdrawing their flocks from unchristian and sectarian proselytism. Bishop Rooker, it seems, had to labor in a field of more active and violent opposition than his brother bishops, and the complaint was made that he was not always as conciliatory as they. The conditions of his diocese offered little opportunity for conciliation, and no doubt the worry as well as the work of his episcopate hastened his end. His untimely death should help us to appreciate the self-sacrifice of all who give their lives to the Philippine Mission. When the history of the Church in the United States for this century shall have been written, it will contain no more glorious chapter than the record of the devotion of the prelates who are now giving their lives to the restoration of religion among the Filipinos. They have their consolations. Working as the Apostles, without means, and without political favor, they are constantly witnessing evidences of faith and of innocence worthy of Apostolic times. They reap no earthly advantage by their ministry; everyone of them could be employed more

prominently and less laboriously at home; they have no interest to serve in remaining among the Filipinos except to save souls and bring a foreign people into harmony with the ways of the country, which for the present administers their affairs. No doubt they pray God to hasten the day when the Filipinos will be ready for their independence and self-government without social or religious disadvantage; and nothing could be more unjust or ungrateful to them than to insinuate that they wish to defer that day. They are single-minded men, and the welfare of the Filipinos which they seek is not divided; temporal and eternal salvation are both a matter of deepest concern to them: one goes with the other, and nowhere perhaps in the world can the identity of true spiritual and material interests and progress be shown better than in the field in which they labor, and in which, please God, they will soon have overcome every difficulty and change every adverse condition to a favorable one.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Very few books have been received by the reviewers as cordially as the first volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia. During the six months which have elapsed since its appearance it has been criticised in all the more prominent newspapers and periodicals, and it has been welcomed with genuine admiration, praised for its many merits, and excused for an occasional or minor defect. All are agreed that, if subsequent volumes attain to the standard of the first, we shall have a work of reference second to none for its completeness, accuracy, urbanity of tone, dispassionate statement of the Catholic position, valuable lists of references, useful and beautiful illustrations, durable paper, and workmanlike typography and binding. Subscribers who have submitted the work to even a more careful reading than the reviewers repeat these favorable notices, and like them declare that the encyclopedia is an event of highest importance to the Church, a monumental undertaking, a boon to Protestants as well as to Catholics, an end, if not to controversy, at least to the asperities of controversy, and a check to the animosities which grow out of religious prejudices.

It would appear, therefore, that the editors have succeeded in producing a work strictly in conformity with the ideals set forth in the preface to this first volume. Perhaps their greatest task has been to obtain the co-operation of many of the most prominent Catholic writers in every part of the world, and to organize them into a staff

of contributors who, now that they have learned to write their articles according to the plan and scope of the editors, are the best assurance that the publication of the encyclopedia will proceed along the lines mapped out in the first volume as rapidly as the character of such a literary enterprise will permit. This formation of an international body of thoroughly equipped Catholic writers is, over and above the preparation of the encyclopedia itself, an achievement which will necessarily, and in the near future, lead to signal and most useful performances in the sphere of religious literature. The encyclopedia will be the groundwork of a great English Catholic literature.

Catholics everywhere in English-speaking countries have waited long and patiently for this publication. Its production has been the object of much prayer as well as labor and expense. Now that it has appeared and met with so favorable a reception, it is the duty of every Catholic to see that its benefits be extended to the widest possible range of readers. It goes without saying that every public library, every public and private institution, home, hospital, camp, navy yard, every public and private school should have copies of this valuable work; and it is the duty of every Catholic organization to see that a copy of it be accessible to every inquirer. A few years ago, when a movement was started against misrepresentations of Catholic belief, history and discipline, the obvious rejoinder of those who were accused of misrepresentation was that there was no recognized reliable source of information on topics of interest to Catholics. Such a source is now provided in the Catholic Encyclopedia, and not only should every Catholic be familiar with it, but every Catholic should exercise his influence whether as an individual or as a member of an organization to make it accessible to all who in good faith seek the truth about the doctrine, tradition and practice of the Catholic Church.

SOME SCIENTISTS AND RELIGION.

The readers of THE MESSENGER know what to think of the naturalism of Sir Oliver Lodge. He may repudiate a revelation, but still his belief in God leads him to believe in the intervention of Providence, so far as the physical control of the universe is concerned. A recent sketch of this distinguished English scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, calls attention to the marked difference between the attitude of many thinking scientists of the present generation toward religion and spiritual things from that which characterized certain

scientists prominent in the public eye in the past generation. In view of the fact that so many critics of Pius X are declaring that he has placed an impassable barrier between science and religion, it is worth noting that a definite reaction has set in, and that leading scientists no longer speak of the possibility of the interference of spiritual powers in this world of ours as absurd, and above all they have come to harbor a very reverential feeling toward the Creator, and that Providence which rules and guides the world, the influence of which they cannot help but feel in spite of their absorption in the study of the material things around them. Sir Oliver Lodge, for instance, has said of himself in one of his rare personal references: "My sole life ambition, as far as I know, is the harmless one of hoping to be useful to higher powers by expressing in act and deed such thoughts of the age as have fallen to my lot." Though Mr. Lodge was knighted some five years ago because of the distinguished discoveries that he had made in science, and because of his magnificent work as an educational organizer in the University of Birmingham, he does not hesitate to declare very emphatically not only his belief in a higher power, but his feeling that we can and must know much of the manifestations of that higher power, and must endeavor to conform ourselves to its will. He has spoken, for instance, of the universe, as "The living garment of God." He has said "That we men, too, are the artisans of creation in this outlying planetary district, and that a magnificent co-operation is our highest privilege." He has declared besides "That as there is a constant succession of beings from the lowest order of life on the earth, the Amoeba up to Man, so there probably is also an order of beings higher than man in an ascending scale up to God." In a word, he would find in the state of things in this universe, as we know it, an argumeut at least from analogy for the existence of orders of beings higher than man, and of a spiritual nature. He does not hesitate even to add that "We may also be influenced, aided, inspired, by a cloud of witnesses, agents, helpers like ourselves of the Immanent God," and finds thus another argument for the existence of the guardian spirits which has been the consoling teaching of the Church at all times, not only in the New Testament, but also in the Old. It is not surprising then that Sir Oliver should consider that prayer is a very proper manifestation of man's dependence on God, and that an answer to prayer may well be expected. He considers, for instance, that even prayer for rain, though this is supposed to be one

of the things in religious customs most repugnant to the scientific temper of mind, involves no greater interference with the laws of nature than an order to a gardener to water the garden! In the ordinary course of nature without moisture the plants would die. Man may interfere with the ordinary course of nature and keep them alive by watering them, or by having another water them. Surely the power of the Creator shall not be limited in this respect, and so we have the basis for the distinguished English scientist's striking expression. For Sir Oliver Lodge the word miracle has neither terror nor absurdity.

It is evident that a saner attitude on the part of men of science toward religion has come, while the pretentious agnosticism of the past generation is going out of fashion. It is interesting to reflect that in the meantime the difficulties thrown in the way of the incomplete Christianity of the Protestant sects has made very clear their lack of logical basis, and has to a great extent obliterated the beliefs in them, leaving only social organizations with the service of humanity as their aim. The supposed opposition then between science and religion has only served to bring out more clearly the undying nature of the Catholic Church's claim to be the representative of Christ, and so as always in history what seemed to be an obstacle to the Church's progress has really proved an auxiliary.

THE CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

Death of the Archbishop of Boston.—The Most Rev. John J. Williams, head of the Metropolitan Province of New England and the oldest member in age and consecration of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, died in the Archiepiscopal residence, in Union Park Street, on Friday, August 30, aged 85 years.

John Joseph Williams, fourth Bishop and first Archbishop of Boston, was born in Boston, April 27, 1822. At the age of five he attended the new Catholic school, attached to the old Cathedral, on Franklin Street; before he was ten he acted as errand boy in the office of *The Jesuit*, the Catholic weekly founded by Bishop Fenwick. The venerable Archbishop used to relate with pride how it was his custom to carry copy to the printer of *The Jesuit* from the Vicar General, Very Rev. Thos. J. O'Flaherty. In his eleventh year he was sent to a preparatory college at Montreal. He was graduated in 1841, at the age of nineteen, and completed his studies at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, where he was ordained four years later. His whole life in the ministry was spent in Boston and fifty-three out of the sixty-two years of his priesthood at the Cathedral. His first appointment was as assistant. In 1855 he was made rector, and two years later pastor of St. James' Church, returning to the Cathedral as Vicar General in 1866. Shortly afterward he became Coadjutor Bishop, then Bishop for nine years, and finally, in 1875, Archbishop.

Archbishop Williams was a unique figure in the annals of the Church in New England. The story of his life embraces the foundation and the wonderful expansion of the Church not only in the Archdiocese of Boston, but throughout the New England states. He was born under the saintly Bishop Cheverus. He was ordained under the scholarly and indefatigable Fenwick, with whom he lived a year, and was present at his death bed. While yet a boy, he stood on Warren Bridge with the celebrated Rev. John Larkin, then a Sulpician and later a member of the Society of Jesus, and saw all Charlestown Square in flames on the anniversary of the burning of the Ursuline Convent, and witnessed the destruction that same night of the tavern from which the miscreants had issued to set fire to the convent exactly a year before. He was Vicar General under the learned and zealous Bishop Fitzpatrick and assisted in the ceremonies at his death bed, and from that time was identified as prudent leader and conservative administrator of all the apostolic works which have prospered in the Archdiocese of Boston and have placed it in the foremost rank among the ecclesiastical divisions of the country.

Wise and prudent, this great Archbishop appeared on first acquaintance reticent and almost severe. But those who knew him best were aware that under an outward reserve he carried a warm heart and a most genial

disposition. In the discharge of the duties of his high office he was exact, but not severe. He was charitable to a fault and the justest of men. His memory will ever be held in benediction.

Father Marquette.—An event of unusual interest to Catholics will be the formal dedication of a mahogany cross erected to the honor of the Jesuit Father Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet, pioneer explorers of the Chicago River and the Mississippi Valley, on the site where Father Marquette and Joliet first stepped on Chicago soil, and where the former spent the winter of 1674-75. The Chicago Association of Commerce has appointed a special committee to participate in the ceremonies, and the organization also appropriated $400 for the purpose. The cross, which is to be placed at Robey Street, south of Blue Island Avenue, on the bank of the Chicago River, has been donated by Cameron L. Willey. It is of mahogany, fourteen feet high, and is made of twelve-inch beams. Governor Deneen has promised to be present at the ceremony.

Death of Founder of American Capuchins.—Very Rev. Hyacinth Epp, O.M.Cap., died on August 31 in St. Augustine's Monastery, Pittsburg. Father Epp was born in Surach, Bavaria, November 23, 1836. He received the habit of the Capuchin Order March 9, 1859, and was ordained priest September 23, 1862. In 1873 he was selected to undertake the task of establishing a new province of the order in the United States. Accompanied by the late Rev. Father Matthew Hau and a Capuchin Brother, he came to Pittsburg, where he founded the present monastery. At the first chapter of the new American province, held in 1882, he was elected provincial. He was subsequently re-elected to that position four times, occupying it for fifteen years in all. He founded the Capuchin monasteries at Herman, Pa., and Wheeling, W. Va., and others in Kansas and Ohio.

The California Rocky Mountain Mission.—For a long time the late General of the Society of Jesus, Fr. Louis Martin, had given his attention to a better disposition of the subjects and property belonging to the Jesuits in the western districts of the United States. His ardent desire was so to arrange the men and means in that wide section that greater fruit for the glory of God and the salvation of souls might more easily and more certainly be obtained through the co-operation of scattered forces; and thus also gradually to make way for a new province. There were two extensive missions in the far West, both belonging to the same province of Turin: that of the Rocky Mountains, embracing Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Oregon; and that of California, lying within three counties of the Golden State.

The Rocky Mountain Mission was founded in the early forties by the great Fr. De Smet and his worthy companions. Little by little it spread from one station to another under the guidance of his intrepid successors amidst appalling difficulties and against apparently insurmountable obstacles. Indeed, it may be safely stated that had not the work of the devoted missionaries been thwarted and often paralyzed by the

agents of hostile missionary societies and others, their success would have rivaled that of the great missionaries of the old Society, and the story of the Reductions of Paraguay would have been repeated among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. Even in spite of opposition and countless difficulties and hardships, the works of these missionaries prospered, as is attested to-day by thriving mission schools and by numerous stations for Christian as well as pagan Indians. In addition to these successful works in behalf of the Indians, the Jesuits of the Rocky Mountains have had under their charge several primary and grammar schools and two colleges, one in Spokane and another of great promise in Seattle. Altogether there are 10,000 Christian and 20,000 pagan Indians under the immediate care of the Fathers, with 700 students in their two colleges and fifteen hundred children in the elementary schools.

The California Mission has had no Indians under its jurisdiction; it embraces a small area in Santa Clara, San Francisco and Santa Cruz counties; but it has two large colleges, Santa Clara, in Santa Clara, founded in 1851, and St. Ignatius', in San Francisco, founded in 1855. Moreover, it has charge of two large parishes and three parochial schools in Santa Clara County, and the novitiate of the Sacred Heart at Los Gatos. The Mission of California has under its direction at least 1,200 students in the state.

The present General of the Society, mindful of the intention of his predecessor, and after due consideration, finally determined on the union of these two missions, and on June 7, 1907, sent the document ordering this union to the Very Rev. Jos. Chiaudano, to be effected on August 15. Very Rev. Geo. De La Motte, Superior of the Rocky Mountains since 1900, was at the same time chosen Superior General of what will henceforth be known as the California Rocky Mountain Mission. Besides the states already mentioned, the two Dakotas and the southern part of Alaska were added and go to form, perhaps, the most extensive mission of the Jesuits in the world. The residence of the Superior General of the new mission will be at Portland, Ore.

New Bishop of Fall River.—Rt. Rev. Daniel Francis Feehan, D.D., was consecrated second bishop of the diocese of Fall River in the pro-Cathedral, St. Mary's Church, on Thursday morning, September 19. The church, to which admission could be obtained only by ticket, was crowded to the limit of its capacity, while thousands, who were unable to gain admittance, thronged the streets surrounding the church. The consecration of Bishop Feehan brought together the largest assembly of bishops and priests that Fall River has ever witnessed. Bishop Feehan was consecrated by Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beavan, D.D., of Springfield, assisted by Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D.D., of Providence, and Rev. Michael Tierney, D.D., of Hartford. Most Rev. William Henry O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, graced the occasion with his presence. The other bishops in attendance at the ceremony were: Rt. Rev. George Guertin, of Manchester, N. H.; Rt. Rev. Louis Walsh, of Portland, Me.; Rt. Rev.

Philip J. Garrigan, of Sioux City, Ia.; Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Rt. Rev. Edward P. Allen, of Mobile, Ala.; Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and Rt. Rev. John S. Michaud, of Burlington, Vt. Bishop Garrigan preached an eloquent sermon upon the relations of the bishop to the Pope, to his priests and to his flock. In the language of Holy Church we wish Bishop Feehan consolation, peace and prosperity *ad multos annos.*

Missionaries for the Philippines.—At the request of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith makes an appeal to the charity of Catholics in America for the necessary funds to send twelve priests, members of the Society of Mill Hill (London, England) to the Philippine Islands. These missionaries are ready to sail as soon as the passage money is collected, and a generous response is expected from the Catholics of the United States to assist this effort for the preservation of the Faith in our new territorial possessions.

Alms may be forwarded to the Rev. Joseph Freri, 627 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Death of Bishop Rocker.—News has reached the Vatican of the death of Frederick Zadok Rooker, the first American Roman Catholic Bishop of Jaro, Philippine Islands. Bishop Rooker had been in the Philippines four years. He was born in New York September 19, 1861, and was educated in the public and high schools of Albany and at Union College, later receiving the degrees of Ph.D. and S.T.D., from the Propaganda at Rome. He was ordained at Rome in 1888, and became vice-rector of the American College, later becoming secretary of the apostolic delegation at Washington. In 1903 he was appointed Bishop of Jaro.

ENGLAND.

Old London.—*The London Times* of September 6, adverting to the growth of Catholicity in England, says: "If any one wishes to realize what the position of Roman Catholicism was a hundred years ago and what it is to-day let him make a pilgrimage to the old Sardinia Chapel, once the central fane of Roman Catholic worship in London, the gaunt nakedness of which has been opposed by the new thoroughfare of Kingsway; then let him go to the splendid new cathedral at Westminster, where day by day the service is sung by canons who claim an unbroken spiritual descent from the Benedictines who once served the great Abbey hard by." This old Sardinian chapel whose "gaunt nakedness has been exposed by the new thoroughfare of Kingsway" is, however, to disappear altogether. The church authorities have been notified that it must be demolished by next April. The Archbishop is to be awarded $62,500 for the property. It was formerly the chapel of the Sardinian embassy; and has the further distinction of having been visited by Leo XIII when he was Nuncio at Brussels. There he said Mass.

The King's Travels.—The world is discussing the meaning of the visits of King Edward to the Emperors of Germany and of Austria. In Germany the two monarchs saluted each other affectionately, and at the State dinner pledged each other eternal friendship. The English sovereign was greeted with enthusiasm by the people. The meeting took place at Wilhelmshœhe. Immediately afterwards King Edward betook himself to Gmunden, in Austria, and the cordiality which marked the meeting in Germany was repeated. The people were enthusiastic and strewed the road with flowers and at night the place was illuminated. The interview of the sovereigns is supposed to have had to do with the affairs of the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire. As an offset to these royal and imperial amenities King Edward was amiable enough, when at Marienbad, to invite M. Clémenceau to call on him. They did not embrace, but merely doffed their hats. What followed no one knows, but the journals give the menu of the banquet which took place.

The Deceased Wife's Sister.—The bill which the House of Commons wrestled with for seventy years has passed, and after a great deal of opposition by the Lords succeeded in getting through. Some were so bitter as to oppose the clause legitimizing children born of such marriages prior to the Act. The Archbishop of Canterbury wanted to make void any such marriage performed by an Anglican clergyman. He failed, but succeeded in freeing such clergymen from any penalty in case they refused to assist, and Lord Tweedmouth promised to offer an amendment in virtue of which they would not be obliged to give the use of the churches. The law has thrown the whole English Church into opposition with the Government. While the Government recognizes such marriages as valid and honorable the Church declares them to be incestuous and forbids any of its ministers to contract them. It has, in a word, brought about a crisis. If it maintains its attitude can it be any longer considered a State Church? The law has the unusual character of being retroactive. It validates previous marriages which had been contracted in violation of the law.

Birrell's Complaints.—The bishops, both Anglican and Catholic, are accused of killing Mr. Birrell's two bills, the English Educational, and the Irish University Bill. Their author assures the public that he had no quarrel with the bishops, but he is sure they will live to see the day when they will regret not having appreciated his kindly efforts. It is pointed out, in the first place, that the Anglican bishops did not kill the English Educational Bill. The Catholics had much to do with the slaughter. Secondly, far from ascribing the credit to the Irish bishops for disposing of the University scheme, the fact is that the Irish Convention did the deed. If there had not been a bishop in Ireland it would have met the fate it did.

International Treaties.—Since 1894 England has made three very important agreements with other Powers, over and above the Commercial and Arbitration Treaties. The first was with the French, April 8, 1904, which settled the questions of Egypt, Morocco, Siam, and New Foundland. The next year it made an arrangement with Japan for mutual help in war.

This year it agreed with Spain to maintain the existing conditions with regard to the Mediterranean. Other settlements are now being made with Persia and Constantinople.

Trades-Union Congress.—In the meeting at Bath, where 1,700,000 workmen were represented by 521 delegates, John Burns was fiercely denounced by one fiery speaker for not having availed himself of his opportunities to advance the cause of Socialism. The appeal, however, had no effect on the meeting. Mr. Gill, M.P., was the chief speaker, and the questions of "the surplus activity of machinery" and "overtime" were discussed, the remedy suggested being higher wages for machine workers, and the prohibition of overtime. It was insisted that the Government should give work to unskilled labor when it was unemployed.

The Catholic Training Schools.—In spite of the Catholic protest against Mr. McKenna's "Regulations," that functionary goes on completely ignoring them. He proposes to force non-Catholics into those schools, and even if the individual is morally undesirable there appears to be no redress. Furthermore he pays no attention to the national character of the Catholic Training Schools. They admit any qualified Catholic student from any part of the country. He proposes to restrict admissions to localities. The consequence will be that plenty of space will be thus created which he can fill with non-Catholics. This is the most tyranical measure that has yet been proposed, but the Catholics are determined to fight it to the end.

IRELAND.

Inequality.—The Irish National movement is charged by its enemies with being sectarian in its character. To that an Irish M. P., MacVeagh, replies by pointing to Emmet, Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, McCracken, Davis, Butt, Parnell, and many others who, although they were Protestants, are revered in every Irish home. Quite a number of the Nationalists of to-day are not Catholics. The bigotry is on the other side, and he calls attention to the fact that Catholics are the ones who are most unfairly treated in Catholic Ireland. A few instances will suffice. In Belfast the Corporation pays £51,405 a year in salaries. Though Catholics form one-third of the population only £640 go to Catholic employees. The Belfast Harbor Commissioners have a salary list of £11,370, but only one Catholic is employed at £200 a year. The Poor Law Union spends £10,681 a year; in the higher appointments there is one Catholic drawing £45 a year.

In Derry there are 22,000 Catholics and 17,000 Protestants, but the corporation consists of 27 Protestants and 13 Catholics; £6,663 go to Protestants in salaries, and £169 to Catholics, the sum being divided among five recipients. And so on in many places, wherever the Unionists have a majority. There is a formidable list of localities where there are no Catholic employees. Belfast has never had a Catholic mayor, but in Dublin, where Catholics predominate, Protestants have held the Mayoralty 27 times since 1843, and the Shrievalty 38 times in the same period, and to-day nearly all the responsible positions in the city are held by Protestants.

Nationalist Success.—Mr. Redmond admits disappointment with the work of the party this year, but insists that disappointment should not lapse into despair. No advance has been made in Home Rule, and the Irish University scheme has not been advanced, but he warns the people against mutual recriminations. He believed that the great mass of English working men in England were in favor of Irish Home Rule, as were the English colonies; and he promised that it would be at the forefront of the questions to be dealt with at the next session. He claimed that it was they who had killed the McKenna Bill. A. M. Sullivan, of the *Freeman's Journal,* also admits disappointment, but finds no reason to despair. Meantime he criticizes Redmond for not having protested against the appointment of three bitter Unionists in the Cabinet and also in giving away the Irish vote to the Liberals without conditions. He urges strong efforts for early dissolution and advises against Whig Unionists. The Tory Unionists are more trustworthy.

FRANCE.

Casablanca.—What was it that caused the bloody uprising of the 30,000 people who live in the white-walled city called Casablanca, that looks out on the Atlantic Ocean from Morocco? The causes are manifold: 1st, The hatred of the natives for Europeans; 2d, especial dislike for the French; 3d, confidence inspired by the impunity for the assassination of Dr. Mauchamp; 4th, the failure to occupy Oudjda effectively, and possibly a baseless hope of Germany's backing. The immediate cause was the construction of a small railway needed to convey stone for the construction of docks in the port of Casablanca, where a French company wanted to begin business. The belief was fomented that the track was only the initial step for a great railroad through Morocco. A personal element entered also in the affair. The Caid of Casablanca is Si Bou Bekr, who had succeeded El Hadj Hammon, whose son expected the place and who determined to create as much difficulty for the ruling Caid as possible. He is thought to have induced the tribesmen to descend on Casablanca to embarrass his rival and possibly embroil him with the Europeans. The only one who might stand in the way was Mouley-el-Amen, who commanded a few Moroccan troops, but he was a weakling and old. The fact is, that El Hadj Hammon's son took part in the pillage and even carried off some of the wives of Mouley. Did the ruling Caid, Si Bou Bekr, join in the plot, or was he striving to please both parties? It is impossible to say. At all events, on July 28, representatives of the tribes called on him to demand the stoppage of the French works in the port. He sent them away again and again without any positive answer until at last, on July 31, the men engaged on the railway were attacked by a mob of wild Arabs and nine of them killed: three Frenchmen, three Italians, and three Spaniards. The French consul, Malpertuy, who might have averted the disaster, was absent in Europe. His place was held by a younger and less experienced man, M. Neuville, who immediately ordered the Caid to send soldiers to prevent any further massacre, and despatched a Dr. Merle to Tangiers with news of the occurrence.

Meantime the European residents took refuge on the English man-of-war *Demetria.* From Tangiers the *Galilée* was immediately despatched to Casablanca, where it arrived on Thursday morning. Meantime, Mouley, the old commander of the troops, had repressed the rioters and the city was calm for four days. Moreover, ten sailors had come ashore to protect the consulate, though they entered the city apparently unarmed, so as not to excite the people. On Monday, at 11 o'clock, the *Galilée* received a wireless message that at daybreak a squadron would arrive at Casablanca and land troops at five in the morning. By some mistake the squadron did not arrive, but, presuming that it would soon be on hand, the *Galilée* landed sixty men at the time appointed, but they were suddenly attacked by the whole population in arms. Nevertheless, by fierce fighting they forced their way to the consulate. That was August 5. The signal was given to the vessel in the harbor of what had occurred and forthwith the bombardment began and almost completely destroyed the city. The fire continued for three hours. At 11 o'clock the *Du Chayla* arrived in the harbor, and in the afternoon another ship, the *Forbin,* along with a Spanish man-of-war, the *Alvaro de Bazan,* dropped anchor before the city, but could send no help to the besieged beyond keeping up the bombardment and hastening the general destruction. Meantime, indiscriminate plunder, conflagrations, outrages of all sorts, and destruction of life began, the unfortunate Jews, of whom there were 6,000 in the city, being the chief victims, both because of their wealth and the hatred in which they were held. Every moment brought new accessories of Arabs from the country around, and Arab murdered and plundered Arab as readily as if he had to do with a Jew or a Christian. Night came on, but the glare of the burning buildings and the great flashlights of the warships prevented any concerted attack on the consulates, though occasional shots from the fleet and the random firing in the city continued until morning. No lives seem to have been lost in the consulates, and the rest of the Europeans had been already for several days on the *Demetria.* How many Arabs were slain it is impossible to say; perhaps a thousand or two, says a writer in the *Figaro.* Reuter says, two hundred. This condition of things lasted for two days, the besieged having no means of knowing that help was hurrying to them from France. At last, on the third day, after 2,500 melinite shells had fallen on the city, the squadron arrived with the Consul, Malpertuy, and the troops under General Drude. At 2 o'clock the first riflemen leaped ashore, and the long agony was over. The Europeans had no more to fear. The Arabs had abandoned the city.

On August 12, however, they were seen to take up positions outside the city, and then Drude began a series of sorties against them; the troops, nevertheless, not being able to proceed far inland, because they could not be protected by the cannon of the warships. So things stand at present. Will France take possession of or merely police the country remains to be seen.

Herveism at Stuttgart.—Hervé is the wild Frenchman who wants to do away with armies, urges soldiers to shoot their officers, desires to efface the national frontiers, to plant the French flag on a durg hill, and to see

the French "burst" in Morocco as they did in Madagascar. He and Jaurès went to the International Social Congress at Stuttgart, where five or six thousand Socialists had gathered. There they met the famous Bebel, who leads the Socialists of Germany. The German as much as told the two Frenchmen they were crazy, and assured them that no German desired to be governed by a Frenchman and he supposed the reverse was also true of the French. Moreover, if he should counsel disarmament, as was proposed, he would be denounced by all German Socialists. Besides, demilitarizing France would only give the German military party the chance they sought. Bebel's speech threw Hervé into a frenzy. He said he had no country and he put Clémenceau in the same sack as the Kaiser; he denounced Bebel; he denounced the Germans; and told them they were only voting machines and had no revolutionary soul at all. The meeting attracted much attention, but beyond the discomfiture of Hervé nothing of importance seems to have been transacted.

The Clergy.—Bewildering accounts are beginning to appear in the secular press about the various occupations of the dispossesed clergy which have been adopted to gain a livelihood; many of them of an unsacerdotal character. How true it is very little information can be obtained so far from the French papers. Meantime the bishop of Tarbes, Mgr. Schoepfer, speaks of a plan to have "centres of missions" from which the priests may "radiate" into the old parishes to teach catechism, administer the sacraments, etc., as in the "*pays infidèles,*" but he does not see his way except by having a central bureau with money to support the missionaries. He also says that such an arrangement supposes a board of trustees of laymen as well as priests to direct, audit, and publish accounts. Vocations to the priesthood, he informs us, in spite of the seizure of the old seminaries, have not only not decreased, but have augmented. He probably, however, was speaking only of his own locality, for from other sources the attendance at the little seminaries in France, as a whole, is less by some thousands.

The Bishop of Beauvais informs an interviewer that the influence of the bishops has grown since the separation. Wherever they go they are treated with more respect than heretofore, especially by the mayors of the various municipalities. The priests also are more in touch with the people, and understand their moral and material needs better. The chief obstacle seems to be in the school teachers as a body, who are very bitterly anti-Christian; but the people, he imagines, are beginning to appreciate the harm being done to the rising generation by such an irreligious attitude. On the other hand, in his diocesan allocution, Mgr. Laurance points to the miserable fact that in France, Catholics count for nothing; and it is "all due to timidity, voluntary effacement, relinquishment of rights, and an inordinate aptitude for resignation"; and another bishop, Mgr. Germain, sees no possibility of a centralization of Catholics as in Germany, the reason being that in Germany there was no political issue, only Catholic interests were at stake; whereas in France politics hold Catholics eternally apart. More than that, quarrels start even where there are no politics, and we

find that de Haussonville and de Beauregard are at odds about how best to support the clergy.

The Navy.—An official inquiry into the cause of the explosion on the Jena makes wholesale accusations of dishonesty and incompetency. "Moreover," it adds, "we have met with nothing but antagonism and division in the navy. Administrative anarchy reigns, and the heartrending inefficiency of the central powers is the cause of the growing enfeeblement of our naval forces."

Freemasons.—In America especially it would be hard to convince the average reader that the accusation about Freemasons being the real instigators of the French persecutions is anything else but the churchman's childish fear of its usual ghost. As a matter of fact, the Masons claim the credit of it, and at the last general meeting in France the following utterance was made: "If there is one thing for which Masonry can claim all the responsibility and credit it is the separation of Church and State. All liberal minds, everyone who thinks at all, have their eyes turned to France. Follow the thread of this agitation and you will find Freemasonry at the end of it." At the close of the discussion the following resolution was passed: "The Council resolves to use all its influence for raising in a square of the city of Paris, a monument commemorating the separation of Church and State."

Marriage.—Henceforward in France parental consent will have to be obtained for marriage by children under 21, under pain of nullity. After that it is not needed, but if consent has been withheld, then the child contemplating marriage may have a notary notify the parents, and thirty days after may marry. After thirty years of age this notification is not required. This is a state regulation.

ROME.

New Religious Communities.—Mgr. Battandier, writing to the *Etudes* Ecclesiastiques (Sept., 1907), says that the Constitution *Condita*, of December 8, 1900, has codified the laws of diocesan Institutes, and has, in the case of those approved by the Holy See, limited their relations with the Ordinary. In consequence of this constitution certain *Normæ* were formulated for the approbation of such Institutes; and the Holy See, after settling their discipline, is now addressing itself to the foundation of such congregations. They usually originate in some local need of a town, or even of a village, and often are not concerned as to whether their object was not already attained by some existing Institute. The consequence was that a number of communities were founded which were differentiated from each other only in name and dress. Grave inconveniences arose from this piecing up of religious life, whereas it would have been much better to have sustained the old communities which had traditions and had given proofs of their right to live. The Sacred Congregation often took up the question, but never gave any solution. Pius X has now settled it.

Hitherto each bishop could erect such Congregations in his diocese. That right is now withdrawn; and no diocesan community can be formed without a *written* authorization of the Holy See, which will only be granted after the reasons have been found satisfactory by the Sacred Congregation. Among the reasons appear one especially worthy of notice, viz.: that there is no similar community already in the diocese. In a word, "the first embryos" of all new Congregations are indirectly under the direction of the Holy See, which confers more strength and stability for the membership of such bodies and its works.

The Marriage Decree.—The Pope has cleared the atmosphere. After next Easter all marriages of Catholics except before a properly qualified priest are invalid; but, on the other hand, where it has been impossible during a month's time to find a priest, as may well happen in some parts of missionary countries, a marriage of Catholics is valid without a priest if contracted in the presence of two witnesses. Again, in danger of death for the relief of conscience and the legitimation of offspring any priest is qualified to assist at marriage. A peculiarity in the new regulation is that the marriages must be entered not only in the marriage registers, but also in the baptismal registers. The decree virtually supersedes the *Tametsi,* namely, the law which, in certain places where that decree of Trent had been published, made validity depend on the presence of the parish priest. Non-Catholics may contract marriage validly everywhere independent of the legislation of the Church. Apostates, however, are not classed as non-Catholics; nor are those Catholics who contract marriage with non-Catholics. In order to be valid their marriage must be performed in presence of a qualified priest. Finally a doubt which hitherto worried many is disposed of, namely: Is a promise of marriage a canonical espousal with its accompanying impediments, etc.? The answer is: No. A canonical espousal must be a signed contract by both the man and woman (or signed by a special witness, if they are unable to write) and by a qualified priest or the Ordinary and by two witnesses. Of course, all this legislation is not retroactive and does not affect marriages previously contracted.

The Disorders.—The inaction of the Government in the recent attacks on churchmen appears to arise from the fact that the disturbance was directed as much against the Government as against the Church, and it was thought advisable to let the Church bear the brunt of it all in the hope meantime that dissension would declare itself among the aggressive. What is very peculiar, is that the city has no municipal government; the recent elections having resulted in a deadlock, so that the affairs of Rome are in the hands of a Royal Commissioner. There is to be another election in November, and it is reported that the Catholics are going to use every effort to get possession of the city. They have begun to organize, though, as usual, a number of sentimental Catholics are in favor of permitting the whole affair to go by default, and of letting in the Socialists so as to disgust people with their schemes. Happily they are not numerous.

International Science.—The Academy of the Arcadians have formed a plan of uniting all the prominent Catholic scholars of the world in an association having its headquarters in Rome. The organizing committee consists of seven professors of Italian universities, several directors of learned magazines, and Father Hagen, S.J., Director of the Vatican Observatory and formerly of Georgetown. The conditions of membership are to be made as comprehensive as possible. The president is to reside in Italy, but he may be of any nationality.

Canonizations.—On July 21 two decrees *de tuto* were issued, one for the canonization of the Blessed Oriol, a secular priest of Barcelona, and the other for the beatification of the Venerable Marie-Madeleine Postel, foundress of the School Sisters of Mercy, a French woman who lived in the Reign of Terror. On the 23d the S. C. of Rites decided to introduce the cause of Don Bosco, the founder of the Salesians. He is therefore to be known henceforth as Venerable.

Modernism.—The decree *Lamentabili sane exitu* condemns sixty-five "modernist" errors. Not only has the decree been welcomed as of immense doctrinal importance, but very opportune. The Roman correspondent of the *Times* says that "of the sixty-five errors it would be hard to find one that was not already condemned, and that many would be condemned by other churches as well as by Rome. Many of these new errors are only revamped old ones. If they were intended by their authors to be common ground for those outside and inside the Church, the purpose has been deplorably missed, for they run directly counter to fundamental Catholic doctrine.

THE READER.

Report of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, 37th Annual Reunion. The pamphlet is made up mostly of the orations and descriptions of the ceremonies in connection with the unveiling of the statue of General M'Clellan. The oratory is of the military order, aiming at the object and stopping when the powder gives out. A fine illustrated page is devoted to Gen. Martin T. McMahon with the inscription under it:

"None knew him but to love him;
None named him but to praise."

The Materials of Religious Education, Report of the 4th General Convention of the Religious Education Association. Chicago Executive Office. With the exception of an excellent discourse by Father Doyle, C.S.P., who explains the necessity of parochial schools, we have in this mass of "Materials of Religious Education" more than enough material for religious depression. They represent the thought of a number of estimable men who are profoundly exercised over the absence of moral training in our present system of education, who earnestly desire to ward off the calamity which that sad condition portends, and yet who have absolutely nothing to offer. Thus the president of the Hartford Theological Seminary advises Bible study, but finds that the men who undertake it have no special training for the task. Even for Sunday school work he says it is "deplorable that so many thousands of ministers are being trained without any real and competent preparation." The newspapers are also commended for the instruction they sometimes offer. Another eminent speaker commends those Christian nations which "brace the individual for good, work for the extinction of child labor and tuberculosis," etc. Mr. Schurman, of Cornell, wants us "to quicken the public conscience," and while he stigmatizes the attempts "to rear altars to Mammon," commends "the erection of altars to manhood," and finds consolation in the tendency which he discerns of "subjecting wealth and men of wealth to moral standards, exiling the political boss," etc. Another wants more interest in religious statistics, and urges us to induce students to reveal "the awful secret of their church affiliations so that they may be helped." They should be assured that "religion is not merely a matter of sentiment, but of business, and must be taught that it is more lamentable for scores of youths to go up to our schools and universities every year and not to know as much of Isaiah as of Shakespeare, or of the Psalms as of Omar Khayyam." They must be induced to go to daily prayers and weekly convocation. "Legislated piety is of doubtful efficiency. In the Middle Ages the armies drove the crowds into the stream while the clergy performed the ritual, but to-day all are agreed as to the result. Compulsory attendance on divine worship is not the highest type of service, though *youngsters* need to have the religious habit inculcated in them." Dr. Brown, of the Union Theological Seminary, wants more systematic and co-operative theology, with an effort to reach "essential Christianity," but he inquires, in defining essential Christianity, "is it sufficient to consider the Christian religion alone, or must we extend our survey to take in all the religions of the world?" He does not give the answer. Samuel Eliot desires the development of "religious personality," and the avoidance of mistaking religious machinery for religious power. "Religious personality,"

according to him, demands "the conviction of reality," "the historic sense," "the development of liberty, the consciousness of unity and continuity," "moderation," "definite convictions," and "consecration to the highest embodiment of character of which we have knowledge." Dr. Hodges asks for "the rejection of the old doctrine of Atonement, and greater attention to the doctrine of the Incarnation, which is the doctrine of the philanthropy of God." We are also advised to learn morality from the athletic code. Andrew Keogh, of Harvard, blames the clergy for not patronizing the public libraries; the Chautauqua method of learning religion is also commended, and so on to the top or bottom of this mountain of material. Nowhere does there seem to be the slightest suspicion of an idea that Christ is anything but human, and therein lies the hopelessness of it all. If Christ is only a man he may or may not attract, but cannot command. He cannot impose his law upon us. We can waive Him aside as we would any other teacher. Until the Religious Educational Association grasps that fundamental truth it must banish all hope of ever inculcating Christian morality in the rising generation, and if, as one of the speakers suggests, "we are to extend our survey to all religions, then we must make up our mind that we are not forming a Christian nation.

Souvenir du 250 Anniversaire de la Congregation de N. D. de Quebec. Laflamme et Proulx, Quebec.

It is not often that a pamphlet for a sodality celebration brings us back to great historical events, but this "Souvenir" makes us walk the streets of old Quebec fifty years after the foundation of the city. It has a particular interest also for New Yorkers, inasmuch as the founder of the sodality was the "*doux et sympathique Père Poncet.* Père Poncet had come over to America with the famous Marie de l'Incarnation, the foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec. She is, so to say, his present to America, for every one knows how he went to see her in France to inform her that she had a vocation for the missionary life. The story is found in all the books. Moreover, this dear old man has something of the glory of the martyr about him, for he was captured in an Iroquois raid, and carried down to the Mohawk and tortured; but was afterwards released and returned to Quebec. He fell on evil times when he reached home, for there was an ecclesiastical quarrel going on between Father de Quen and the Abbé Queylus. Poncet was made curé of the parish by Queylus, but for something that gave displeasure to Father de Quen he was removed and sent to Onondaga. Intercepted half way by Queylus he was finally, to allay the tempest, sent as French Penitentiary to Loretto in Italy, and from there to Martinique, where he ended his days. Poncet was always somewhat sentimental in his devotions, and possibly that was the reason why he could only have twelve members, like the twelve apostles, to form the basis of his famous sodality. Under him and his successors the association grew apace, and we find most distinguished names upon the roster; even the famous de Tracy, who was "Viceroy and Commandant of his Majesty's Troops in America," was one of the members, and very devout the old warrior seemed to be.

The first meetings were held in a little hall of the College of Quebec, which stood on the site now occupied by the Hotel de Ville, opposite the Basilica. The "little chapel," however, was sometimes used as a hall for scholastic exercises, and we find the famous Joliet figuring there as "a de-

fender" in philosophy, in which he acquitted himself with credit. The sodality continued during the English occupation, even while the troops occupied three-fourths of the college building. When the last Jesuit died the bishop petitioned the Government for ground on which to build a chapel, indicating a site on the corner of St. Anne and des Jardins streets, which was old Jesuit property confiscated some time before. The request was refused, but the Scotch church got it. Finally the bishop, Mgr. Plessis, asked for the property on the Rue Dauphine, measuring 92 by 56 feet, and it was granted in perpetuity on November 9, 1817, by Governor Sherbrooke. The chapel was built and the old Jesuit bell was placed in the turret. From this sodality in Dauphine Street that of St. Roch in the *Basse Ville* branched out in 1840. The new offshoot was directed by the Jesuits from 1849, but in 1901, at the request of the Archbishop, the chapel became a parish church; the Jesuits, however, retain the direction of the sodality of the *Haute Ville* on Dauphine Street. Finally, in 1905, at the request of the sodalists, who were unable to meet the expenses incident to the support of the chapel, the property was transferred to the Jesuits, his Grace kindly assenting. It is not a magnificent establishment for those who are so closely identified with everything in Quebec and whose illustrious men are glorified by having their names in letters of gold on the Government building, but, at all events, it is a link with the dear old city for which so many Jesuits labored and died. The 250th anniversary was celebrated with great splendor. Notable among the discourses was that of Judge Routhier on the present condition of France. It was strikingly eloquent and displayed a thorough knowledge of the actual conditions of that unhappy country. The distinguished jurist will not admit that only the Government is decatholicized, but attaches the reproach also to the country at large. The souvenir is rich in illustrations, the most interesting of which are, of course, the portraits, including old Father Martin, Saché, Vignon, and others, and ending with the present distinguished director, Father Turgeon. It is a great pity we have not "the counterfeit presentment" of dear old Father Poncet, the first of all, but unhappily, few of the portraits of those old heroes of early Canada have come down to us. The "Souvenir" is very valuable as a historical document, for which we ought to be extremely grateful.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Christian Apology. By Paul Schanz, D.D., D.P.H. Third edition. 3 vols. Pustet, N. Y.

The Life Around Us. By Maurice Francis Egan. Pustet, N. Y.

Bibliotheca Ascetica Mystica. By Blosius. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. $1.10.

Catholic Truth Society Tracts, London: *Blaise Pascal,* by Rev. G. O'Neill, S.J.; *Cardinal Newman,* by Rev. Dr. Barry; *Socialism and Religion,* by Rev. J. Ashton, S.J.; *The Primacy of Peter,* by Francis King; *Pantheism,* by William Matthews; *Faith Healing in the Gospels,* by R. A. Steuart, S.J.; *Religious Instruction in Schools,* by R. J. Smythe; *The Woman of Babylon,* by James Britten.

St. Alphonse de Liguori et les Retraites Fermées, par le R. P. Walter, C.SS.R. Bibliothèque des Exercises. Enghren, Belgique.

Mariale Novum. A Series of Sonnets on the Titles of Our Lady's Litany by Members of the Society of Jesus. Benziger Bros., N. Y.

The Philippine Islands. By Blair and Robertson. Vols. L, LI. The Arthur Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

SCIENCE.

The Air in the New York Subway.—The *Scientific American* Supplement, September 14, abstracting from the *Technology Quarterly*, presents an account of "what was perhaps the most exhaustive study ever made of a single problem of ventilation." Dr. G. A. Soper and his ten assistants, during a six-months investigation of the air of the New York Subway, made 2,200 chemical analyses of air, 3,000 determinations of bacteria and 400 other analyses in special studies of dust, oils, disinfectants and other substances.

The Subway is about 21 miles long, but the most representative section for investigation, as presenting all the problems, is a 6-mile stretch running from Brooklyn Bridge to 96th Street, containing, station space included, about 26,100,000 cubic feet of air. The Subway is ventilated through the stairways at the stations and through blow-holes in the roof.

Exchanges of air between the Subway and streets were caused by the movement of the trains. As a result of 79 observations it was calculated that the air moved in and out of one stairway at the rate of 9,500 cubic feet a minute. That the air circulated freely between stations was proved by "atomizing" some highly concentrated perfume at one of the stations and by means of stop-watches noting the time elapsed before the odor was perceived up and down the line. Eight experiments showed that the air was carried through the tunnel, by circulation, at the rate of 3 miles an hour.

The temperature in the Subway was always higher than that outside; in July the difference was 5 degrees; in September, 10 degrees, and in January, at some stations, 20 degrees. The average temperature for July and August was 82.4 degrees, while in the street during the same time it was 76.8 degrees. The moisture was always smaller in amount than outside.

The chemical analysis of the air was limited to the determination of carbon-dioxide; the average of all results was 4.81 volumes in 10,000 inside, with 3.67 volumes in 10,000 for the street air, a surprisingly small difference. The amount varied, of course, during the day and also with the stations, express stations showing the highest figures. The average amount of oxygen found in the street air was 20.71 per cent. and in the Subway air 20.60; there was, therefore, always an abundance of oxygen.

The number of bacteria averaged only one-half of the number found in the streets, though, of course, some of them would flourish more easily in the Subway on account of the absence of sunlight. The pneumococcus, for instance, the pneumonia bacteria, was capable of retaining its virulence in dried sputum in the Subway for twenty-three days, whereas it was killed in four hours in sunlight. The number of bacteria recovered from one gramme of Subway dust was 500,000; from the same weight of dust from a Broadway theatre, 270,000; from a new fashionable hotel, 360,000; from a well-known Fifth Avenue church, 320,000, and from the tallest office building in the city, 850,000.

Unpleasant odors were more or less prevalent at all times and at all places in the Subway, sometimes faint, sometimes decidedly strong, especially in the cars during the winter. The stone ballast of the track

was responsible for much of the peculiar odor, and the petroleum and fish oils from heated bearings made this more pronounced.

The Subway dust made a remarkable showing; it consisted of 61.3 per cent. of iron (59.89 metallic iron), 15.58 of silica, 1.18 of oil, and 21.94 of organic matter. The iron particles came from the brake-shoes, wheel-rims, rails and contact shoes, and amounted to over 25 tons a month.

In conclusion, according to usual sanitary standards, based on chemical and bacteriological analyses, the general air of the Subway was always and everywhere satisfactory. The air of the cars in winter is not included in this statement.

According to public opinion, based on the testimony of the senses, the air was everywhere unsatisfactory, and it was especially unpleasant during the summer months. Dr. Soper's opinion was that the general air, though disagreeable, was not actually harmful, except, possibly, for the presence of the iron dust. The high temperature of the Subway was its most noticeably objectionable feature; and had it not been for the heat, it was probable that the other unpleasant features would have failed to arouse serious protest.

The Origin of Petroleum and Its Derivatives.—*Chemical Abstracts*, a most valuable technical publication, edited by the American Chemical Society, condenses, in its issue of August 5, an article by M. P. Delvilde, who reviews the theories regarding the origin of petroleum.

Petroleum, in general, is a varying mixture of several more or less volatile liquid hydrocarbons with solid, and often gaseous, "relatives" in solution. The deposits of this liquid are extensive enough to be reckoned as a geological formation, and they attracted the attention of the geologist and chemist long before the Russian firms and our own Standard Oil Company discovered their commercial value.

Prof. Delvilde divides the theories, in the present matter, into two classes, organic and inorganic. The organic theory gives petroleum a vegetable or an animal origin. According to many, the natural destructive distillation of vegetable matter results in the formation of the various grades of coal, together with gaseous and liquid products. However, in general, there is rarely a coincidence between the location of the deposits of mineral coal and those of petroleum.

The theory of animal origin, first proposed by Haguet, in 1794, and elaborated later by Hofer and Engler, derives petroleum from a fish source. Some petroleum hydrocarbons have been made in the laboratory from fish oil; but calculations show that the very large natural deposits would demand so many millions of tons of fish remains in localized occurrence that this theory is rendered very improbable.

Among the inorganic theories, the first, the Cosmic theory of Sokoloff, considers petroleum to be an original product of the combination of hydrogen and carbon in the first formed earth-mass, separating slowly into pools as the hot fluid cooled off.

Others believe petroleum to be produced by volcanic action: rising from fissures in the depths of the earth, it passes as vapor into the sedimentary rocks, condensing by preference in the porous limestones and schists.

The best-supported inorganic theory we may term the carbide theory. This supposes the immediate formation or the previous existence of

carbides, compounds of metals and carbon. Liquid water and steam react with these carbides, at different temperatures, to form acetylene and polymeric modifications and derivatives. Many laboratory experiments support this theory which, in slightly different forms, claims the adherence of Berthelot, Cloez, Sabatier and Mendelejeff; to these names Prof. Delvilde adds his own.

Heavy Electric Traction on the Pacific Coast.—According to the *Electrical World,* the Southern Pacific is considering the use of the electric locomotive in handling some extraordinarily heavy traffic. The "electrified" sections of the New York Central and New Haven roads are not to be compared with the mountain roads for difficulty.

The Sacramento division of the Southern Pacific, running over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is really a vital link in interocean travel. The roadbed passes over the Sierras at an elevation of 7,000 feet at Summit, on the section between Rocklin on the west slope and Sparks on the east. This section is about 136 miles long, single-tracked, very tortuous, with frequent grades of 1½ per cent. and a maximum of nearly 2½ per cent.; on this section, also, there are 31 miles of tunnel and snow-sheds. In the short distance of 83 miles all the east-bound freight has to be lifted nearly 7,000 feet.

The present freight and passenger traffic is fairly well maintained by means of powerful oil-burning locomotives; but it is with difficulty, and at times the traffic is so great that the lines are blocked. The problem that has been before the management for years is how to increase the capacity of the road; to double-track, to build another line or to try a change of motive power.

Change of motive power would be the simplest expedient if efficient and economical. Mr. Frank J. Sprague, for four years a member of the New York Central Electrical Commission and an eminent expert in electric traction, has been called in as consulting engineer.

Lightning Fatalities in the United States.—According to data collected by the United States Weather Bureau, 1,200 persons are struck by lightning every year, one out of every three surviving, which means, on the average, that 800 are killed annually, or about 1 in 100,000. The distribution of deaths is not uniform, the danger zone extending from southern Vermont to Kentucky. In every five killed one was struck indoors and four were struck in the open.

Electrical Science in Manila.—The Jesuit Fathers, it is stated in a recent government bulletin, have just established an electrical laboratory in Manila, P. I., and will teach electrical science and engineering. The course is said to be laid out for five years. (*Electrical World.*)

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PANORAMA OF NAPLES, WITH VESUVIUS IN DISTANCE.

THE MESSENGER

VOL. XLVIII NOVEMBER, 1907. NO. 5

THE WONDER OF NAPLES IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY AND SCIENCE.

Signum cui contradicetur.

UNDER the glare of modern civilization and in one of the crowded thoroughfares of the world, there is to be found to-day a mysterious phenomenon, which, unlike the Sphinx of old, after centuries of patient waiting, has not yet received a satisfactory answer to the puzzle of its own existence and its own way of acting. The scientific Œdipus has not yet come.

It is true, of the vast throngs that press before it year after year, the majority fall down on their knees and praise God in the simplicity of their mind. But some pass it by with head erect and a superior smile; some, with a shrug of the shoulder; some, with an ill-disguised sneer; others, with a sly wink pregnant with meaning; others, with slow step and pensive brow; and others, again, with a blank countenance. Heads adorned with crowns, or laurels, or tiaras are seen among the wondering crowd.

In the eyes of scientific presumption it produces the same effect as a red rag before the wild bull. Voltaire tried to set his venomous tooth into that "remnant of mediæval superstition." The result was the same as that of the snake chewing the file in the fable; he only succeeded in getting his mouth full of his own blood.

Genuine Science, proud of her late achievements, approached in her turn. She carried a spectroscope in one hand and a pair of sensitive scales in the other. She examined, was surprised, then stammered—what, we shall hear later on.

In the wake of Science, and pretending to act in her name, there followed a strange apparition—"l'Asino," the Roman Donkey, who rent the air with his discordant harmony. But we shall see what

an ignominious retreat he had to beat, pursued by the echoes of his own "hee-hawing" voice.

The miracle of St. Januarius! The very name is enough to set a scientific man's teeth on edge. Is such anomaly to be tolerated in the twentieth century?

Not long ago, we had the good fortune of living for two years in Naples and feeling naturally interested in the phenomenon, observed it to our satisfaction. Many times since then we had occasion to deplore the surprising amount of ignorance and misinformation about an event which repeats itself eighteen times a year, before the eyes of the world.

What liberties do not certain travelers take in their accounts of it? Verily, they seem to feel as safe from discovery as if they discoursed about the canals, the fauna, and the cabbage plantations of our distant neighbor, the planet Mars. They rely entirely too much on the French proverb, which says, "*A beau mentir qui vient de loin*"—He who comes from afar has a fine opportunity of drawing the long bow with impunity.

Still, common sense should suggest to them the danger of being found out, since of late distances have been reduced, and a mile is now much shorter than of yore. What child who can read a watch, could not, for instance, correct Mark Twain's ("Innocents Abroad") statements about the time of the liquefaction? What lazzarone in the streets of Naples could not set him right on what he says about the collection box? O Mark! Shall we then set thee down as an earnest, downright prevaricator? The gods forfend! What we know of his honorable character forbids us even to entertain such thought.

How, then, can we account for such a way of proceeding? Certain people seem to draw their conclusion before examining the facts; then explain the facts away to suit their foregone conclusions. A highly unscientific method. For, according to Huxley, Science is nothing but "organized common sense." Now, would that judge use much organization of common sense who, before hearing the merits of a case, were to settle in his mind the decision he is going to give? How few imitate the Swiss historian Hurter, who, before his conversion, went to see the miracle, neither believing nor disbelieving, but resolved to see before deciding?

Here we must remark once for all that when we speak of "miracle," we do not intend to settle the question dogmatically.

VERY OLD BUST OF ST. JANUARIUS KEPT IN THE CHURCH OF THE CAPUCHIN FATHERS AT POZZUOLI.

The Pope never gave any decision on the subject, nor is it likely that he ever will. We do not feel called upon just now to fill his chair and give a definition "ex cathedra Petri." We simply use the language current in Naples. We neither intend to prove that it is a real miracle nor that it is not. We shall give the facts as they are and the results of the latest scientific investigations, leaving the conclusion to the reader.

We repeat it, this event does not take place away beyond the mysterious Mountains of the Moon; every mother's child that has enough money to spare for a voyage to Naples can witness it as often as he wants, free of charge.

The beginning of May would be the best time. The traveler with an eye for natural beauties would feel amply repaid for his trouble by the sight of the Bella Napoli, of that *Fragmentum de caelo delapsum*—"that piece of heaven fallen to the earth," as her enthusiastic admirers call her; a place where, in Shakespeare's phrase, "Heaven's breath smells wooingly." After having seen it, he would realize how true are the words of the fisherman's song, which resounds so often along those enchanting shores:

"O bella Napoli,
O suol beato,
Dove sorridere
Volle il creato!
Tu sei l'imperò
Dell' armonia,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia!"

"O beautiful Naples, O land of bliss where Creation smiles! Thou art the empire of harmony."

We have found the Neapolitans very obliging, courteous, and deferential to foreigners, much more so than some of them deserve.

The lover of classical antiquities will find food for his curiosity in the ancient metropolis of Greater Greece, that Neapolis whose origin stretches far back towards the dawn of Greek civilization. Within easy reach are Pompeii, the Cave of the Sibyl, etc. If he feels so disposed, with a *"fidus Achates"* at his side, he may ramble off towards Cumae, to the *"facilis descensus Averni"*—the easy descent to Hades.

We are now going to inquire whether this "miracle" is a "dismal farce," as Mark Twain wants it, or, in the opinion of Alexander

Dumas, *père,* a phenomenon which has nonplussed modern chemistry—"*la chimie moderne y a perdu son latin.*" To appreciate duly its scientific value, we must first study it in its historic and local surroundings.

If you feel inclined to doubt the accuracy of my statements, gentle reader, I beseech you in the name of "organized common sense" not to condemn me while you remain "sitting under your own gollybosh tree, but rather to get up, go—and see!" And so, without further ado, we pass over to the life of St. Januarius.

A Few Pages of History.

For a more exhaustive treatment of this subject we refer the studious reader to the "*Acta Sanctorum*" of the Bollandists. In the appendix of the sixth volume for September, or the forty-fourth of the whole series, there are 130 folio pages dedicated to the saint. By the way, it is to be lamented that such monumental work, whose authority is so great in the eyes of all scholars, is not to be found in many public libraries of our large cities. Fair-minded inquirers of all creeds could consult it with profit.

We profess our indebtedness to some friends in Naples for valuable information on the present subject; also to the learned article published in 1905 in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review.* Our authorities, unless otherwise stated, are the Bollandists.

St. Januarius was born in Naples during the second half of the third century. Very likely he belonged to the "*Gens Januaria*" transplanted from Rome to Southern Italy; a family distinguished for the high political offices it held under the empire. An overzealous panegyrist of the saint endeavored, with a remarkable amount of good will, to trace his pedigree back to the Double-faced Janus of Rome; but, as a Bollandist, Stilling sarcastically remarks, it would be just as easy to build a strong castle on top of a high rock by hurling up stones to it by means of a battery of catapults and slings stationed at the foot of the mountain.

In the year 303, the Emperor Diocletian issued his edict of persecution against the Christians. The president or governor of Campania distinguished himself by his zeal in carrying out the will of his imperial master. While visiting his province he heard of Januarius, then Bishop of Benevento, and summoned him before his tribunal in Nola.

At first he treated him kindly, made a flattering mention of his

noble family, and exhorted him to be true to the gods of old Rome. But neither threats nor promises nor tortures could shake the constancy of the Confessor of Christ. Whereupon he was transferred, together with his companions, Festus and Desiderius, to the city of Puteoli, now Pozzuoli, near Naples. After some time of imprisonment, they were beheaded about the nineteenth of September, 305. A pious lady is said to have, according to the custom of the times, gathered into bottles the martyr's blood. His body was buried in the campus Marcianus near the Solfatara, or Forum Vulcani.

Many wonders are related in the Acts, or account of his martyrdom, but unfortunately it is now beyond our power to draw a line between legend and history, for, according to the Bollandists, those Acts were written only about a century after the death of the martyr. The saint is said, for instance, to have been cast into a fiery furnace and to have come out unscathed; to have fondled the wild beasts in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli; to have deprived Timothy of his sight in punishment for his obstinacy and afterwards to have restored it to him.

We read in the Acts that some years later, when the Christians could breathe more freely, "the venerable bishops, accompanied by all the relatives of the Blessed Martyr Januarius, and by all the holy people of God, took the body of the Confessor of Christ and carried it towards Naples, singing hymns of praise in his honor." They buried him near the city in the church called San Gennarello al Vomero, which, though in an altered state, is still in existence at the present day.

Saint Januarius: Patron of Naples.

Soon after his death, Januarius was chosen as Protector of the city of Naples, and his name was held in great veneration. St. Paulinus of Nola related on his deathbed a vision in which he had seen St. Martin, the apostle of Gaul, and the Blessed Bishop Januarius, "the glory of the city of Naples." St. Paulinus died in 431. The early martyrologies also mention his name.

His office of Protector of the city was not to be a sinecure. He was soon called upon to exert his influence with God in behalf of the Neapolitans against the dangerous neighbor overlooking the city on the east, whose fiery demonstrations and doomsday pyrotechnics so often struck terror into the hearts of the inhabitants of gay Parthenope.

The following account, taken from an old office in honor of the saint, may be regarded as a sample of the numerous alarms and mortal agonies caused by the "Flaming Mount" during the lapse of centuries. It refers either to the eruption of 472 or to that of 685.

"Mount Vesuvius, placed near Naples to punish the wickedness of impious men, began to shake with dire convulsions, and to vomit globes of fire which devastated the neighboring cities. The Neapolitans, terror-stricken, deprived of the sight of heaven by the fast falling ashes which formed a burning carpet under their feet, took refuge in the Church of St. Januarius. The last ray of hope seemed to have departed from their souls. Day and night the sacred edifice was resounding with the hoarse voices of the men and the shrill shrieks of the women. Some threw themselves on the ground, bemoaning their sins, others tore their flesh with their nails. On the public squares people raised their hands to heaven and besought their glorious Protector Januarius to intercede with God in their favor in order that the impending doom might be averted." Their trust was not misplaced. The fury of the mountain soon abated without any further harm. A medal was struck in memory of the event, bearing on the face the head of the martyr, and on the reverse, in Greek, "St. Januarius, saviour of the city from the fire."

The diligent reader will, no doubt, have noticed by this time that the life of our saint is much longer after his death than before it. Still the end is not yet.

The Neapolitans were destined to lose the body of their Protector. In the first half of the ninth century, Sico, Prince of Benevento, after having besieged the city, extorted a tribute from the Neapolitans and took the body (but not the head) of St. Januarius and returned with it in triumph to Benevento—*et cum magno tripudio Beneventum revertitur.* It did not return to Naples until the thirteenth of January, 1497, when its arrival coincided with the cessation of the plague which was then raging in the city. It is now resting in the cathedral in a chapel called the Succorpo.

Before we pass to the discussion of the wonderful phenomena, we shall give another example of how St. Januarius protected the city confided to his care.

It was during the fearful eruption of December, 1631. The awful tragedy, which formed a living picture of the Day of Doom,

was heralded by a few shocks of earthquake.(1) The mountain began to groan and tremble,

> "And from about him fierce effusion rolled
> Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire."

A dense, sooty smoke soon wrapped up the whole Campagna Felice in midnight darkness. Continuous shocks, thunder and lightning at frequent intervals, the loud roaring of the volcano, filled the hearts with horror. The Neapolitans, as it may be readily imagined, were "almost distilled to jelly with the act of fear." The churches were filled, the confessionals not numerous enough; in the middle of the streets priests saw themselves held up by eager penitents, who refused to let go their hold of the priest's cassock before he heard, then and there, their confession made aloud. These episodes must have prompted Riccioli's remark that during those two or three days the fiery tongue of Vesuvius converted more sinners to penance than all the Neapolitan preachers in a hundred years.

Finally, on the 17th of December, the molten, seething mass within the mountain found a vent by blowing up the top of the volcano, and rushed down to the sea in hissing streams. The crater now measured a mile and a half in diameter, and the mountain was somewhat reduced in height. (Before the eruption of 1822, the Vesuvius was still 4,200 feet high; now it is only 3,400.—Lyell's Geology.)

That same afternoon of the 17th, Cardinal Buoncompagno, Archbishop of Naples, resolved to carry the relics of St. Januarius in solemn procession towards the foot of Vesuvius. The sky was black and a copious rain falling. On leaving the cathedral, as soon as the relics appeared outside the door, the rays of the sun suddenly pierced the darkness of the sky and lighted up the whole scene; whereupon the multitude of the people broke out into cries of "*Miracolo! Misericordia!*" The procession continued, and the Cardinal traced with the relics the sign of the cross against the mountain.

The Neapolitans to this day consider it a sign of the Divine protection that, whereas 5,000 persons perished in the neighboring towns and villages, they suffered no loss of life and scarcely any of

(1) This account is taken partly from the "Storia della provincia napolet. Soc. Jes.," by Santagata, and partly from the authors quoted by the Bollandists.

ALTAR UNDER WHICH THE BODY OF ST. JANUARIUS RESTS.

property. They prefer to believe that it was not by mere chance that a strong wind rose from the sea at the right time and scattered across Southern Italy, across the Adriatic into Turkey, such an amount of ashes as would suffice to bury many Naples. It is in commemoration of this event that, on the 16th of December, the Neapolitans yearly celebrate the feast of the Patronage of St. Januarius.

We have dwelt longer on this eruption because it is nearer to our own times and has been described by many eye-witnesses.

The Blood of St. Januarius.

We now come to the wonderful liquefaction of the martyr's blood when placed in presence of his head.

These two relics are kept in the gorgeous church called *Cappella del Tesoro*, or Chapel of the Treasury. Properly it is an annex of the cathedral, being separated from it only by a strong bronze grating. It is on your right hand as you enter the cathedral door.

The charge of the Treasury is in the hands of a deputation of twelve prominent men of Naples, elected to that office for a term of two years. The mayor of the city is its president ex-officio.

Behind the main altar, in the thick wall of the apse, there are two niches side by side. Each is over three feet high, two feet wide, and sixteen inches deep. To show that things have remained "in statu quo" for a long time, we subjoin the official document, which the notary public, Liborius Capone, at the request of the Provincial of the Jesuits of Naples, Fr. Louis de Marco, drew up in the presence of the twelve noble deputies and other witnesses, and forwarded to the Bollandists in Belgium, the 21st of August, 1754.

He says: "These niches are made of solid, white marble, and covered inside with a gold cloth. Each niche has its own door, [illegible] with silver plates inside and out. Each door has too different locks, the one in the upper, the other in the lower part—four in all. Of the four keys two (different ones) are kept by the Archbishop of Naples, and two by one of the deputies of the city, who keep them in turn, one year each. The sacred blood is kept in two glass vials. The larger, pear-shaped phial is three and one-half inches long, two inches wide, about one inch thick. As a rule it is not quite full of blood, often only half full. The smaller phial is round and flat, and is only about one-third the size of the other. It is [illegible] and is said to have been sent to Spain long ago).

and has only two bloodstains against the side; hence we often speak of only one phial.

"In order to secure," continues Capone, "the safety of their precious contents when they are handled and presented to the people to be kissed, and when carried in procession, the phials are hermetically sealed: *Pro cautissima conservatione optime sunt obturatae (ampullae) in suis orificiis, ut nec minima aeris atomus in illas umquam penetrare possit, nec sanguis, quantumcumque liquefactus, effluere, forasque effundi. Quin potius, ut luculentissimum est unicuique, post quamcumque exactissimam, accuratissimamque observationem, conspiciuntur et sunt supradictae ampullae ex omni parte simplices et levigatae.*"

The phials are plain, except for a small, snake-like ring of glass around the neck, and four other straight rings in the small one. That there are no concealed tubes in the bottle can be ascertained when the blood is in a liquid state simply by turning the bottle upside down, thus laying the bottom bare.

The two bottles are enclosed side by side in a reliquary called *Teca*. It looks like a large watch case, with plain glass faces on either side so that the phials can be seen freely. The plain silver rim measures five inches in diameter. It is surmounted by a crown and a crucifix. At the opposite end there is a short handle, which is inserted into a rich silver stand or *ferculum* when carried in procession or exposed on the altar. The necks and bottoms of the phials are fixed in a kind of gray cement, somewhat clumsily laid. Between the phials and the glass sides of the case there is about half an inch of space. Hence, the reader knows what to think of the statement of Mr. Andrew D. White, who saw the miracle in 1856 and found it very simple ("New Chapters in the Warfare of Science"). According to him, it was due to the *fondling* of the bottles by the warm hands of the priests.

Fondling of fiddlesticks! The priest never holds the *teca* except by the handle, when he holds it at all. Sometimes he lightly rests the fingers of his left hand on the top of the crucifix, when he wants to turn the *teca* upside down, to see if the liquefaction has taken place. Certain people have eyes and see not. Or was it that the illustrious president thought it beneath his dignity to be seen studying a phenomenon that has puzzled so many great scholars and scientists?

But we are anticipating. *Revenons à nos moutons,* or rather to

our Liborius Capone, the notary public. He tells us that the blood and the skull, each kept in its own corresponding niche or *casina*, "are never to be taken out except on the following occasions: 1. The feast of the Translation of the Body of the Martyr, beginning with the Saturday preceding the first Sunday of May, the relics are taken out every morning and returned towards evening for nine consecutive days. 2. The feast of the Martyrdom of St. Januarius, 19th of September, the relics are exposed for eight days in succession, as above. 3. On the 16th of December, feast of the Patronage of St. Januarius, they are exposed one day."

So the liquefaction can be witnessed eighteen times a year; that is, the head and blood are brought together on the altar; after some time the liquefaction takes place; then the people approach to kiss the relic, which remains exposed in the church until evening, when it is returned to its niche. The next morning it is again taken out *solidified,* and the same ceremonies are repeated.

Capone: "The relics are never taken out except by a person delegated by the Archbishop, with the obligatory concurrence of one of the members of the civic deputation, each carrying his own set of keys in a velvet bag. Then the *casine* are opened in presence of as many persons, both lay and ecclesiastic, as the place can accommodate. From the *casina* on the left, as you face the wall, they take the gilt silver bust containing the skull of the saint and carry it to the Gospel side of the main altar; then from the other *casina* the phials are brought to the Epistle side and placed on a silver stand."

We witnessed the liquefaction on two different occasions, from the very front row of spectators; in fact we were so near that we could have touched the relic with our hand. Hundreds of persons were crowded around us and devoured with their eyes the priest and his every action. This is what we witnessed: The officiating chaplain, together with the people, recited some prayers—the Our Father, the Apostles' Creed, the Litanies, sometimes the *Miserere,* etc.; then, taking the *teca* by the handle and turning his back to the altar, he faced the people. Ever and anon he would slowly turn the *teca* upside down, so that when an assistant held a lighted candle about half a foot behind it, even the more distant spectators could see that the blood was still solid, since the empty part of the bottle was *below.* The nearer spectators could see it plainly without the help of the candle. A friend wrote to us lately from Naples that

THECA AND PHIALS CONTAINING THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

this candle has now been discarded altogether, as some pretended the liquefaction was due to it.

Sometimes the chaplain would carry the relic slowly to the Gospel side, then to the Epistle side, to afford a closer view to the spectators thronged in those directions. If the liquefaction had not taken place after the prayers had been gone through once, they were repeated over again. The blood liquefied in about fifteen minutes the first time, and in twenty minutes the second. The time of the liquefaction itself was about one minute; that is, the passage from the solid to the liquid state was almost instantaneous.

As soon as it was ascertained that "the miracle was done," the assistant waved a white staff towards the choir loft and the organ broke forth into the solemn notes of the *Te Deum Laudamus.* The people are now free to approach in turn, kiss and examine the relic. In pressing our lips against the glass side of the *teca,* we noticed no unusual heat.

Here we must say a word about the Neapolitan part of the congregation, especially the women. Some travelers seem to think that they are bound in conscience to take scandal at their lively manifestations of faith. We shall simply make a few observations:

1. That it is the part of every prudent reader to scatter a few but generous handfuls of salt on the statements of these marvelous travelers.

2. That the Neapolitans seemed to us to behave as you would expect Southern people to behave, who earnestly believed in the reality of the miracle, who believed the saint could hear them from heaven, and help them with God. If they didn't believe, then I grant their conduct to be as ridiculous as mine would be if, in some public park, I were to interview a statue of George Washington on the War of Independence. There is nothing like seeing things in their proper focus.

3. That the Neapolitans go to the Treasury as to a religious function, and proceed in their devotions with a sublime disregard of the superciliousness of the mere sight-seers.

4. That these pious women—*la gente di S. Gennaro,* as they are popularly called, though they decline to produce their family tree—still claim to be descended from the *gens Januaria* of Roman days; hence they have a right to be on more familiar footing with their multi-secular uncle.

5. That it behooves one to be chary of blame when one bears in

mind that in certain countries there are such things as revivals and camp-meetings going on.

6. That finally, allowance must be made for difference of latitude. If the children of the sunny South choose to carry their heart in their hand and their soul in their mouth, why should the frigid Hyperborean cast lowering looks at them? Why should I want to shut my comfortable neighbor in an ice-box because I feel cold and chilly, under pretext of uniformity of temperature?

Ladies and gentlemen, let us enlarge our hearts and say, "Let all spirits praise the Lord."

But let us go back to Capone. His relation, though written in 1754, is still true to the letter to-day, as anyone can ascertain by personal examination. He thus describes the vicissitudes of the liquefaction, which, in themselves, are a series of wonders: "The blood sometimes liquefies as soon as taken out of the *casina* and placed on the altar in presence of the head; sometimes it delays a little more; sometimes, though very rarely, it does not liquefy at all. (Once it remained hard for two years, 1527 and 1528.) At times it is taken out of the *casina* in an already liquid state; often the blood fills the bottle in such a way that the eye cannot discern whether it is liquid or solid (of this phenomenon more anon); this increase happens either during the day while exposed or while kept in the *casina;* the contents may diminish during the day, or they may not. Sometimes the solid mass is completely liquefied, sometimes a globe or ball is seen floating on the liquid. A few times it has been known to liquefy while the faithful were kissing it; though the general rule is that the liquefaction takes place while the blood is shown to the people from the altar in presence of the head.

"All these vicissitudes, now of slow, now of hurried liquefaction, or its total or partial absence, happen at all times and at all temperatures, without any order or method which would suggest some reference to the seasons of the year, so that it is impossible to make any forecast."

The liquefaction usually takes place in the Chapel of the Treasury, except on the first day of the feasts of May. Though once we took an active part in the events of that day (1896), we prefer to copy a description of the one witnessed by Mr. Graham in 1904. It corresponds to the ceremonial given in Capone's authentic declaration, with one exception. Now the terminus of the procession

is the Church of St. Clare; formerly it was the headquarters of one of the *rioni,* or wards of the city, a different one every year.

THE PROCESSION.

"Saturday, at noon, a representative of the Archbishop and one of the city met before the recesses (*casine*), each bearing a gold-embroidered velvet bag containing two keys, one for each door. The bust was taken out, placed at the Gospel side of the altar, and clothed by the chaplains with very costly episcopal vestments—mitre, stole, cape, chain and cross—and then it was carried in procession to the Church of Santa Chiara and there deposited on the same side of the high altar.

"About five o'clock in the evening the other recess was opened with the same precautions and the reliquary carried in solemn procession by the Metropolitan Chapter, arrayed in full canonical robes, and the chaplains of the Treasury, clad in their official garments, accompanied by the body of noble deputies, members of religious congregations, etc., preceded by about fifty groups of four men carrying on elevated platforms the silver statues or busts of the principal patron saints of the city, through the decorated and crowded streets to the same grand old Church of St. Clare, whose corner-stone was laid by King Robert in 1310.

"There, amidst a crowd that overflowed into every nook and cranny of the building, each statue was brought and paused for a moment as in homage before the right regal-looking bust of St. Januarius; and at each pause a versicle and response were chanted. It was impressive.

"The statues are remarkably life-size and striking in their attitudes and varied picturesque habits or vestments; and, as they come in sight, gleaming high over the heads of the multitudes, the verse of the Hebrew Psalmist would come unbidden to mind: *Nimis honorati sunt amici tui, Deus* (Thy friends are very much honored, O Lord!); and the words of the Magnificat, *exaltavit humiles*, were illustrated even on earth, for truly it was an exaltation of the humble. St. Januarius was holding court. It makes a splendid scene and leaves a lifelong remembrance.

"Finally the reliquary came in sight last of all, borne in the hands of the Archbishop, Cardinal Prisco, who slowly made his way through the fast-filling sanctuary and by the Royal Cuirassiers in brazen helmets, who with drawn sword kept order, and up the

steps to the altar, where, turning around and holding the *teca* up. he showed the blood to the people. It was hard and dry. Then prayers were said by the clergy; and the Cardinal held the case slightly elevated, now and then almost inverting it, while an attendant at times held up a single candle to enable him to see if the hard mass showed any sign of change. No sign yet. More prayers are recited by the priests, while *la gente* of St. Januarius raised their voices in still higher invocations.

"An indescribable air of expectancy pervaded the whole vast assemblage, and kept them gazing as one man on the relic in the hands of the Archbishop. Suddenly he looks closer, and lo! the mass is moving. It is liquid, bubbling. A sigh of relief and joy escapes from the crowd. Once more St. Januarius has manifested his power; and now the triumphant *Te Deum* rings out through the lofty, vaulted church."

P. J. DALLAS, S.J.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE CATHOLIC INDIAN PROBLEM.

III.

CATHOLIC AND GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCHOOLS. SOME SUGGESTIONS.

The status of the Catholic Indian educational problem, which after all, under prevailing conditions, is the very soul of the missionary problem, necessarily takes up the greater bulk of the Report, just as it touches with consummate clearness on the vital issues at stake. It casts side-lights on a picture involved in considerable obscurity and shows glimmerings of a view that will brighten the gloomy forecasts of the most avowed pessimist. It boldly sounds a keynote of conciliatory action in strange contrast to the warlike slogan that characterized the Bureau's former utterances.

One fact it emphasizes, and in a straightforward, even courageous way, brings to our attention the gradual disappearance of the old-time distrust and bitterness existing between the Catholic and Government schools, and the change of sentiment, that the large number of children placed in the latter shall no longer be looked upon as culpably outside the scope of religious oversight. This was brought about, in a large measure, by the resolute policy of the present Administration in carefully winnowing the Indian service and with inflexible determination stamping out, as far as it could, the lingering traces of sectarian bigotry. A contributing element, if not paramount factor, was the slowly dawning realization on the part of our missionaries, that the poor children, involuntary subjects of finding themselves in an un-Catholic atmosphere, surrounded by faith-estranging influences, should not be dealt with as spirtual outcasts or irreclaimable reprobates.

The Indian Department, on whose favor and grace all our work depends, and which in the capacity of the Indians' guardian, could embarass, and even neutralize it—as we know from sad experience —has shown a most commendable spirit. We cannot reject or neglect it without dire peril to souls and an unpardonable disregard of our plain duties. True, some of the Indian Government schools, in spite of every precaution, may still be in the control of narrow-minded intolerance, may even by cunning evasion and crafty subter-

fuge set at naught its wise and prudential rulings. But we can rest assured that the conscientious vigilance of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, by a slow and effective process of governmental disinfection, will eventually rout the noxious element from the service. It took the Government more than a generation to oust the corrupt and corrupting Reservation agent intrenched in his presumptively impregnable political defense—the death-knell of the anti-Catholic school superintendent, shrouded in his sacrosanct self-complacency, is sounded by the very agency he helped to establish.

However praiseworthy the attitude of the Administration towards its Catholic Indian wards is, sympathetic as its relations with the Catholic Indian schools are, much as its fairness elicits our gratitude, the Government school, owing to a basic defect, can only partially meet the requirements of the Catholic conscience. This radical defect, which it can hardly cope with, being outside the sphere of its constitutional powers, will probably never be set aside. We refer to the absence of definite religious teaching. The analogy between the Indian and Public School is identical, only in a more accentuated form. The arguments that obtain validity there do so here only with more cogency. The white child has presumably a Christian home, a Christian church and Sunday school. The hapless Indian child is destitute of all these salutary adjuncts, and frequently finds the greatest barrier to its moral and intellectual advancement in the very source where it should find its most potent incentive—its family and people. The nationalization of the Indian school, forced on the Government by anti-Catholic political and sectarian exigencies, was, as we have already seen, intentionally or unintentionally more in the nature of a blow aimed at Catholicism than an honest attempt to uplift the Indian. Did its advocates foresee, that in the event of closing the contract schools they would summarily close the gates of a definite Christianity to the afflicted race it was supposed to aid? Were they unmindful of the words of General Armstrong, probably the most illustrious Indian educator of the age, that "best of all, behind all and more than all, missionary work has helped the Indian?" That the open sesame to the Indian problem "was to improve and increase the facilities for education, especially in industrial lines and under Christian influences?" That the final solution would be found "in many agency schools under religious influences?"

The Indian's nature, like that of any other member of the human

family, is concededly threefold—spiritual, intellectual and physical. All three must receive their proportional share of cultivation and development. His spiritual nature, however, is his priceless heritage, his life, his present, his future. Christian instinct, as well as common sense, tells us, in his pursuit of happiness the imperishable is to be preferred to the perishable, the immortal to the mortal, the soul to the body. In all systems of educational reform, from Plato down to the latest pedagogic sensationalist, the moral must as a logical necessity take precedence over the physical or intellectual.

Charlemagne, under the inspiration of Alcuin, one of the earliest and greatest Christian educators, devised his scheme of instruction on the theory "that the basis of political unity is a unity of ideas and morals, and that moral unity is found only in religion." Pestalozzi, with precarious theological leanings, maintains all the same, that all education that is not based on the Christian religion is inherently defective and disastrously incomplete. Rosenkrantz says that the highest culmination of educational effort for the individual is religion—that the finite individual can only find himself in alliance with the Infinite. The late Dr. Harper was disturbed by the reflection what will be the effect fifty years hence of the education which is doing so much for the intellect and so little for the soul? Ramsay eloquently appeals for the revival of the idea that there is such a thing as the spiritual life. How apposite in the case under consideration is Herbert Spencer, when from the viewpoint of simple morality, he tells us, that to educate reason without educating desire, is like giving a repeating rifle to a savage? You do not tame the brute, you simply arm it. With what accuracy does not Dante define education when he tells us that its object is to fit men for eternity? What an identity of thought, in spite of its strong theological tinge do we not find in Milton, when he tells us that education is the effort to enable man to regain what he lost by Adam's fall? Or to come nearer home and to our own time, what definition summarizes the function of true education more sententiously than President Roosevelt, when he states that education is "to train not merely body and mind, but the soul of man that he shall be made a good American and a good citizen of this great country?" Need we then be surprised, that with a courage and thoroughness typical of the man, he has made this education, far as the prerogatives of his exalted office permit, the underlying principle of Indian education?

The recognition of God, the supremacy of the spiritual part of man, are the elemental truths grounding the whole fabric of Catholic education. To these all others must be subsidiary, and of importance only in proportion as they contribute to the enlargement and strengthening of the former. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul"(1) is the keynote of the Catholic school teacher, which, in spite of its decried obsolescence and modern repulsion, has served the world well for twenty centuries, and in the critical problems of our social and national life may yet claim its title to surpassing validity. The Catholic is still guileless enough to believe that "truly, a lowly rustic that serves God is better than a profound philosopher who pondereth the course of the stars and neglecteth himself."(2) The sight of toil-bowed poverty, devoutly counting the fifty beads of its rosary, discloses to him a more elevating moral grandeur than the vision of bloated wealth gloating over its ill-gotten fifty millions.

In this educational scheme, morality is not separable from religion. Morality must find its origin, its true meaning, its growth, its fruition, in religion. The element of responsibility in morality can only attain its supreme height in religion, where God and man are in fellowship and communion. "What doth knowledge avail without the fear of God?"

Again, this religion must be dogmatic. It can be Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Methodist or Catholic. It must not be that vague, indefinite, creedless, spineless, mawkish, unassignable nostrum, masquerading under the illusive garb and imponderable nomenclature of non-sectarianism. Why not dispense with the services of an accredited physician, because physiology and hygiene teach us the general principles of health, how to avoid ailments and cure disease? The teaching must be, as it is in Protestant Germany, with the most superb educational system of the world—definite, dogmatic; in which all denominations, under proper governmental restrictions, will have the liberty to propagate their respective doctrines to their respective church adherents, and this without fear or molestation.

It is for this reason, and this reason alone, that we are compelled to keep up an enforced condition of national alienation, by supporting our parochial school system, and at the same time carry the additional burden of a heavy public school taxation, of which system,

(1) Mark VIII, 36.

(2) "Following of Christ," Book I, Chapter II.

without violence to our conscience, we cannot avail ourselves. Such being the case, why should we hesitate to contribute from our already well-drained resources an additional mite to maintain the Catholic Indian school which appeals to us by every sacred title of patriotic justice and Christian charity? We educate over 1,066,207 Catholic pupils, separated from their 11,318,256 comrades, playmates and neighbors of the Public School; nor do we waver to tax ourselves to the extent of $21,078,912.39 annually, to do this. Should we put a limit to our charity when the most helpless beings of the nation appeal to us for the same privilege we accord our own flesh and blood?

The Catholic Indian school is the cradle of civilization, the nursery of faith, the home of industry, the vestibule of Catholicity, the open door of self-respecting and self-supporting citizenship,—is it worthy of our confidence; does it merit our support?

The history of our Catholic Indian school system gives us the most compelling claim to its study, just as its achievements in the past give the most convincing title to its existence in the future. Beginning in 1874 with 9 schools, 215 pupils, a Government allotment of $16,997, it grew with such rapidity both in the esteem of the Indian and the favor of the Government that in 1896 it counted 51 schools, 3,073 pupils and an appropriation of $314,890. The high-water mark was attained in 1892, when the system counted 54 schools, 3,729 pupils and an appropriation of $397,756. By an act of Congress, June 10, 1896, the law was enacted—be it remembered, at the undivided instigation of the various church bodies that created the sectarian school —"that it was the settled policy of the Government to hereafter make no appropriation whatever for education in any sectarian school." This law was further amended (1) until we found ourselves with our splendid school buildings, thorough equipment, capable teaching personnel and crowded class rooms, high and dry, in penniless destitution.

As a mere matter of financial investment, which probably never entered the minds of the missionaries, could we relinquish the valuable real estate? As a matter of duty, the only criterion consulted, could we abandon the children? Let us see how the crisis was met, and the Report shall be our guide.

The tabulated statistics, admirably arranged and scrupulously accurate, give us probably the most instructive part of the Report. We find, to our surprise, that the law—which, in its inspiration, with-

(1) Acts of Congress July 7, 1897; July 1, 1898; March 1, 1899.

out a breach of charity can only be designated as iniquitous—instead of closing our schools, an eventuality predicted with cocksure certainty, not only failed to do this, but, what is more significant, failed even to reduce the enrollment. We have the gratifying spectacle of an attendance under the most untoward circumstances, limited only by the capacity of the schools themselves.

We find 44 schools, 3,338 pupils, taught by 353 Sisters, 78 lay Brothers, 84 lay teachers, and 38 industrial employees. The Sisters belong respectively to the following orders: Franciscan, 96; Ursulines, 54; Charity (of Providence), 40; St. Joseph's, 37; Blessed Sacrament, 27; Benedictines, 24; Mercy, 15; St. Agnes, 10; Notre Dame, 10; Loretto, 9; St. Ann, 8. The lay Brothers are distributed as follows: Jesuit, 46; Christian Brothers, 15; Franciscans, 8; Sacred Heart, 8; Benedictines, 5.

The Catholic trend of these schools looms up in a missionary importance that can hardly be overestimated, when we discover in the total enrollment 107 pagans and 216 Protestants, a number that could no doubt be quadrupled, did it not mean the exclusion of those of the household of the faith. Again, the 142 baptisms, 12,348 communions, are evidence sufficient that the work of the missionaries usually attached to the schools do not confine their ministration exclusively to the Reservation flock.

Like that of the missions, the report of the financial problem dwindles to one of such unimportance and weakness that, in its utter inadequacy to meet the conditions, it places the Catholics of the nation in a rather humiliating light. At the same time the one individual who sustains the schools, and who with self-effacing modesty and conscientious literalness carries out our Lord's injunction about charity, is lifted to a height of moral loftiness that should inspire something more tangible and enduring than mere paroxysmal admiration.

The Report here is naturally brief. The Lenten collection taken up in 1906 for the Indian and Negro Missions—this in accordance with a decree of the Council of Baltimore,(1) mandatory in every mission, village and city church, appealing to a population of fourteen millions, reaching the most prosperous and wealthy nation on earth—gave the Indian—the sum should be writ in numerals of dazzling vividness—$36,169! The membership fees of the Preservation Society, in spite of able and uninterrupted agitation, sinks

(1) Tit. VIII, Cap. II, N. 243.

to $10,429.68, and all other contributions to the Bureau do not raise the total income to more than $23,401.16. This means as a plain business proposition: that for an enrollment of pupils, for which the Government in 1889 made an allowance of $347,672.00, the Catholic Church in 1906 makes an allowance of $57,570.16!

This anomalous condition points a moral, embarrassing on the one hand and heroic on the other. It exhibits an apathy on the part of Catholics out of all harmony with their proverbial loyalty to the Church. It reveals, with the suppression of parading figures, the royal munificence of Mother Katharine Drexel.

Probably the most significant chapter in the report is that devoted to the "Religious Instructions of Catholic Pupils in Government Schools," and which will no doubt create wide discussion. It is the first time that official cognizance is taken of them, being hitherto classified as Public Schools outside the purview of ecclesiastical consideration. The Government school is here to stay, and, supported as it is by the lavish appropriation of $3,010,489.16 annually, with an attendance of 20,382 children, has to be reckoned with. The system has grown to such proportions, offers such unusual inducements, is geographically so available, safeguards the health of its pupils so carefully, solves the little social and economic problems of Indian life so judiciously, above all advances its graduates so systematically, that even did we have accommodation for more pupils, we could not prevent many Catholics from attending its schools. This attraction is made all the more alluring by the fact that the Government has come to the realization that, if it cannot teach religion, it would place no hindrance in the way of the clergy of the different denominations doing so. Accordingly, the drawing up of such rules as contained in "Education Circular No. 87, Outing Rules to Govern Indian Students, Rules Regarding Religious Instruction of Catholic Pupils," all of which had their birth and were put in successful operation at Carlisle, before their introduction in the general system, mark a new departure that will be watched with interest and to whose advantages we cannot blind ourselves.

These rules are broad and liberal, and leave little to be desired. For Catholics they make Mass and religious instruction attendance compulsory, afford ample opportunity for confession and Holy Communion, allow a week for an annual retreat, prohibit under the penalty of dismissal or expulsion all proselyting, forbid a child to change its church relations without the consent of parents and

superintendent, protect the pupils' faith while living on the Outing System, promptly report all sick cases—in short, extend every aid that can be suggested to religious instructors. These rules are of course free from all discriminative flavor. They offer the same opportunity to every denomination. The same official impartiality marks the treatment of priest or minister, Catholic or Protestant.

In some of these schools—Carlisle again, for instance—a precedent is established, which no doubt will be promptly followed, if it has not already been anticipated by some of the larger Non-Reservation and Reservation schools, of allowing all services—Mass, sodality, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—to be conducted in some properly appointed hall at the school and placing the school's vehicle at the disposal of the priest and religious instructors.

The religious opportunities offered to Catholic pupils are of a character that can no longer be overlooked or neglected, nor dismissed with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulder or a scornful smile of incredulity. Steps should be taken without loss of time to accept the generous invitation of the Government, with the same cordiality that it was given. Apostacy can no longer be imputed to the school authorities where every facility to maintain and strengthen the faith is given. Vigorous effort, systematized catechetical instruction and restless vigilance should be infused into the larger schools like Haskell, Carlisle, Chilocco, Albuquerque, Sherman Institute, etc. Where the appointment of special chaplains living outside the school precincts, but ever welcome to enter them, can be made, it ought to be done, and will doubtlessly meet with the approval of every considerate superintendent or agent.

The action of the Administration has been so tolerant and helpful, that the voice of cavil should be silent, and the fact appreciated that as far as the exercise of religious duties is concerned, to employ the language of the street, "it is now up to the Church."

We would have the presumption, based on an experience of nearly twenty years with a leading Government school and with some knowledge of Reservation conditions, to suggest—that, if possible, no child be sent to a Government school until it has a strong foundation of its faith firmly laid; that unusually bright, alert and promising pupils after finishing their courses in the mission school, should be transferred to such Government schools where their studies might be continued under the best advantages and under the fostering religious safeguards that such a school may give. If the pupil

will not preserve his faith under such indirect church supervision, he will certainly not preserve it in the world, when he must fight the battle of faith single-handed. Moreover, we expect the product of a mission school to be something more virile than a callow molly-coddle who incontinently succumbs at the mere shadow of temptation or trial.

Again, we would have the further temerity to suggest, without pretending to an uncommon acuteness of mind, that Government schools, after courteous, repeated and ineffectual efforts to gain an observance of the Government rules regarding religion, be placed by an exercise of ecclesiastical authority on a prohibitive list. The choice of schools is large and varied, and to make bigotry odious and pay the full penalty of its contumacy, hardly sins against the golden rule, especially when it jeopardizes the souls of our poor children. A decreased enrollment and appropriation will be a more specific persuasive than a long and embittered controversy to bring a dissident and refractory official to terms.

In the statistics of Catholic children attending Government schools, we find in the 25 Non-Reservation schools, 2,431 Catholic pupils out of a total of 9,279. Baptisms are given at 34 (of which 24 adults were baptized in Carlisle), 221 Confirmations (Carlisle 110 to its credit), and 4,582 Holy Communions. In the 91 Reservation schools we have out of 11,103, 2,494 Catholic pupils, 144 Baptisms, 190 Confirmations, and 4,582 Holy Communions. Out of the total enrollment of Government Non-Reservation, Reservation and day schools we have an enrollment of 20,382, of whom 4,925 are Catholics. The total number of Catholic children attending mission and Government schools is 8,553, nearly half the entire Government Indian school attendance.

What lessons should we draw from the Report?

I.—The need of 63 chapels reveals a severe handicap and serious impairment of our missionary field. Where the need of a chapel is most urgent, the conditions for its erection most favorable, and the number of Indians sufficiently large, no time should be wasted in establishing it. The Government will readily make a gratuitous allotment of land; the different Tabernacle societies will cheerfully give the full liturgical equipment, the Indian, willing and ready, will give his hearty assistance—and the sum of one thousand will erect a serviceable, even comfortable structure. What diversion of this sum could do more good, be an instrument of greater glory to God

and productive of greater spiritual blessings, than such a votive or memorial chapel, where the donor has the personal privilege of selecting a patronal saint or memorializing his dead? If five of these chapels could be erected each consecutive year, in such districts where an absolute necessity exists, what a momentum would not be given to our missions?

II.—The Indian catechist—of whom 64 are called for—is another valuable adjunct that dare not be overlooked. This vigilant, faithful, trustworthy ally of the missionary, consecrates all his time and energy with a most exemplary devotion to the spiritual wants of the territory assigned him. His services really partake of an indispensable character, and many a poor Catholic would have died without the sacraments, many a benighted Indian grown to manhood and womanhood ignorant of all religion, but for the watchful care, and the intelligent piety of the catechist. The remuneration doled out to him—ten dollars a month (the support of his family and two ponies) seems from our modern valuation of money, trivial to the point of contempt. If we could add ten catechists each year, we would be holding up the hands of our missionaries in a way that could not fail but bring about marvellous blessings.

What charities could commend themselves more powerfully to those on the brink of eternity ready to adjust their temporal accounts for the final reckoning, and what act of beneficence would presage a more merciful sentence from the lips of the Judge, than a testamentary bequest assuring those two worthy objects? "As long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to me."(1)

III.—The Catholic Indian school not only merits, but demands our hearty and generous support. The annual collection for the Indian and Negro should be lifted from the parochial rut of perfunctory routine to a deed of earnest charity, a charity all the more persuasive and binding because it is really in the nature of national reparation and restitution. The collection, with a few notable exceptions, has dwindled to the character of an empty formality or meets the reception of a recurrent infliction, instead of being an incentive for devout zeal and helpful beneficence.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith Among Indian Children should become a national organization, with membership in every Catholic home. If out of the fourteen millions of Catholics

(1) Math. XXV, 40.

in the nation, only one million would pay the trifling membership fee, the work would be raised from its condition of precariousness, the faithful workers in the field would be relieved of the haunting apprehensions of privation and the whole problem receive a new vitalization.

The Marquette League, which has already done conspicuous work, should effect a larger enrollment of membership, and by its appeal to to the wealth and culture found in its ranks and acquaintance, bring the needs of the neglected Indian to public attention, diverting its work particularly to the multiplication of chapels, the appointment of catechists,(1) and the vigilant scrutiny of Indian legislation.

IV.—The pacific and liberal overtures of the Indian School Department should be met both without suspicion or distrust, and with frankness and confidence. The opportunities it offers for methodic devotions and instructions should be repaid with grateful recognition and energetic correspondence. What more could be done than the privileges already accorded? The proper admixture of prudence, patience and perseverance—especially an imperturbable cultivation of *suaviter in modo et fortiter in re* will unfailingly bring about a change of manners, if not heart, of the most arbitrary and capricious agent, or Government official. The fault of many of the inharmonious relations existing between priest and school superintendent cannot always be laid at the door of the latter. Let us be frank enough to make the honest confession, that in many instances the unfortunate friction is traceable to a lack of calm discretion and well-poised zeal on the part of the former. In the event of wilful and persistent breaches of the Government school laws, a temperate, dignified, but evidentially unassailable protest to the higher authorities will meet with a courteous, prompt and fair adjudication. The Government Indian school should no longer cause the spine-creeping sensations of a charnel house for slaughtered Catholic aboriginal innocents.

By every law of logic and every impulse of religion, the 5,000 Indian children attending them are as worthy subjects of our solicitude, as deserving of all the care we can give them, and certainly

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(1) The Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children has its central office at the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 1326 New York Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. The Marquette League is affiliated with the Bureau. Its address is: Marquette League, 420 United Charities Building, New York, N. Y.

fitter objects of diligent attention and watchful oversight, than the 6,937 students attending non-Catholic colleges and universities, for whom every aid for the preservation of their faith is now being made.

The Indian problem is drawing to a close. As a national problem it remains unsolved. Commissioner Leupp, with no claims to prophecy, but yielding to the stern facts staring him in the face, declared at the recent meeting of the Department of Indian Education at Los Angeles, that "the day of the reservation is passing, and the future of the Indian lies in individual effort." The abolition of the Reservation means the extinction of the Indian as a race. It remains for the true friend of the Indian to hold this steadily in view. The concentrated, perhaps final, efforts of the missionary and teacher should be to prepare and fit him for this amalgamation or absorption. Another generation will close the last chapter of the Indian as a nation.

H. G. GANSS.

AT THE LEAP OF THE WATERS.

How the swift river runs bright to its doom,
  Placid and shining, and smooth-flowing by,
Blue with the gleam of the heavenly room,
  Smiling and calm, with the calm of the sky!
Ah! but the plunge! and the shock and the roar,
  The spray of vast waters that hurl to the deep,
The churn of its foam, as the measureless pour,
  Of that wide-brimming torrent leaps sheer from the steep!
Look ye; it reaches small fingers of spray
  To clutch at the brink, as unwilling to go
Through the perilous air, and be fretted away
  In the tumult of vapor that boileth below.
List ye! The voice of the huge undertone
  That murmurs in pain from the cataract's breast,
Where the bruised, shattered waters perpetual moan,
  And wander and toss in a weary unrest.
Feel ye the breath of the cool-spraying mist,
  Cloudy and gray from the depth of its pain;
Not as when sunbeams the waters have kissed,
  Rising in vapor to gather in rain,
But fiercely and madly flung forth on the air,
  A shroud for this river that leaps to its death,
A veil o'er the throes of the cataract there,
  And rolling and rent with its agonized breath!
Wild torrent! God put thee to thunder His name!
  With the roar of thy waters to call to the sky
Of His might, who hath set thee forever the same,
  To topple in foam to thy gulfs from on high.
Loud hymn of the lake-lands! from shore unto shore,
  Still clamor His praises who called thee to be,
Till the ears of the nations are tuned to thy roar,
  And they hear the vast message He trusted to thee!

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS was born in Dublin, March 1, 1848. His father, Bernard Paul Ernest, a French shoemaker from the neighborhood of Saint-Gaudens, in the Pyrenees (Haute Garonne), was on his way to this country when the ship, being in harbor, he chanced to see on the docks an Irish girl whose appearance arrested his attention. He is said to have told his companions: "That girl is going to be my wife." He went ashore, and the girl did become his wife. Her name was Mary McGuinness. A few months after the birth of their son Augustus, their third child, they came to the States, settling first in Boston, then permanently in New York. The humble emigrants had brought a great gift to that city. Saint-Gaudens attended school up to his thirteenth year. At that age, as it happens so frequently where the family means are limited, he was apprenticed to a cameo-cutter to learn the trade. He had probably shown some aptitude for drawing or carving, as the beautiful art of the incisor is a good deal above cobbling and bricklaying. His master, Avet, who was a Savoyard, may have been a friend and desirous of initiating the child to his own pleasant labors. Saint-Gaudens became inured to long hours of steady application at the wheel, while his eye was trained and his hand learned cunning. He used to say that he owed a great deal to his apprenticeship, and mainly the capacity for hard work. To the outsider he seems to owe to it, in an equal degree, the fineness and exquisite touch of his low reliefs, the life cameos that are one of his most valuable legacies. Either to assist him in his craft, or because he felt the call to a larger form of art, the boy added evening study at Cooper Union to his daily toil. When about eighteen, still hard at his cameo-cutting, only now with a shell carver named Le Breton, the youth entered the life-classes at the Academy of Design. He was about twenty, and seems to have known by then just what he wanted to do, when the opportunity came for him to go to Paris. He became a student at the Petite École, or preparatory; more grounding, though he had been six years in training already; and he continued to support himself, at least in part, by working at his cameo-cutting. There cannot have been much time for leisure or for idling. One seems to feel in some manner through all Saint-Gaudens'

life the effects of this that Pater calls so well: ". . . . ascêsis, the serious and austere girding of the loins in youth." From the Petite École he passed quickly to the Beaux Arts, under Jouffroy, who was something of a conservative in methods. Here he was thrown into contact with the human model, after the intimate and wholesale fashion that demands of the students one complete figure in six mornings. This exercise is repeated over and over again. They attain a fabulous proficiency, a power of rapid grasping and casting into form that is astounding, and a manner of posing their subject firmly and convincingly, that shows their mastery. Saint-Gaudens went through all this. Bastien Le Page and Mercié were his fellow-students. He had been some three years in tutelage when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. Mercié had gone to Rome on his prize. Saint-Gaudens followed thither, still to study, but independent and no longer a beginner. We have two statues from these early Italian days—" Hiawatha " and " Silence."

Returning to America in 1874, the sculptor was first engaged on a portrait bust (William M. Evarts) and then on the relief of " Angels Adoring the Cross " for the Church of St. Thomas, New York. Other angels (unfortunately destroyed by fire) were those for the Morgan tomb in Connecticut, while different memorials and portraits in low relief made the young workman a reputation. He was barely thirty when, in 1878, he sailed again for Paris to serve on the jury for the international exhibition. With him went his wife, to whom, as Miss Augusta F. Homer, he had been married in Boston in 1877. Saint-Gaudens also took with him two commissions, the Randall memorial for Sailors' Snug Harbor and the famous Admiral Farragut statue. There is no doubt that to this latter production he owed much of his fame. He exhibited the model first in Paris, and people did not pay much attention to the quiet figure until one or two critics, men of distinct talent and understanding, began to call public notice to its value. " You think it merely a civic monument; open your eyes and realize that it is an art work of first quality." The young American sculptor was beginning to get his dues, and he got them, as he did almost always, from the technicians and those able to appreciate the inner riches of his craftsmanship. The " Farragut " is certainly a very remarkable production. One must analyze it slowly to get at its real excellence, for it is quiet and contained in the extreme and has no flamboyance to wave in our eyes. He has set the figure firmly, feet apart, *bien*

campé, as one learns to do one's figures in Paris, and immediately the motion of the ship's deck is suggested, as the sea wind is in the flapping of the skirted coat blown backward. The admiral is in uniform, but it is not his gala one; it is the service dress, rained on and sun-beaten. The cap is pulled tight. Even this is an achievement, that he does not look as if he were on parade. One hand hangs at the side; the other holds a spy-glass. He seems to have lowered it momentarily to scan the horizon with his strong, trustworthy eye. The head itself is full of what one might call compressed character. The sailor and the chief are all in it blended indissolubly with the man. How fine, how staunch, how self-reliant, how self-controlled! Every muscle is in obedience. This is he as you see him every day, every hour, in great storms, in action, in repose, invariably and unfailingly, a commander and a power. I think we should insist on the supreme reticence Saint-Gaudens has made incarnate in him, for in it he seems to have expressed his own self. It is the same instinctive reticence that made him, of all the works of his pupil MacMonnies, prefer the Washington "Shakespeare," a statue that is almost distressing at first sight, so little does it respond to our sympathy. Yet the "Farragut" is profoundly sympathetic, both in personality and in the peculiarly subtle interpretation of all about it that suggests the far-sounding sea and the life on the wave. One wonders how much Saint-Gaudens may have owed to ancestry born within sound of the north-lashed coasts. The pedestal brings to mind a conning tower in shape; a sword is carved upon it; the wide sweep forming the exedra suggests the ship's lines. The arms are deeply incised with flowing undulations of water and curve of fish forms. Inside their shelter, figures in low relief representing courage and loyalty cover the surfaces with mermaid-like hair. A highly artistic crab is set in the pavement. The inscription is in Saint-Gaudens' own beautiful lettering, a lettering that was quite a feature of his work, and introduced with a distinct decorative purpose. The pedestal is all in a lighter and more fanciful mood than the statue itself, but it completes and harmonizes with it as one thing. Saint-Gaudens had to impose it upon the park commissioners, who had formulated a wise rule that "all pedestals must be alike"—no doubt to have them in keeping with the benches and lampposts—while he himself, the sculptor, was seeking afar for a pedestal that should bear out the nautical character of the monument and be unique. He devised it in collabora-

tion with the late Stanford White, and the Farragut stands now one of the happiest and most representative of Saint-Gaudens' monuments. It was inaugurated in 1881, and for the next five or six years the artist was kept busy with numerous commissions. The charming caryatides supporting the great mantel in the Vanderbilt residence are winsome girlish figures with uplifted arms and blossom-like heads, not unlike the delicate "Amor Caritas" of the Luxembourg, with passion flowers in her hair. Their long, straight Greek robes, in fine ribs of folds, and the zone circling them at the hips, gives them a classic aspect; but there is more of the Renaissance and of airy modern grace in the easy gesture and youthful loveliness. In 1880 Saint-Gaudens had made the bas-relief portrait of Bastien Le Page in Paris. In 1882 he made the beautiful plaque of his little son Homer "At the age of seventeen months," putting some wonderful work into the outline and tumbled, wavy hair; about the same time also the children of Prescott Hale Butler, two kilted boys standing together with naïf, fine-lined profiles, and the dainty chisel-strokes playing in and out of the light and shadow; "Miss Lee," a three-quarter length of a young woman, the noble head particularly attractive, but the whole work full of subtle beauties of treatment that make it expressive of the very fleetness and fascination of youth.

To our mind these slight low-reliefs of Saint-Gaudens have much more fluency and poetic character than his larger emprises, and he seems in them to be in a much happier vein than even in such more important portraits as the Dr. Bellows and Dr. McCosh memorials. Personally we do not care for the Peter Cooper statue, either: or rather, we think the architectural setting crushing and unfortunate, and we say this quite humbly, knowing that others have thought it excellent. But one cannot always account for one's likes and dislikes, and it is idle to express praise one does not feel. To us the Peter Cooper remains merely as Saint-Gaudens' tribute to the school where first he learned to draw. What a cry to the Lincoln for the park of that name in Chicago! It stands in rank with the Farragut, a strong, sober, robust interpretation, and at the same time it is a thoughtful and comprehensive character study.

Saint-Gaudens seems to have been specially fitted to portray American men, his very reserve being his chief qualification. In the matter of Lincoln, no subject could tax a sculptor more: the lean, angular figure, the ungainly head, the uncongenial dress.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

Saint-Gaudens has done all that could be done with them, and has made a noble statue in spite of difficulties. It is granted now that his Lincoln is the one that will go down to posterity as most representative of the man. The President has just risen (from a chair that suggests the curule of antique state) and is about to speak. One hand is behind him, the other at the lapel of the coat; he seems to be surveying his audience, a crucial moment, and thinking. The head is a little bent. Lincoln is all there—the ungracious physique, the meagre features, the farmer-like uncouthness; and yet it is a significant face, with depths of soul behind the mask; a strong face with essential purpose in it; and, strangely enough, the expression of this man of supreme power is one of inner bitterness and suffering—or patience it may be—anything but hope or joy. The dress, too, as in the Farragut, has an air of life, of personality, of belonging to him and of being a part of his own self. It is the terrible frock coat and trousers that has been as sawdust filling or sausage in so many public monuments, but it does not seem to have bothered Saint-Gaudens at all. He has tackled it in his own unpretentious way and conquered; we may not even surmise that it cost him an effort, and perhaps it did not. But technicians, when they approach this and Saint-Gaudens' other figures, will tell you how wonderful it is; how admirably the clay was handled, how broad the surfaces are, how deftly folds, ridges and the cutting-in have been treated; how to them, the craftsmen, every bit of the work done is a pure joy. This is to be a maker indeed!

In the portrait of Stevenson, made this same year, 1887, for the Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, we have another cameo and quite one of the best of the series. It is a circular low-relief of the beloved and erratic R. L. sitting up against his pillows and writing on his knee. A perfect likeness, one would judge, individual and true; the long, delicate face, the rather melancholy cast of features, the lank, smooth hair, and the happy pluck that made him write still "in bed and out of bed" and under all kinds of trials. In expression he is very grave. The workmanship is particularly beautiful, as though the labor had been one of love: fine tracery of lines, accents of consummate artistry, subtle interplay of light and shadow—the border, a trail of delicate ivy, finishing the undertaking with its associations of death and immortality. The very spirit of our Stevenson, swift, penetrative, evanescent, full of sur-

THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT.

prises, and touched from afar with the last sadness, seems to have been caught and embodied in this work.

At the antipodes from the Stevenson is the statue of Deacon Chapin, usually called "The Puritan," of Springfield, Mass. This is one of the most massive of Saint-Gaudens' productions. The advantage he has in it of costume gives one somehow a slight impression of pose, but it is eminently a conception of character. The pompous old gentleman with his ample cloak, the big Bible under his arm, and the staff-like walking stick, is the very incarnation of self-sufficing righteousness. He is immensely serious, of course, the face, in the deep shade of the hat-brim, gloomily brooding—but what a type of "some who trusted in themselves as just and despised others!"

Two lesser works of Saint-Gaudens that we must not omit, on account of a certain historical interest attaching to them, are the seal for the Public Library, Boston, adapted from the relief of the façade, and the commemorative medal for the Columbian Exposition, 1893, in which Saint-Gaudens took great interest.

Passing on to his equestrian statues, we will mention first the "General Logan" for Chicago, which has been considered, by some, theatrical, but that we should only call so ourselves, inasmuch as it departs from the sculptor's usual note of quiet action and restraint. There is no reason why the memorial of a fighter should not represent him bareheaded in an incident of snatching a flag while his charger struggles under him. Saint-Gaudens has expressed his own wish, which was to epitomize in one act, if possible, the whole character and career of a noted and ardent soldier; but there is no doubt that he himself is at his best within the Greek limits of repose or movement without action. We will add, however, that coming upon the Logan years ago, without knowing its author and quite unprejudiced, we thought it fine and inspiring. On the Shaw memorial for Boston, Saint-Gaudens worked twelve years before he was satisfied, and many think it his noblest military achievement. It is a large bronze relief commemorating the brave officer, Robert Gould Shaw, killed in 1863 at the head of his colored troops. There is a tradition that when Rodin stood before this group in plaster at the Paris Exposition in 1900, he took off his hat. Well he might, for, criticize it as we may, there is something impressive and awe-inspiring about the earnestness and rather pathetic beauty of the work. The young leader sits on his horse gravely and thought-

fully, quite still, his right arm hanging at his side; there is no pride of life in him, no flush of expectation; he is very straight, rather tense, as a man may be who has at his back the tears of those he loves and who is leading other men forward in the name of duty to the brave task of death. All around him, on foot, surge the negroes marching, knapsack and blanket on back, and parallel lines of muskets moving rhythmically. It is all very wonderful, the onward swing of the composition, the thicket of guns, the diversity of types in the dusky soldiery; but, to our mind, the motionless figure on horseback, so alone, so sad and so steadily set to the supreme last abnegation, sums the whole high spirit of the episode. Saint-Gaudens must have lived long in thought with the young soldier to have made so noble a type of him and one so expressive of an intellectual and spiritual ideal. Above, in cloud, a female figure is floating—perhaps Fame, perhaps Fate—like a Greek personation signifying death in battle or the promise of everlasting survivance to those who die. Some have objected to this form. But even allowing that it is introduced with a decorative purpose, and that it is somewhat cramped in its narrow space, the mysterious, wavy presence adds, nevertheless, to the completeness of the invention, and embodies well the sense of uncertainty and impending doom.

Considered as monumental sculpture, the "Sherman" (1903) seems to us the most complete and satisfying of Saint-Gaudens' equestrian statues. There is something really inspired about this, something large and breezy, all the lines of it together conveying a sense of irresistible, triumphant advance. Saint-Gaudens had studied well from life the active, nervous, restless temperament of his hero, and he is said to have infused his whole work with that same spirit; but one can scarcely pause at a merely personal trait; the entire conception is full of tingling beauty. The eager man in the saddle, with the wind ballooning his cloak; the horse straining onward; the tall, erect, lightly-poised Victory leading, a Victory that is so purely American in type, all combine to make this—which is one of Saint-Gaudens' most difficult—also one of his most admirable groups. One cannot, as a rule, pay much attention to countenance in heroic sculpture, but this is said to be a perfect likeness, and it has in it, furthermore, the determined, insistent air, the confident gaze of the man who is "going to get there." As a detail, the broken bough of laurel which the horse tramples is a

happy, significant touch, besides contributing to the decorativeness of the lower portion.

We will conclude with the figure of the Adams tomb, Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington. It has been called indifferently Grief, Remembrance, the Secret of the Tomb, the Peace of God. We do not know if Saint-Gaudens himself had any name for it. To us it would seem, most typically, humanity at the grave's mouth. This woman has seen death, and, through all the ages, will sit with covered face to ponder. The question, the wondering, the dumb pain, the dullness of mind that can produce no answer, the hammering at the door, centuries old. Against a tall, smooth slab of granite she rests in her fathomless silence, wrapped in a rough-hewn cloak, her face in the hood-like shadow, her chin upon her hand. Her eyes are almost closed, her lips close-shut. The drapery is superb, in great folds. A ring of evergreen trees encloses the awful presence in solitude. The stillness around her is profound. Is she some biblical figure of one of the majestic women of old? A sybil, disdaining utterance, in a world too petty for her prophetic mood? The sphinx itself—embodied, everlasting? Perhaps it is as well she has no name. She might lose something by it. Now she baffles and fascinates us. It is one of the most vivid, inscrutable and tremendous figures in all art.

Saint-Gaudens died at his home in New Hampshire, August 3, 1907, undoubtedly the greatest name in American sculpture, and leaving a gap it will be hard to fill. He had spent his life chiefly in New York and Paris, the beautiful home in Vermont where so much of his work was done, and the quiet spot in the hills where he breathed his last. Something should be said of the man. He was conservative in his methods as compared with the modern schools, and yet in every sense a modern; a sound workman, sincere, conscientious, putting the whole of himself with unstinted integrity in whatsoever he undertook. We have touched already on his fine qualities; his robustness, his manliness, his restraint. If he was not a great genius, and we are too close to him still for absolute truth of perspective so that judgment must, in some measure, be provisional, he came, nevertheless, near the highest water-marks yet attained. Some slight thing seems to be wanting its full accomplishment, in that he has left so little that is ideal, so little that seems irresistibly and inevitably inspired. He was not dramatic, he was scarcely poetic, though this breath sometimes reached him.

THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

His figures do not rouse emotion in us; we do not feel, as we come before them, the genuine thrill that stirs us before that beautiful, lofty "Nathan Hale" of MacMonnies; or the tenderness and pity before the "Young Sculptor" of French, summoned by the Shrouded Woman with the Poppies. There is something in these that we miss in Saint-Gaudens, the indefinable contact of the soul vitalizing the matter: in one the flame-touch, in the other the dream-power that go to make great art. And yet, by the sustained high level of his production, by his perfect workmanship, by his faculty of steady, uninterrupted labor, and by that something moral and fundamental that never belied him and filled all his works with sobriety, dignity and force, Saint-Gaudens stands to-day above all his contemporaries in art. It is true that the supreme test required of technicians, their dealing with the nude, has received no acknowledgment at Saint-Gaudens' hands, since the Diana is merely decoration. He may in this matter have been influenced both by his natural inclination and by old-time American notions, and we are offering no criticism; we merely call to mind that long since the judgment of some was suspended in Saint-Gaudens' case on account of this negative position. It is fair to him to say, however, that the conditions of our civilization and the constant demands made upon him for civic monuments could only result in making him preeminently a historical sculptor—a task for which his peculiar qualities fitted him.

To his many friends Saint-Gaudens was as a god among mortals. His studio in New York used to be a place of gathering for artists, architects and literary men, and they speak still of his kindness, his geniality, his sly humor with its one edge of sarcasm, his simple modesty, his unwillingness to be drawn into argument, his listening silence through so many discussions, and, finally, the quiet word that seemed to carry light. Through pictures, at least, we all know the leonine head with its tufts of wavy hair, close-growing around the forehead, the deep-set eyes under the shaggy brows, the lean face with its high cheekbones, the powerful nose, the beard so much whiter than the hair. Curiously enough, the whole strong head is sculptural in cast, the features and flesh seeming to bear the impress of hewing first, and afterwards thumb-kneading in their light and shade. Sargent has given us an admirable portrait of Saint-Gaudens modelling in relief with his shirt-sleeves rolled up and his hands in the clay: Torn, in two wonderful etchings, places before

THE SHERMAN STATUE.

us the master's grave, observant countenance with its striking characteristics and steady, thoughtful outlook upon our world.

To the last Saint-Gaudens worked; through days of suffering and almost inability, through the discouragement of ill-health overwhelming him, resolute, tenacious and intent upon his task to the very end. When he grew too feeble to walk, his attendants would carry him to the studio that he might direct the works under execution, this until the day—or the day but one—before he died. What pains he took, raising models in the open air, studying, experimenting, finishing and re-finishing, only those who witnessed his toil could understand. He was loth that anything should leave his hands until he himself felt that he could do no more to perfect it. And he was an able business man as well as a great artist. He actually copyrighted his statues, and we were told by a dealer in New York that his firm having attempted to bring out a reproduction of one of them, he was immediately called upon by the sculptor's lawyer, who suspended proceedings until terms should have been adjusted.

Of the many words written about Saint-Gaudens we have thought these among the best. A friend sums up his qualities: ". . . a tender heart, a pure imagination, nobility of choice, the meekness of an angel"; and then, in conclusion: "He was an artist among few, and, moreover, a man who in nearly sixty years of mortal misery and success was never cruel, or vain, or harsh." Great words, these, and good to leave him with. Brave spirit, farewell.

GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

OUT OF MANY HEARTS.

"Buy my English posies!
Kent and Surrey May—
Violets from the Undercliff,
Wet with Channel spray;
Cowslips from a Devon combe,
Midland furse afire—
Buy my English posies
And I'll sell your heart's desire."

—KIPLING.

I.

"SWEET violets, sir, twopence a bunch. Buy a flower, gentleman."

Gavin Heathcote started; he had not noticed the little flower-seller crouching on the pavement as he turned the corner on to Westminster Bridge until her voice came up to him on a fragrant breath from her flower-filled basket.

"English violets, sir, and only twopence a bunch," the pleading voice went on; he stopped and looked down at the white, pinched face and the dark brown eyes raised so appealingly to his own.

"Thanks, I'll have a bunch. Are they really English?" He gave her some coppers and passed on, fastening the violets in his buttonhole and inhaling their scent with a pleased smile. Yes, they were English; he recognized the faint earthy odor of these firstlings of the English spring; they lie so close to the breast of their mother earth that they bear away with them the smell of her garments, and it was this, more than their perfume, that thrilled him as he remembered how Nature was awake again after her winter sleep, and that already on the breezy downs and among the crannied cliffs of his native Dorset the flowers were opening dewy eyes and nodding salutations to all who passed their way. How good it was to think of it—"the sweet of the year"—the miracle of returning spring—the wonder of the divine law—the seeds of autumn, dead on the lap of a frozen world, living and blooming again in the reviving sunshine, faithful to the tryst of the Creator and Lord of all things.

He pressed the violets to his lips; their scent was like new wine and full of suggestion to his soul of the long, long dreams of boyhood, when, lying on the warm, green slopes of the cliffs, he had thought of the work he would do in the world, and had exulted in the knowledge of his own strength and purpose to accomplish all that he would. He drew a deep breath and flung up his head as a sudden gust of wind blew up the river and set a myriad starry points of reflected light agleam on the ripples of the dark water. He stopped and leaned against the parapet of the bridge. He could rarely cross it without stopping to admire the fine view—fair at all times, but especially at night—with Westminster's noble pile outlined against the moonlit sky, and just across the river his own medical school—St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a stately and splendid building, not devoted to the making of new laws, like its older and grander neighbor across the water, but to the practice of the oldest of all laws, the God-given decree of Charity. He looked over at it now with pride and affection; he knew what was behind every light reflected on the breast of the river; there was the fine operating theatre, where he had spent the afternoon with a great surgeon: and there was the children's ward, where there were some special cases of his own, very dear to his professional soul! And just below was the big hall, where an hour ago he had sat with a crowd of students and most of the "Bart's" staff to hear his friend John Ward read a paper before the Physiological Society—the prize essay of the year—on the "Physiology of Pain"; and for an instant his heart glowed with pride and affection, and he rejoiced at his comrade's success.

John Ward was one of the coming physiologists; they all said so at "Bart's." He had taken the gold medal, and honors, and still he spent a big part of his time with his eye glued to his microscope, for he was an enthusiast as well as a student. This had been a great bond of friendship between them, for Gavin Heathcote was enamored of physiology also, but how much of this was due to his friend's influence and inspiration he probably did not know. He was very proud of his friend, and not a little honored by the affection he had always shown towards himself. They had lived together for nearly three years, and it was something to be the friend and room-mate of one who was undoubtedly the best man of his year; who was, besides, a fine athlete, and one of the best "half-backs" in England. While indifferent and even cold with most

people, he had nevertheless the power of attracting others; he was a very handsome man, but nobody ever said much about his good looks; it was the charm of his manner that all were conscious of, the sympathy that gleamed in his dark eyes, the sweetness of his smile.

But until to-night, when he heard him read his paper, Heathcote had never realized how very far apart they were in their views on the eternal verities, and at the recollection of what he had heard, the young man's face clouded, and something gripped his heart and hurt him. The words—Ward's very words—were ringing in his ears. The future life, he had said, the life everlasting, was an unthinkable life, an impossible life, because it was to be a life without pain. There could be no life without pain. It seemed to Heathcote that the atmosphere from which his mental being drew its breath had suddenly crystallized and shown the elements of which it was composed; there was not one dissentient voice in that chorus of praise he had heard that night from the assembled "staff," and yet John Ward had made statements in direct contradiction to Christian teaching—to truths which they all, nominally at least, accepted. Religion was a subject never discussed at the hospital, but it was evident that the truths of Christianity were being quietly discounted and put aside by all the more ardent of the scientific men. Theology, they argued, must look to itself; the conclusions of science were inevitable and the outcome of long and patient research, and, such as they were, they were tried and proven and based on solid facts. Suddenly the question rose up before his mind and stood out in clear and decided characters: Was he as a Christian and a Catholic necessarily compelled to lag behind these greater minds, these advanced thinkers, because his creed held him to irreconcilable theological dogmas? Must his faith go overboard before he could venture out on the deeper waters of knowledge and join the fleet in the farthest regions of scientific research?——

"Sweet violets, sir, twopence a bunch." It was the same little flower-seller, with her fragrant wares. He turned and smiled at her, then he hurried on, thankful for the interruption she had given to his dark thoughts. He put his hands in his pockets, the air was cool from the river. There was a roll of paper in one of them, he found; it was the essay, of course, Ward's essay; he had given it to him after the meeting and asked him to take it home, as he was going to help at an operation, and he would not be free for an

hour or more. He would read it through, and consider calmly by what process of thought Ward had arrived at his conclusions.

His rooms were not far from Westminster; he lit up his lamp and put the kettle on the fire to have some coffee ready by the time his friend returned. He settled himself in his easy chair and proceeded to read the paper on the "Physiology of Pain."

He read it through with great interest. It was very brilliant, but, like something else also very brilliant, the sting was in its tail, when the writer proceeded to consider the influence of pain on human thought. At given periods, he wrote, throughout the world's history, philosophers and religious teachers had risen up, and preached a way of life which would be rewarded by an eternity of bliss in some distant sphere where pain should be unknown, and perfect and unbroken peace should succeed our years of struggle and effort; they knew that such a desirable state was impossible here in our present life, and physiology proves to us, if it proves anything, that it is equally impossible hereafter, for there can be no life without pain. Buddha, it would seem, had some idea of physiological truths, for his Utopia presented a future life progressing through different stages to spiritual perfection, but each stage the outcome of the stimulus of pain —that would be a livable life, because having pain, there would be pleasure; you cannot get a positive without a corresponding negative. Without some standard wherewith to judge thought and feeling there could only be a mere vegetative existence ending in total extinction. A risen body incapable of pain would be a body that could only degenerate—fated to dwindle at last into a mere amorphous sac, a mere blind stomach. Then he quoted Hearn: "All life that feels and thinks has been and can continue to be only as a product of struggle and pain; only as the outcome of an endless battle with the universe. Whatever organ ceases to know pain, whatever faculty ceases to be used under the stimulus of pain, must also cease to exist. Let pain and its effort be suspended and life must shrink back first into protoplasmic shapelessness; thereafter into dust."

He dropped the paper and sat for a long time in deep thought; he had heard it all before—or rather he had read it—here and there, and after all, it came to the same thing; it was measuring the Infinite with the three-foot rule of poor, working human reason, forgetting that even if the Divine plan were shown us, it would be unintelligible to our finite minds.

It was no new process, this, believing a thing by faith and discounting it by intellectual experience. All that Ward had said about life and pain was true as far as we knew it, but no thinking man could look around him and above him, and consider the great scheme of the universe and the wonders of nature, without knowing that there *must* be a higher and fuller knowledge attainable than all that the mind of man has ever acquired from the beginning or will discover to the end of time. The body, the human body as we knew it, was made under our physiological law—a suffering and corruptible body; but the glorified body would be above that law. Growth, effort, desire, were indeed inseparable from pain; but in the life to come we should have done with growth, we should have grown to our full stature in Christ; effort was over when the goal was past; desire satisfied when the highest was attained.

He knew as much about physiology as Ward, although he had not his friend's brilliant method of setting forth his learning when occasion demanded, he reflected as he filled his pipe and lit it; but, after all, what did he, or all the great physiologists that ever lived know, in comparison to what was yet to be known.

When would the last word be spoken on any vital phenomena? Who was ever going to explain away the fact of conscious life in every cell in the body, or deny the failure of purely physio-chemical processes to account for that life and its maintenance? No; a wise man would not part with his faith in the truths of revelation because the light of human knowledge had turned an acetylene lamp on the sun; the life-everlasting need not be either unthinkable or impossible to him while the life we knew was swathed with mystery —a mirage in the ocean of infinity! Where Ward went he would follow fearlessly, but he would take his faith with him; the man who could say that faith could only be preserved by remaining in ignorance had none left to preserve. Big Ben struck the hour of midnight, and still his friend had not come home, but the kettle was boiling, so he made the coffee and sat down again and read a page of anatomy. The violets in his coat, under the influence of the warmth of the fire, gave out their sweet scent in all its fulness, and invaded his senses and distracted his mind from his work. He took them from his coat and looked at them. They were withered already, he noticed, and it was their dying breath he inhaled. To think that all life were as transient, and all death as eternal, would be a dreary creed to hold.

"One thing is certain and the rest is lies—
The flower that once has bloomed forever dies."

He frowned a little as one of Ward's favorite quotations rose to his mind; with a sigh he flung the violets in the grate, and then in a flash his fancy was back amongst green cliffs and sunny hedgerows; and it was spring, and again the violets bloomed and breathed over the smiling land, listening to the Divine call to a new life and answering with their blue eyes on heaven—"Here are we."

II.

"Golden morning and purple night,
Life that fails with the failing light;
Death is the only deathless one,
All things must end that have begun."

—JOHN PAYNE.

Silence had fallen on the little group round the operating table. The cries and moans of a suffering and slightly delirious patient had died away in a deep sigh as the anæsthetic took effect and set him free from consciousness. The click of the instruments on the glass tables as the swift fingers replaced them sounded loud and distinct, as did the surgeon's infrequent orders in a low voice to those around him. It was the senior surgeon himself who was operating—Sir James Lindsay—the hardest worker and the most popular man on the "Bart's" staff. The grim, set look on his face spoke volumes to the younger men about him—this was not a case to his professional liking—a bad subject, a middle-aged giant of a navvy, with a flabby heart, and marked traces of alcoholism, a mortifying limb requiring excision at the hip joint—the result of a badly set fracture—made up a kind of surgical forlorn hope, undertaken to relieve pain and possibly save life. John Ward, with tense look and eyes that seemed fairly alight with interest, stood by the operator; he was the great man's dresser, the best he had ever had, and how it happened that his neat fingers let the instrument slip and puncture the back of his own hand, no one could ever explain. He was still excited after the events of the evening and his nerves were perhaps a little over strung, so when the surgeon suddenly straightened himself and drew a deep breath, he must have given a start, and let the instrument drop. He turned swiftly away, but the tiny bead of blood that sprung from the puncture caught the eye of the house surgeon who was giving the anæsthetic.

"What are you playing at, Ward?" he asked, in a startled whisper.

"Scratch," said Ward, laconically. "Nothing to hurt."

"Scratch! Good Lord, man, isn't that enough? That leg is putrid."

"It is all right. I'm well soaked," he answered rather irritably, showing his hand.

"Soaked be hanged; put it in the carbolic, quick."

"A little pure lysol, Mr. Ward," said Sir James Lindsay, calmly —the whisper had arrested his attention and his quick eye had taken in the rest, and as Ward turned away he proceeded to give some clinical details about the case, and diverted attention from the incident. Presently the operation was done, and well done; the grim look had gone from the surgeon's face, and there was a gleam in his eyes which his "staff" had learned to look for, after a "big thing." The great helpless man on the table, with quarter of his body gone, was coming out of the chloroform and casting dazed, miserable eyes, round the strange scene; then the nurses closed in about him and claimed him for their tender ministrations.

"Did you cut yourself just now, Mr. Ward?" Sir James had a look of anxiety on his handsome face as he beckoned the young man to his side.

"A tiny puncture, sir; not worth mentioning," laughed Ward; "I think I have been rather clumsy to-night."

"I felt rather clumsy myself," said the surgeon. "The night is close, and it is late; I am sorry to have kept you all so long; it is close on midnight—but to-morrow would have been too late for that case."

"It was not brought in until after nine; it was very good of you to come and operate so late," said Ward; "but I suppose Mr. Henslow is still away."

"Yes; and we don't want to see him back just directly; he is very far from well; by the way, Mr. Ward, are you a student of Buddhism?"

"That is too bad, Sir James," laughed Ward; "you always put your finger on a weak spot."

"Well, it is always better to have them localized—any one can treat them then. Good-night." He pressed the young man's arm affectionately and hurried off.

"Wait for me, Ward," called the house surgeon as he prepared

to follow Sir James, "and I'll let you have those books I promised you—what about that puncture, by the way?"

"Why, what about it?" he answered carelessly; "it is all right; what a croaker you are, Leyburn; do you imagine I am going to get B. P.?" (the students' designation of blood poisoning).

"I hope not"; and he shuddered slightly; "had it myself once, you know," he added jerkingly, "and nearly pegged out; I tremble at a scratch now, somehow."

"Of course you had, poor chap, I remember," said Ward with quick sympathy—"awfully glad to see you looking so fit now. "I did put lysol on the wound as 'Jimmy' advised ("Jimmy" was the great surgeon), so it is sure to be all right. Wasn't it splendid of him to come and operate himself to-night? He knew old Cathcart would bungle it; he must have worked sixteen hours to-day at least —he is perfectly wonderful."

"Oh, he is a ripping chap altogether," said the other in enthusiastic slang—"without Jimmy 'Bart's' would be simply rotten—what are you laughing at?"

"At you. 'Jimmy' must have had you in his mind when he administered his mild rebuke the other day in the lecture hall."

"What did he say?"

"He said the English language as spoken at 'Bart's' was rapidly crystallizing into three 'R's,' 'rather, ripping and rotten.'"

"How scathing," laughed Leyburn; "but you are just as bad as I am, Ward."

"Oh, we are all alike—when we get on the staff, we'll reform. I say, Leyburn, how funny it would sound if all we students dropped slang and talked fine English like Jimmy," and with a laughing good night they parted.

A fragrant odor of coffee greeted Ward as he opened Heathcote's door, which was very welcome to the tired student.

"I hope you haven't let it boil," he said anxiously, as he entered and flung himself into an armchair; "you generally do, you know, when I'm not here to look after you; I hope you've made it strong, for I am feeling rather fagged. I have had nothing since six o'clock; nearly seven hours, by Jove!"

"No; I haven't let it boil, and it's as black as your hat. What kept you?" said Heathcote.

"Oh, a bad operation case came in quite late, and they rang up Jimmy."

"And 'Jimmy' couldn't operate without you, eh?"

"Not if I could prevent it," said Ward with a sudden softening of his voice and tender smile; "dear old chap."

"How's the coffee?" asked Heathcote anxiously.

"Splendid; I'll have another cup and not so much sugar this time."

"Good. I was afraid I had singed the milk a little. What's that on your hand?"

"Oh, I got a puncture during the operation; I think Jimmy must have felt a bit faint, for he jerked himself up suddenly and I started: It's nothing."

"It looks a bit red," said Heathcote; "listen—that's Grimshaw's step on the stairs—shall I let him in? There's no getting him out again if I do, and it is a nuisance if you want to read."

"Is there any coffee left?" asked Ward.

"Yes; mostly dregs though."

"Then invite him in by all means!" said Ward with exaggerated blandness, and a gleam of fun in his dark eyes; "my dear Heathcote, you are in danger of forgetting the laws of hospitality."

There was a peremptory rap at the door and a merry challenge: "Are you fellows in?"

"Yes; come in," said Heathcote, and Frank Grimshaw entered, a tall, clean-shaven, happy-looking young student who had rooms on the floor above.

"Oh, you're having coffee—good," said the newcomer cheerily, taking a chair by the fire; "I was afraid I might not find you up. Yes, sugar please, Heathcote. What about the Benedictine? You don't mean to say you have finished all that bottle already?"

"*You* finished it two nights ago," said Ward; "Heathcote and I have been teetotalers ever since."

"That's distinctly thrilling," said Grimshaw, laughing; "I hope you will keep it up; I'll have some milk then, if it's not singed. I have been to Chelsea to-night to see my relations. They were having a burst-up—it is my cousin's twenty-first birthday. I think I told you they were going to have a 'do.' I'm pretty well cleaned out over it too, I can tell you. That's the worst of these family affairs, they are so frightfully expensive. I bought him a scarf pin—it cost me three pounds five—awful!"

"Oh! How did you raise it?" asked Ward.

"I pawned my microscope for four pounds; I thought perhaps one

of you might lend me yours until I can get it back, or perhaps you can lend me the money? Eh, what?"

The others laughed.

"You are a cool beggar, Grimshaw," said Ward.

"Well, you know I would do it for either of you, if you were 'broke,' and I can pay you back next quarter."

"All right, old chap," said Ward, genially; "we will lend you the four pounds; you've been awfully decent about helping others out of a tight place; besides we could not possibly spare a 'mic' just now so near the exam. We are working pretty hard."

"You generally are; I feel a fearful loafer when I come your way."

"But you seem to get through just the same; so it doesn't matter, does it?"

"I suppose not. By the way, I hear that you read quite a ripping paper to-night at the meeting and covered yourself with glory."

"Who told you that?"

"Oh, I met Richardson as I came along and some more of the third year's men. They said you were a bully marvel."

"Feel awfully flattered. What else did they say?"

"They said it was the best paper that had been read for years; but that Simpson and Wills and some more of the orthodox Johnnies were a bit shocked at some of your views—said the tone of the hospital was growing more anti-Christian every year; old Jamison was standing by and heard them and grinned like anything—he is an out and out freethinker, you know."

"He looks more like a canting old Calvinist preacher. I didn't know he could grin—old humbug. But there is nothing particularly anti-Christian in my paper; is there?"

"Oh yes, there is, Ward," said Heathcote quickly, with a serious look; "a Christian is bound to believe in a future life, a life without suffering, in the Kingdom of Heaven—this is the coping stone of the whole edifice of Christianity, and if you leave it out, the whole scheme fails in point and purpose—there is no goal for the race, no crown for the victor."

"I don't agree with you; the idea of a system of rewards and punishments in another life seems to me a very unworthy one."

"It would be a very unworthy one if carried out on our lines; but on the lines of Divine knowledge and Divine compassion it is a different thing."

"In any case, I did not *deny* a future life; I said it was, accord-

ing to popular conception, an unlivable life because it was a life without pain."

"But I had an idea that there was quite a remarkable variety of pain to be had in the future life for lax mortals like ourselves," laughed Grimshaw; "Dante's 'Inferno' and 'Purgatoria' do not by any means describe a painless future life."

"That is poetry," said Ward. "I talk science; no rational being believes in an eternity of suffering."

"Then, what in all the world were you driving at, Ward? According to Heathcote, you denied a future life—you said it was unlivable because there was no suffering in it—now you say no one believes in a future life with suffering. Your science, it would appear, just amounts to this—you don't believe there is a future life."

"No; I don't——"

"'One thing is certain and the rest is lies;
The flower that once has bloomed forever dies.'"

"Oh, drop it, Ward," cried Heathcote, angrily; "if you quote that old idiot again I'll go to bed."

"Yes; so shall I. He's quite hopeless when he begins to quote the Rubáiyát—beware of the man of one book; he only knows that, besides his physiology," said Grimshaw.

"You're unusually brilliant to-night, Frankie," laughed Ward; "is it due to the stimulating effects of our company, or is it the Chelsea champagne?"

"'And I said, my gentle pieman, why so very, very merry;
Is it purity of conscience, or your one and seven sherry?'"

"Ah, that's better," laughed Heathcote.

"When one speaks about the future life, one means, I take it, the Christian Heaven," said Ward with great seriousness—he was given to sudden changes of mood, and he was gay and grave by turns; "this is an existence partly spiritual, partly material, where the soul is reunited to the risen body it wore while on earth. A spirit has no need of a body; no use for it; what argument then can be advanced in support of this point of belief?"

"God will not have His works left imperfect," said Heathcote; "when He made man, He made him body and soul; a soul is not a man; neither is a body a man; you could not *love* a spirit; nor

could you love a dead body; it is the perfect being you love, and God, who made the being loves it also."

"Amongst my out-patients at this present moment," went on Ward, thoughtfully, as if he had not heard Heathcote's remarks, "I have, let me see, two hunchbacks, and a woman without a nose, who hates to show herself amongst her fellow creatures. Another, a middle-aged man, has had chronic asthma since boyhood, and does not know what normal breathing is; one is a congenital idiot, and another, who died yesterday, had never known a day of life when he was not suffering the gnawing pain of a diseased spine; now Heathcote, can you tell me that you really believe these bodies are to rise again and wear immortality? Remember, it is not *a* body, but *the* body that will be raised to clothe the soul that formerly wore it. The mother of that poor, suffering creature, just dead, told me to-day that she would meet him again in Heaven—in another life she will not look for a form she never knew; she will meet again the patient, afflicted creature she knew, and loved, and tended so carefully—a perpetual child, with helpless limbs and suffering, pathetic eyes, if she meets him at all—any other form would not be the individual she sought and yearned for, and Heaven would not be Heaven to that devoted mother, if he were not in it. You may say what you like, Heathcote, but the Christian Heaven is both impossible and undesirable; as some one says: we all desire Heaven, but not *that* Heaven where the hunchback must wear his deformity for all eternity—the idiot his palsied limbs and vacuous stare; for the resurrection of the body means this, or it means nothing; it means the whole suffering sentient being, a warm, breathing, pulsing body, not a mere semblance of the matter that formed it shadowing the soul. Can you believe this, Grimshaw?"

"Yes; I believe it," said Grimshaw, simply, with serious, candid look. "I was taught to believe it as a child, and so far I have found nothing in my experience to cause me to disbelieve it, and the more I study physiology, the more I am inclined to believe it, and I see the potential life of immortality in the man, even as in the embryo I see the potential life of the adult. I don't think much about these things, I must confess, but I like all that St. Paul says about the subject, and mentally, I hang on to that. My father, you know, was Dean of Wimborne, and I always loved his sermons, dear old chap; even as a kiddie; and his faith was a very beautiful and noble thing; certainly good enough for me, and for my day.

We hear a lot of rot now about evolution, and Christian Science, and the New Theology, but cranks don't make the religion of a people, and teach them how to make the best of their lives; it is what has come to them proven and tried, and given shape and form to their highest ideals in humanity that affects them and brings out the best in them—and the cry of immortality comes from mankind, at their best."

There was silence for some minutes; Heathcote looked at Grimshaw gratefully; he felt as if his own faith, languishing a little in an enervating atmosphere had received a bracing, reviving breath of clean, fresh air from the young man's simple, straight-forward words.

"And you, Heathcote," said Ward, stooping and knocking the ashes out of his pipe; "do you believe it?"

"Of course, I believe it—you know that."

"Why of course?"

"Because it is an article of Catholic belief—I have it on the authority of the Church, and it comes to me as the Word of God, bearing the stamp of the eternal truth. I must confess that, unlike Grimshaw here, I have not found the study of physiology helpful to my faith in it; on the contrary, it has invested it with tremendous difficulties; but it is the particular office of faith to grapple with difficulties and surmount them, and a great truth, as Wordsworth points out, lives and thrives like the water lily—

> "'Whose root is fixed on stable earth, whose head
> Floats on the tossing waves'

of doubt. It seems to me that a little reflection should convince you that the Christian Heaven is the only livable and possible hereafter for beings made up of body and soul. The Oriental idea of the body as a mere house of the soul, something quite distinct and apart from it, is not one which commends itself to thinkers of our time; neither is it tenable in view of all that physiological research has demonstrated during the last decade. The soul is in the body as water is in a sponge; and it is the form of the body, and present in every cell of the organism. Buddha's heaven, or future life, which you deem livable, seems rather the negation of life—a succession of bodies which die and are dissolved—a spirit, a soul, ultimately dead to consciousness, drawn into the oblivion of the 'great peace.' The life *we* hope for beyond the grave is the 'fulness of life,' strong enough

to overcome all the known laws that govern the vital phenomena of this life which we know. 'Life,' says Hunter, 'is power superadded to matter, and organization arises from and depends on life'; the same matter imbued with life that has been rendered a hundredfold is the glorified body of revelation. 'Thy brother shall rise again' —not for this life's poor little day—like Lazarus coming forth from the tomb in the winding sheet of death, and blindfolded eyes—'dazed with the glimpses of eternity'—but the strong immortal of heaven, clothed with the celestial garment of divine light."

"That's not bad, Heathcote," said Grimshaw reflectively.

"But it's not nearly good enough," said Ward decidedly—

> "'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away.'

as Shakespeare says; and as far as one can judge he will go on stopping holes for a good few centuries yet. What purpose, therefore, his body is going to serve in another life, after all these ages, or what reason there is for such a resurrection is not easy to imagine."

"The purpose is a divine one and beyond human understanding," said Heathcote; "but we can argue from the scheme we know, to a more perfect scheme we have yet to learn."

"And after all," said Grimshaw, irrelevantly, "what *is* matter? To quote old Iredale's pet story: 'Why, gentlemen, even the youngest amongst us does not know that.' The others laughed."

"Now, how about that four pounds?" he went on. "When will you have your wealth?"

"I am 'broke,'" said Ward, "just at present, but Heathcote is simply wallowing in riches; he bought a new hat yesterday."

"To-morrow night then, Grimshaw," said Heathcote laughing; "I have only a few shillings by me just now; I hope your Chelsea relations will be more considerate in future. These rejoicings run into money."

"Yes, our money," laughed Ward. "I hope you fully realize the sacrifice we are making for your sake. I shan't be able to borrow anything from Heathcote for the next fortnight. Oh, are you going? Good night!"

"Do you feel like working now?" asked Heathcote as the door closed behind the other.

"I don't know, Heathcote; I am not very keen on it." He stooped

over the fire and shivered. "Ugh!" he said; "I believe I am cold; let's have some more coal on."

"You haven't got a rigor, have you?" asked his friend anxiously. He had noticed the shiver, and he thought that Ward's face looked white and drawn. "There is so much influenza about. I think you had better go to bed; you are tired and you would be warmer there."

"I am very tired, so I may as well turn in. Are you going to read?"

"No; I will follow you directly. Good night!" And as his friend left the room, he said to himself: "It was rather risky getting a scratched hand at such a bad case; but he put the lysol on at once, so I suppose it will be all right."

JESSIE READER.

(To be continued.)

LIGHT.

In the beginning of the world, God said, "Let there be light," and the Light was made.

Darkness, so far the sole and undisputed mistress over the confusion of primeval Chaos, was startled at the approach of this new creature of God. She felt and feared a rival. She hurriedly examined herself, and was horrified at her own ugliness. She fled.

Ever since, Darkness has turned her back upon Light as anxiously as a homely woman avoids a looking-glass.

The Universe opened her eyes like a new-born babe, and saw herself as brilliant and cheerful as Hope; like a beautiful woman, she sees herself decked out in her best ornaments.

The Earth, thrilled with delight, threw herself into the empty space, and began to circle around the Sun, like a butterfly around the radiance of a lamp.

This phenomenon is thousands of years old, yet, strange to say, we are still in the dark as to the nature of Light. We ought to know it, for there is nothing which men more clearly see than the Light that shines before their eyes.

Beyond a doubt, she must be immensely rich. To begin with, she is inexhaustible. If she comes from the Sun, she is a golden stream. If she comes from the Moon, she is a well-spring of silver. When she goes out of a morning, she is enjeweled with pearls. When she retires at night, she is robed in purple.

She is always in a hurry, waits for no man; and in ten seconds she runs thirty-four million leagues. Bashful Shadow is always looking for some shelter whence to take a peep at that bright creature.

If you observe Light closely, you will see that she resembles a little girl. Give her a piece of crystal and see what tricks she performs with it. See how nimbly she plays hide-and-seek with the different colors! These are her games.

In the clouds she displays the wonders of her abilities. She embroiders them; she trims and paints them. Out of one she makes a veil of delicate gauze. She turns another into a purple robe; and a third, into a gorgeous, gold-embroidered tapestry. These are her works.

One day the Sky appeared gloomy. His lowering brow, crowned with dark clouds, revealed the depth and intensity of his pain. Light, who is all joy and merriment, strove in vain to dispel this deep-seated sadness. Finally the Sky broke out into a flood of tears. It was the downpouring of an immense, inconsolable grief. For forty days and forty nights the tears streamed from his eyes. The Earth was being drowned in the ocean of this boundless affliction. Light, meanwhile, was unsuccessfully fighting her way through the impenetrable gloom of the Sky. Then she tempered one of her purest rays and hurled it into the midst of the darkness. It clove the clouds, and lo! on the still, humid air her fairy fingers had woven a triumphal, many-colored arch.

She has many caprices. One of them is the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. She paints the air azure, she makes the water transparent, she tints the sky with a rosy hue. She is at the same time a clear and a dark thing; you see her without being able to understand her.

Science says she is a substance; poetry, that she is the gaze of Heaven. All we know is that she is always welcome to us, and that our soul rushes to our eyes to feast on the sight of her.

Light may be further considered under a moral point of view. She is endowed with many qualities which seem to be man's exclusive patrimony. In the first place, she is active. From the earliest peep of dawn, she is down in the street. She is neither enervated by the heat nor benumbed by the cold. She is as curious as any woman. She is always peering through the keyholes of doors and the chinks of shutters. With what greedy haste she flies through a half-curtained window! I verily believe that the greater part of the window panes that break, do so out of mere spite at being unable to shut her out. She wants to know everything. Wherever she goes, she takes it all in at a glance.

She is a consummate artist. Nobody can rival her in the knowledge of the laws of perspective. She understands your point of view instantly and lets you see only what is logically necessary.

She is also a cruel scoffer; caricature is one of her strong points.

She makes fun of everything. On the wall, on the carpet, on the pavement of the street, on the bare ground, anywhere, in short, she draws, with lightning-like rapidity, the picture of any object that may happen to run up against her.

Have we not often been forced to laugh at our own shadowy self cartooned on the wall of the drawing-room?

She will not scruple to put a most beautiful young lady in an awkward predicament and oblige her to shift her position on account of her grotesque profile delineated on the opposite wall. For even her own blind lover is liable to take that caricature for a true portrait. Though love is wont to forgive inconsequences, infidelities, and ingratitude, still it is very severe on the defects of a profile drawn by a malicious ray of Light.

Light always takes the color of the first object by which she passes. When she cannot break through an obstacle, as for instance, a polished shield, with what ease she bends her tireless rays, and shoots them in all directions, as if trying to blind the witnesses of her failure. She sinks into the water without getting wet or extinguished. Before a looking-glass she draws the eyes of everybody with flattering courtesy. Your first silver hair cannot escape her watchful eye. Your first wrinkle is no secret for her.

The Sun shines every day to show us heaven; during the night artificial light illumines our streets to show us the earth.

Human pride may write its own Genesis; it begins thus: "One day man said, 'Fiat lux!'—and the matches were made."

The Light invented by man is worth more than that invented by God. The proof is at hand: One thousand rays of the Sun cost nothing; one single box of matches is worth five cents.

José Selgas.

EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Rôle of the Assistant Bishops.

Theories may be of two kinds. One is assumed to explain or harmonize undoubted facts of which the origin, nature, or intrinsic relation is not evident. The other is introduced to justify an assumption, or to get over the difficulties of an unmanageable hypothesis. To the former class belong theories on the nature of light, heat, electricity, attraction, on their causes, their activities, their mutual relations; and they demand our respect in proportion to their sufficiency to solve existing problems and to avoid the introduction of new difficulties. The facts are incontrovertible. There must be an explanation of them objectively true and in itself attainable by human intelligence. The reality of the facts gives a solid foundation for the theories by which honest investigators strive to rise to the truth.

To the latter class belong such theories as are used to bolster up pretended facts of evolution, of rationalistic criticism, or to explain away contradictions between conclusions drawn from them and the truths of human experience. To such no respect is due. A theory is of its own nature weaker than what it is assumed to explain. In those of the first class, the facts are certain; the explanatory theory, only probable. In those of the second, what is to be explained is, at best, only probable; the theory is therefore of slenderer probability. A father walking one day with his little son, stopped short, turned back a step or two and looked through a gap in the hedge into a field they were passing. "What are you looking at, father?" asked the child. "I thought I noticed the field on fire," was the reply. "Who set it on fire?" was the next question. "Nobody," answered the father. "It is not on fire." "But if it had been on fire," urged the boy, "who do you think would have set fire to it?" An absurd question; yet how often asked in all seriousness. Had the father not turned back, he might have taken the imaginary fire for a fact, and spun all sorts of theories regarding its origin. His theorizing would have been doubly weak; first, with its own inherent weakness; secondly, with the weakness inherited from the assumption it would have been employed to explain.

Such is the theory we are about to discuss. At the foundation of Anglicanism lies the theory of continuity; that is, of the identity of the present Church of England with that which preceded the Reformation. Arguments are brought to give it an air of truth; but, on the other hand, there are such grave reasons against it, that even to its supporters, it ought not to be more than probable. But to save even its probability another theory is required, namely: that the Church of England has preserved the sacred orders of the Catholic Church in a line of bishops, successors of the Apostles, and of priests of the sacrifice of the new law. To the doubtfulness of the first theory, this adds its own grave difficulties, so serious indeed as to call for further theorizing. Accordingly, Anglicans have evolved their theory of co-consecrators.

In the consecration of a bishop, they say, not only the principal bishop, commonly called *the Consecrator*, but also each of the others, termed *assistants*, is a full and adequate consecrator; so that, no matter what defect may be in the former, even of Episcopal character itself, the absence of defect in but one of the latter makes up for it entirely, and the bishop-elect is as certainly consecrated as if all taking part in his consecration were absolutely free from defect. Hence, to view the apostolic succession, which, by the way, they always confound with the mere transmission of Episcopal orders, as a chain of links in which each bishop is connected with his one consecrator, the first link connecting a bishop with an apostle, is quite wrong. It should be looked upon rather as a net-work of many strands woven together, in which one knot is connected with others, not by one thread, but by many.

"The succession of the ministry is not properly represented by a chain at all. The law of the Church insured consecration by at least three bishops. Then if we assume that each bishop had three consecrators, we shall see that from any given bishop in the Church, we could trace back three lines of succession; from these three, nine; from these nine, twenty-seven; from these twenty-seven, eighty-one; and so the succession is represented, not by a single strand, but by a net-work of strands, constantly increasing in number, crossing and recrossing each other in a vast and intricate pattern. . . . Of course, if you cut a chain of single links anywhere, the chain is completely severed; but if you break several strands or threads in a woven net-work, it still holds together, and you can trace the connection of threads around the hole, until they unite below it, and

continue beyond it: so if a break in the apostolic succession should occur, it would be almost instantly remedied by collateral and converging lines which would run around it and unite below it.

"Some one has said that by a mathematical computation it has been determined that if one consecrator in twenty happened not to be a regular bishop, still the chance that the succession would be thereby broken, is as one to eight thousand."(1)

Thus writes one of the latest in the field of Anglican defence, repeating what is to be found in other Anglican apologists. The theory goes against the ideas that have prevailed in the Catholic Church, in which lines of transmission have been spoken of; nets or webs, never. It has therefore all the appearance of having been invented to avert a break-down, as we have said, in the general Anglican theory.

One may reply, perhaps: "We have not invented the term, *co-consecrator.* It is found amongst modern Roman writers, and, at least equivalently, in the works of your best theologians." To speak thus would be to show oneself a characteristic Anglican, ready to be contented with words only. We are not criticizing the word, but the theory; and the word by no means implies the theory. But the theory itself, they say, is not their own. They have drawn it from Roman theologians; and they quote three of great name, viz.: Hallier, of the sixteenth century, author of the classic, *De Sacris Electionibus et Ordinationibus;* Martene, the learned Benedictine of the seventeenth century and early eighteenth, author of the erudite, *De Antiquis Ecclesiae Ritibus;* and Gasparri, of our own day, author of the highly esteemed *Tractatus Canonicus de Sacra Ordinatione,* who, after professing canon law for several years and becoming a Consultor of the Congregation of the Inquisition, and Secretary of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, is now an important member of the Commission for the Codification of Canon Law. From Martene they learn that the assistant bishops are not mere witnesses, but co-operators; Hallier, they say, asserts that all three bishops are consecrators; and Gasparri holds that the co-consecrators can supply for an essential defect in the principal consecrator. Behold the whole thing in a nutshell!

Let us take up the authors quoted, and see what support they give the Anglican theory.

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(1) *Catholic Principles,* Westcott, pp. 288, 289, 290.

Martene writes: "It might be asked whether all the bishops that are present are co-operators in the consecration, or only witnesses of it. It is beyond all doubt that they are not only witnesses, but also co-operators."(1) This, however, is very far from saying that they are *co-consecrators,* farther still from saying what the Anglican theory demands, that each is a full and adequate consecrator in himself. Indeed Martene, had the question been proposed, could not have admitted them to be consecrators of any kind, since according to him not even in the Roman rite, do they pronounce the form. For, in his opinion, the words *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum* of the Roman Pontifical are not the form of consecration. This he places in the prayer exclusively the function of the consecrator, which he sings to the tone of the preface.(2)

What, then, does he mean by saying that they are co-operators, not witnesses, only? Simply this, that they have an active part in the consecration, not merely a passive one; that they not only bear testimony to the work performed, but share also with the consecrator the responsibility for it. Co-operation is a participation in the act of another, and may be *physical* or *moral.* Martene could not hold the physical co-operation of the assisting bishops, since he grants them no physical part in the consecrating action. In his mind, therefore, their co-operation is moral only; and consists in presenting and approving the candidate, and in ratifying the act of the consecrator by performing the functions that fall to them in the consecration ceremony. From what we shall say when we come to explain why the Church requires at least three bishops to take part in the consecrating of another, the reality and importance of this co-operation will be apparent.

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(1) "An vero omnes qui adsunt episcopi cooperatores sint, an testes tantum, inquiri posset. Verum non tantum testes, sed etiam cooperatores esse citra omnem dubitationis aleam asserendum est." *De Antiquis Ecclesiae Ritibus,* vol. II, lib. i, c. viii, art. x, n. 16.

(2) (Liber Pontificalis) "Bassentinus ad usum ecclesiae Turonensis accommodatus, et Rhemensis monasterii S. Remigii annorum circiter 500 (ordinationem faciendam praescribunt) ad praefationem, ita ut nulla alia in toto sacrae liturgiae cursu praefatio cantetur, praeter prolixam illam orationem, quae ad modum praefationis a metropolitano pronuntiatur, in quo formam ordinationis constituimus. Nam illa verba: *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum,* quae ante praedictam praefationem cum manus impositione ab ipso consecratore proferuntur, in quibus formam episcopatus reponunt scholastici recentiores, toti antiquitati ignota fuerunt." *Ibid.,* n. xiv.

We may pass now to Hallier, whom they quote as follows: "The first reason, that, in the Roman Pontifical, under the title, *On the Consecration of a Bishop-elect,* one only is called *consecrator,* the others being called *assistants,* does not prove that the necessary minister, who alone accomplishes the consecration, is individually one; for since all hold the book of the Gospel over the head of the person to be ordained, all lay hands on him, all pronounce the consecrating words, all may truly be said to be consecrators, since in these things only the consecration consists substantially."(1)

In this passage, it is true, the assistants are called *consecrators;* but they are not said to be three individually full and adequate consecrators, which is what the Anglican theory demands. Indeed, the translation given by some Anglicans: ". . . . does not prove that there is *only one* necessary minister who alone performs the consecration," is inexact, and shows that they do not understand its scope. It is admitted that the consecrator is one. The question Hallier is discussing, to which the whole article from which the quotation is taken, is devoted, is whether three bishops are of the substance of a consecration, or not, so that a consecration performed by less than three would be invalid. The point, therefore, on which the quoted passage turns, is the nature of the one consecrator; is he *physically* one, a full and adequate minister in the person of the principal consecrator, or only *morally* one, consisting of the principal consecrator and his assistants, three partial and inadequate ministers. With regard to the main question, Hallier holds the negative opinion. Nevertheless, in view of the dignity of the theologians holding to the affirmative, he does not seek to impress his own judgment; but prefers to give both sides of the question, leaving his readers freedom of choice. In the first place, therefore, he gives the arguments for the affirmative, then those for the negative side. He undertakes next to refute the arguments for the affirmative, and, lastly, puts forward the answers usually made to the arguments for the nega-

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(1) "Prima enim ratio, quod in Pontificali Romano, tit. de Consecratione electo in Episcopum, unus solus dicitur *consecrator,* reliqui vocantur *assistentes,* non convincit unicum essa dumtaxat necessarium ministrum, qui solus consecrationem peragat: cum enim librum Evangeliorum omnes super caput ordinandi teneant, omnes manus imponant, omnes verba consecratoria proferant, omnes quoque consecratores vere dici possunt, cum in iis solum consecratio substantialiter consistat." *De Sacris Electionibus et Ordinationibus.* Pass. ii, sect. v, c. ii, art. ii, n. 33.

tive, by the supporters of the affirmative side; remarking, nevertheless, that, in his opinion, no one weighing these answers carefully, will find them satisfactory.(1)

The last reason he proposes for the negative side contains two parts: (a) In the Roman Pontifical one alone is called *consecrator;* the others are termed *assistants:* consequently the former alone is the one necessary minister of the sacrament; the latter, so far as the effecting of it is concerned, are superfluous. (b) As the sacrament is one the minister must be one. This one minister is found in the consecrator; the assistants, therefore, even though they supply the matter and pronounce the form, are not to be called ministers of the sacrament, and consequently are not of its substance. In the answer Hallier gives to the first part, on behalf of the affirmative side, are the words quoted by Anglicans in support of their theory. This answer we shall now discuss, and shall consider the answer to the second part, as having an important bearing upon the question, afterwards.

In the first place Hallier does not make the answer his own. It is true that he does not seem to think much of the argument: on the other hand, he does not except the answer from the general category of "unsatisfactory to one weighing it carefully." Moreover, what it directly asserts, that one bishop, even though he be called *consecrator,* by so high an authority as the Roman Pontifical, cannot, according to the affirmative opinion be individually the minister of the consecration, but must be joined with others; whence flows the corollary, that these also are consecrators. But if the principal consecrator is not individually a full and adequate minister, neither can the assistants be such, as the Anglican theory would have them be. And so the answer continues: "One alone is called *consecrator,* because in one, the metropolitan or his representative, resides chiefly the right and authority to consecrate; also because one alone performs in great part all the ceremonies; and also because the consecration is one, and although many are employed in it, all co-operate with the principal consecrator and are joined with him to accomplish the one consecration and to show forth the unity of the

(1) "Non solum prioris sententiae dissolvere tentabimus, verum quid argumentis pro posteriore allatis responderi solet vel quoquomodo possit, proferemus, quamvis responsiones istas, si mature perpendentur, nulli satisfacturas credamus." *Ibid.,* n. 12.

Church."(1) Please take note of these words: they are very important, and we shall have to come back to them.

Let us pass on to the second part of the answer. "To say that of one sacrament there is only one minister, is true concerning the only total minister, but not so concerning partial ministers, who all act as if one, which specially has been kept in ordination. . . . to preserve the unity of the Church."(2) Here it is stated explicitly, if statement be needed, that, according to those whose views Hallier is expressing, though the assistants be called consecrators, the term in its application to both principal and assistants *individually*, is to be taken in a partial, inadequate sense with respect to their union to form one, total, adequate cause, and not in that full and complete sense which the Anglican theory demands.

Hallier, therefore, whether he expresses his own ideas, or presents those of the opposite school, gives Anglicans no support. Let us see whether they are more fortunate with Gasparri. The passage they depend upon, is as follows: "If the consecrating bishop alone should omit the imposition of hands . . . the assistants being bishops, we think that the consecration ought not to be repeated."(3) Whence they argue: The imposition of hands is essential; its omission by the consecrator is, as regards himself, an essential defect. But because the assistant bishops, whom Gasparri holds to be true consecrators, do not omit it, these, according to him, supply for an essential defect in the consecrator; therefore—how much wider the conclusion than the premises—according to this grave theologian, they can supply for *any* essential defect in him, even that of the Episcopal character.

We may notice that Gasparri proposes his opinion very modestly. He does not say it is a common opinion, or more probable, or even

(1) "Quod ergo unus tantum consecrator dicatur, ratio est, quod penes unum, puta metropolitanum aut eum, qui ejus vices gerit, praecipue consecrandi jus et auctoritas resideat: tum quod unus solus caeremonias omnes magna ex parte faciat; tum quod unica sit consecratio, ad quam licet plures adhibeantur, omnes tamen praecipuo consecratori cooperentur conjunganturque ad unicam consecrationem peragendum et unitatem ecclesiae demonstrandum." *Ibid.*, n. 33.

(2) "Quod unius sacramenti unus dicitur esse minister, hoc unum est de unico totali ministro, non de partialibus, qui omnes agunt per modum unius, quod speciatim in ordinatione servatum fuit . . . ad unitatem ecclesiae servandam." *Ibid.*

(3) "Si omissa fuit impositio manuum solius episcopi consecrantis . . . vel assistentes fuerunt episcopi, et tunc putamus consecrationem non esse repetendam." *Tractatus Canonicus de Sacra Ordinatione*, c. v, par. iii, n. 1112.

the general opinion of theologians, but only, it is my opinion. Moreover, he adds what Anglicans omit in quoting him: "In practice, consult the Congregation of the Holy Office, or the Congregation of Rites, or the Congregation of the Council."(1) But Anglicans are more courageous than a mere Roman canonist.

What is to be said of the Anglican generalization of Gasparri's particular case? In his solution Gasparri rests upon the probable opinion that the assistant bishops are co-ministers with the principal consecrator. The answer to our question, then, turns upon another. How, according to Gasparri, do they supply for his defect of the imposition of hands? If Gasparri holds with Anglicans that each is a full and adequate consecrator independently of the principal consecrator, stepping into his place, so to speak, and effecting the consecration when his action becomes ineffective, the Anglican case, so far as Gasparri is concerned, is won; and the Anglican generalization is quite legitimate. For in any conceivable case of defect in the principal consecrator alone, the conditions would be absolutely parallel, the remedy would be the same.

Unfortunately, for the Anglican theory, Gasparri's doctrine is just the opposite. He expresses it very clearly in the following terms: "In the Latin Church . . . the assistant bishops are probably co-ministers with the consecrator bishop. Indeed, together with him they place their hands upon the head of the elect, and together with him they pronounce the words: *Receive the Holy Ghost,* by which things alone, according to received opinion, Episcopal consecration is valid. Wherefore, there is no reason why one should be more the minister of Episcopal consecration than the other two, but all joined together are the one single cause, or the one single total minister of the sacrament."(2)

Hence, according to him too, each co-minister, whether consecrator or assistant, is but a partial cause, inefficacious unless united with the other partial causes to form the one total cause of the sacrament.

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(1) "Sed in casu practico consulatur S. C. S. Officii, vel S. C. R., vel S. C. C." *Ibid.*

(2) "In ecclesia Latina . . . episcopi assistentes sunt probalitier *comministri* cum episcopo consecratore. Sane una simul cum eodem ipsi manus imponunt super caput electi, et una simul pronuntiant verba: *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum,* quibus solis juxta receptam sententiam episcopalis consecratio valet: unde non est ratio qua unus magis sit minister consecrationis episcopalis quam ceteri duo, sed conjunctim omnes sunt unica causa, seu unicus totalis minister consecrationis." *Ibid.*, n. 1088.

What, then, is the bond of union amongst them? Gasparri implies that it is their co-ministration with the principal consecrator; and this is laid down explicitly in the passage taken from Hallier, to which he appeals, that I begged you to keep in mind.

If the principal consecrator be a bishop, the one total cause of the sacrament, according to Gasparri's opinion, exists; and it is intelligible to hold that by it the matter and form are validly joined, even though one of the partial causes should fail to concur to the former. But if he be not a bishop, Gasparri would, we think, be the first to say that there is no co-operation, no bond of union, no total minister, no sacrament, and that the consecration becomes absolutely invalid.

The Roman theologians quoted by Anglicans in support of their theory are, therefore, absolutely against it. Moreover, it is inconsistent with the spirit of the Church.

It requires a further assumption, that one of the reasons why the Church requires at least three bishops to take part in a consecration, is to guard against a possible defect of Episcopal character in the consecrator. Were this so, the Church would have said it clearly, and would have provided universally from the beginning that each of the bishops should place the matter of consecration and pronounce the undoubted form. But she has not done so. With the exception of the Roman Church, in none do the assistants pronounce the form. Moreover, even in the Roman Church, it is not certain that they do this. The words of the Pontifical: *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum* are of comparatively recent introduction, and theologians are by no means agreed that they are the integral form of Episcopal consecration, and some may still be found to doubt that they belong to the form at all. Hence, while Gasparri holds that in the Roman Church the assistant bishops are probably co-ministers, he says that in the Oriental Church they are mere assistants, because they do not put the matter and form.(1)

Why, then, are three bishops required? Let us go back to the famous fourth canon of the Council of Nicæa. It runs as follows:

"A bishop ought, if possible, to be ordained by all the bishops of his province. If, however, this be difficult on account of some urgent business, or the length of the journey, three certainly should be gathered together in such wise as to have the written consent of the

(1) "Porro in Ecclesia Orientali . . . etiam episcopi assistentes sunt *mere assistentes,* vel adjuvantes, quia ipsi non ponunt materiam et formam consecrationis episcopalis." *Ibid.*

others that are absent, and so let them make the ordination. The power, indeed, or confirmation will belong in every province to the metropolitan bishop."(1)

In this canon there is question of ordination, not only as restricted to signify consecration, but also in the ampler sense embracing election and all that appertains to the establishing a bishop in his diocese. In fact the Greek word translated, *to be ordained,* is καθίστασθαι——to be established; and though in most Latin versions it is rendered *ordinari,* to the more general sense of which it corresponds, (for which reason we have translated it, *to be ordained*), some render it, the more explicit, *constitui.* On the contrary, the words, *let them make the ordination,* or *the ordination to be made,* correspond to the original, χειροτονίαν ποιεῖσθαι.—the accepted ecclesiastical sense of which restricts *ordination* to mean *the laying on of hands, i.e.,* the sacrament itself. Indeed, this phrase, in some Latin versions, *e.g.,* in that of the Nicene canons as quoted in the seventh Council of Carthage, is translated word for word, *manus impositionem fieri.*(2)

The sense of the canon seems to be that when one is to be made a bishop, all the bishops of his province should take part; first, in his election, and then in his consecration. If all cannot come together, three at least must meet, and having completed the election by means of the written suffrages of the absent, proceed to the consecration; all things being done in due subjection to the metropolitan.

As to the reasons of the canon, the Arabic paraphrase of the Nicene canons, published in its Latin version by Mansi, as a very useful guide to their true sense, will give us some light. In the paraphrase of the fourth canon we find the following: "After the bishops of the province have written to the metropolitan, or to the patriarch, that he (the candidate) is acceptable to them, that he that is ordained is known to have been formerly in the priesthood, and that all the bishops of the province can say no evil of his religion, that they know him to be no idolator, nor to have sacrificed to devils: and from that time let him make him a perfect bishop."(3)

Not a word about insuring a valid consecration. This is the affair of the metropolitan. The bishops are to testify to the candidate's acceptability, priesthood and orthodoxy. In much the same sense Hallier enumerates four reasons why the Church made this law.

(1) *Mansi.* Tom. ii, pp. 669-686.
(2) *Ibid.* Tom. iv, p. 410.
(3) *Ibid.* Tom. ii, p. 710.

First, as St. Cyprian, says, to preserve the unity of the episcopate; second, that divine grace, which in those ordinations is most necessary, may appear more clearly, according to the promise of Christ: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them;* third, following St. Anacletus, St. Siricius, St. Innocent I, Rabanus Maurus, St. Isidore, and the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle, in order that an affair of such moment should not be entrusted to the judgment of one, with danger to the faith and the opening of the way to tyranny and ambition; fourth, in the words of St. Gregory the Great, that they who have celebrated already their spiritual nuptials with their dioceses, may rejoice with him who is entering upon this same holy wedlock.(1)

Again, not a word about insuring a valid consecration. To none of those great men whose names Hallier has enumerated did the idea occur; and but little reflection is necessary to understand that such an idea would be the last to enter the Catholic mind. Catholics know that their Episcopal consecrations are valid because they are conferred according to the tradition of the fathers, with approved rites, in the Catholic Church, wherein sacred orders cannot fail. Their transmission is to be secured, not by the rule of human prudence, but by the activity of the Holy Ghost, dwelling in the Church and working through her sacraments. Anxiety on the subject is for those only, who recognize that their orders have been conferred in a new fashion unapproved by the Church, devised by rebellious men. The knowledge of what is less knowable is derived from what is more clearly perceived. The Church is far more evident than the validity of orders, considered in themselves, ever can be. That Anglicans set themselves the task of proving their orders valid, as a means of proving themselves members of the Catholic Church, is at least suggestive that in her they have neither part nor lot.

In questions of the validity of a sacrament, the intention of the minister cannot be ignored. If it be true, as is almost universally admitted to-day, that one bishop is sufficient for a valid consecration, and, as is the more common opinion, that the imposition of hands with the *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum,* are sufficient matter and form; then, supposing that one of the assistants in a consecration according to the Latin rite, should make the intention to consecrate fully and independently of the principal consecrator, a valid consecration, it

(1) Hallier. Op. Cit. Pass. ii, sec. v. c ii, art. i. par. 2, n. 9

seems, would be obtained, even though the latter should lack the Episcopal character. Would it be licit?

The intention of every minister of a sacrament must be to do in the premises what the Church would have him do. It is clear that the will of the Church is that assistants at a consecration act in subordination to the principal consecrator, and co-operate with him in the work, whether the co-operation be physical or moral, whether they be partial causes of the sacrament or not. She has never given a hint of anything else. To this intention they must conform themselves. To intend otherwise, no matter for how good an end, would be grossly unlawful. If the Church does not intend to make the assistant bishops extraordinary ministers of the sacrament, and she certainly does not, they have no right to intrude themselves into such an office. Whatever Anglicans may presume to do, one cannot conceive a Catholic so lawless as to attempt such a thing.

But the answer may come: "With regard to Hodgkins, an assistant at Parker's consecration, you yourselves say that he was lawless. In his lawlessness, may he not have found the intention to consecrate independently of Barlow?" The whole thing is primarily for the benefit of Parker's doubtful consecration. There, it is said, all taking part in it imposed their hands and pronounced the form; and Hodgkins was a true bishop. But what Hodgkin's intention was, is immaterial. The whole consecration of Parker was lawless; the intention of the rite was insufficient. If, however, Anglicans desire to draw some reassurance from Hodgkin's intention, they must have something more than, what it *might have been.* They must prove positively that he was so anxious to insure a real consecration, that he substituted for the general intention to do what the Church prescribes to an assistant, the intention of consecrating fully and completely, in order to supply for Barlow's probable defect. Of this, antecedently so improbable, they have not a single shred of evidence.

Let us therefore conclude by adopting for Anglicans in general, the prayer uttered by Pius IX over Frederick William Faber, yet outside the Church: "May God deliver them from the nets of Anglicanism."

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

EDITORIAL.

THE THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN AMERICA.

ONE of the events connected with the Jamestown Exhibition was the General Convention of the dignitaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, which met in the early part of October, at Richmond, Va. The occasion of the meeting was the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing at Jamestown, in 1607, of the Rev. Robert Hunt, a chaplain of the Church of England, with 105 colonists who set sail from London to seek for gold in the Western World. Judging from the meagre accounts of the sessions which appeared in the secular press, the convention as such aroused but little general interest. It might, perhaps, have been passed over with even scantier recognition but for the interesting personality of his Lordship, the Bishop of London, whose doings and sayings have been faithfully recorded in the newspapers for the enlightenment and very often for the entertainment of the general public. Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram was appointed to the see of London when he was but forty-three years old, the first appointment made under Edward VII. His visit to the United States was heralded months before his arrival. His personal merits and unquestioned zeal as a churchman and the dignity of the position he held abroad were sufficient to warrant a courteous reception not only from the adherents of his own denomination, but from all church-goers and non-church-goers alike. And so it turned out to be. In the course of a speech, delivered at a dinner given for him at the Plaza Hotel, on October 15, Bishop Ingram said: "The greeting I received in this country has surprised me. I had a Roman Catholic railroad president offer me his private car, and I have had Wesleyans and non-Conformists put aside their services to come and toast me." The sermon with which the convention was opened and which was preached by his Lordship attracted some little attention. He took for his theme the *characteristics of the Church which would possess the future.* "And first, undoubtedly," said he, "the future can only belong to a Church which believes and preaches the forthreaching, energizing and active love of God. . . . And with the Gospel of the Love of God must go what we call in England, the message of a FREE SALVATION."

This message of a *free salvation* he explains as the preaching of the doctrine "that the Christian religion does not consist in a belief in a good man named Jesus Christ dying on the Cross, but consists in a belief in the sacrifice of God Himself." Judged by this standard, is there not some ground for fear that the Anglican Church, or its sister in America, may not measure up to the requirements of the Church of the future when so many of its adherents maintain theories that are antagonistic to the belief in Christ's divinity and when there is no authority to set them right, not the Bishops, for they dare not, nor Parliament and the King, for avowedly they can not.

With perfect candor he puts the objection, "Every orthodox Christian community in the world preaches the Gospel of the Love of God and of a free salvation—in what sense are we justified to-day in the Anglican Communion in keeping our own organization separate from the great non-episcopal bodies on the one hand, and the Roman Church on the other. . . . In opposition to the great non-episcopal bodies," he says, "we are bound to believe that the historical ministry cannot lightly be set aside in the Christian Church. . . . But when I turn to the far more delicate question, as to why we do not seek reunion under present conditions with that great historic Church which numbers, I know, so many adherents in America and which undoubtedly shares with us the gifts of an unbroken tradition and Sacraments consecrated by duly ordained ministers, I gladly avail myself of some words written at my request for my use to-day by Bishop King, of Lincoln." And the Bishop of Lincoln's authoritative statement is that "the special function of the Anglican Communion is to preserve the *exact* truth. She much protests against any additions to or subtractions from the teaching of Holy Scripture, and the early and undivided Church."

But Presbyterians and Baptists and Methodists and all Protestant bodies make the same claim of "preserving the *exact* truth." And who is going to decide between them? Furthermore, continues the Bishop of Lincoln, "the Church of Rome appears to us to err in the use of authority in relation to the Truth. The universal supremacy of a single see, and the infallibility of an individual Bishop are extreme instances of this." But neither the Bishop of Lincoln nor the Bishop of London seems to have even a remote suspicion that these *extreme* instances may be the "exact" truth. And what is really amusing is that while condemning the use of authority in the Church of Rome,

the Bishop of London is appealing to the authority of the Bishop of Lincoln. "But," continues the preacher, "it may be asked: Why is the *exactness* of Truth of so much account?" and here his Lordship runs into a cul-de-sac and confesses the question cannot be answered. The sole claim, therefore, of the Anglican Church to a distinct corporate existence from the Church of Rome is narrowed down to the special function of preserving the *exact* truth. But why the *exact* truth should be preserved is admittedly a mystery even to the representative Anglican Divine at the General Convention. Every Catholic child is familiar with the command given by our Saviour to His Apostles and their successors to go and teach all nations—teaching them to observe *all,* neither more nor less—I have commanded. The Church of Rome has the special function of teaching the exact truth, because such was the commission given to her by Christ Himself.

The utterances of the Lord Bishop of London are remarkably free from the asperities of a former age and indicative of a man of wide sympathy and generous forbearance towards all, even those who most differ with him in doctrinal matters; but of his inaugural sermon at the General Convention in Richmond it may be said that no weaker plea for the independent existence of the Anglican Church in England or America has ever been presented by an Anglican divine.

ERADICATING OLD HISTORY LIES.

The Germans, with characteristic straightforward bluntness, have an expression that is worth while recalling. They talk of certain old-time traditions that have not a foundation in truth, yet have been accepted by generation after generation of historians consulting only second-hand authorities as "History lies." Some correspondence which appeared during the past month in the *Evening Post,* of New York, has served, we hope, to spread some useful information, founded on recent authentic sources in history among the readers of the *Evening Post.* Our MESSENGER readers are familiar with many of the details already, since one of the writers is Dr. James J. Walsh, the professor of history at Fordham University School of Medicine, who has done so much in recent years to show the utter absurdity of many of the statements with regard to Papal and Church opposition to medical science, which have received

widespread acceptance from supposed authorities in history. A summation of these contradictions of old-time Protestant traditions, as they have existed and been supposed to be commonplaces in history for many years, will serve to remind our readers of the present position of history in these matters.

It may be said at once that in the Middle Ages, after the foundation of the universities, the physical sciences, as we call them now, were studied mainly in the medical schools. Nearly all of these sciences were supposed to have some special relation to medicine. Whatever of knowledge of plants, of minerals, of climate, even of astronomy, there was in the world was supposed to be helpful to the physician. Astronomy was then called astrology, and because of the supposed influence of the stars on the human constitution, physicians were usually supposed to know something about it. Many men, of whom Copernicus was a typical example, studied medicine and astronomy at the same time. Chemistry was, of course, a medical science. Whatever was known about animals was likely to have been learned by medical men, interested in the anatomy and the physiology of living things. Indeed, the scarcity of human bodies for dissection made the knowledge of physicians as far as concerned the animal body better than it is at the present time. The question of the attitude of the Popes and the Church towards science then, resolves itself into the question, What was their attitude toward medicine and medical schools and medical education?

To this question a triumphant answer can be promptly given. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the universities were practically entirely under the control of ecclesiastical authorities. Some twenty medical schools were founded in connection with the universities in different parts of Europe. One of these was founded at Rome at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Another was founded at Perugia, in the Papal States, a little later in the same century. When Bologna came under the dominion of the Popes, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, it had one of the great medical schools of the time. This school did not decline, but, on the contrary, grew more influential, in spite of the fact that its greatest rival during the sixteenth century was the Papal Medical School at Rome, in which the teachers were the greatest anatomists and physicians of the world. The roll of the professors at the Papal Medical School for two centuries after this time contains

more great names than there is on the list of any other medical faculty, no matter how long it has been in existence or how proud it may be of its professors. Evidently the Popes were not only not opposed to medical education, but were ready to encourage it in every possible way.

If to this be added that the Popes chose as their official personal medical attendants the men whose contributions to medical science are considered to be of the most import for six centuries, beginning with Richard the Englishman, in the thirteenth century, then it will be seen how utterly groundless is the assertion that the Church was opposed to science. There is no better way of fostering medicine than by honoring the distinguished members of the profession. This the Popes did, not only at Rome before the departure for Avignon, but at Avignon, and then afterward on their return to Rome. It was evidently Papal policy to select one of the best physicians of the time as their personal medical attendant. The roll of Papal physicians is the greatest list of names in the science of medicine that is connected by any bond. Not even the faculties of such medical schools as Padua, Bologna and Paris present such a magnificent series of scientific medical men. With this in mind, what a caricature of history is President White's expression, quoted by Dr. Walsh, that "it would be expecting too much from human nature to imagine that Pontiffs who derived large revenues from the sale of the *Agnus Dei,* or Priests who derived both wealth and honors from cures wrought at shrines under their care, or lay dignitaries who had invested heavily in relics, should favor the development of any science which undermined their interests."

Expressions like these have been taken seriously as the history of science by scientists! Could anything well be more amusing? There has been no attempt to get at the real history of medicine, which was the history of science at that time, and bigotry has been allowed to dictate its own expressions. Yet President White's book was written, so its author claimed, in order by showing how much the Church and theology had interfered with the progress of science, that theological and religious ideas are always in opposition to scientific thought, and that in the progress of science they must disappear. The book was meant to make men less intolerant, so it was said. One is reminded of Plato's answer to Diogenes, who, trampling over the fine pavement in Plato's house, remarked that he was spurning beneath his heel the pride of Plato. "Yes, with the pride of Dioge-

nes!" said the professor of Academus. As to intolerance, there can be no question where it exists to the greatest degree, when expressions such as these we have quoted are supposed to be history. We are glad that renewed attention has been called in America to these history lies. Some time, perhaps, we shall hear no more of them. The discussion could have come at no better season than just after the encyclical of the Pope, criticism of which, editorially, with references to President White's book, as showing Papal opposition to science, was the occasion for it.

SCIENCE AND THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

Humanity has come to replace Divinity in the minds of many persons as the term of man's efforts here on earth. It is not long since most men, at least in Christian countries, used to do their work with the idea that by so doing they obtained merit with the God who had made them, and in accordance with whose will their lives should be directed. In recent years many people have come to consider that it is what man does for humanity that counts. The religion of Humanity, or the religion of service, is supposed to be replacing the older religion of Divinity and to be much more consonant with the present stage of man's development. Men do things for others, and by so doing lift up the race, so that successive generations shall find life easier and better until at length there shall come a time when there will be at least some satisfaction for man's unquenchable craving for happiness in his life here on earth. Medical science has eliminated certain diseases, has decreased the power of others, and at least some of the medical scientists promise a much longer life to man, and that without the ravages of disease so common at the present time. Many people who are abandoning their old religious ideas of duty towards the Creator, are coming calmly to accept these notions of the religion of humanity with a complacency that is extremely interesting to consider; because this calm acceptance of the religion of humanity supposes an equally calm acceptance of a number of ideas that are rejected by modern science. One of the most interesting phases of thought in the scientific world of the present time concerns the transmission of acquired characteristics. Professor Weismann, in his book on the Germ-Plasm, originally published some twenty years ago, contended that acquired characteristics are never inherited. In a crude way this

principle had been accepted long before his time. No one believes for a moment that because a parent loses a limb, his offspring will be born without that limb. In spite of this, very few people are found who do not think that some of the characteristics acquired during the life of the parent are transmitted to the progeny. Much of what is said about the inheritance of dipsomania, than which few topics are more discussed, is founded on nothing better than the motion that an acquired characteristic can be transmitted. Many other pathological conditions, diseases of various kinds, are supposed to be the subject of inheritance. Very few people now believe that tuberculosis is hereditary, but other diseases, rheumatism, gout and the like, are supposed to be the result of hereditary transmission. The more medical scientists have learned about disease, however, the less have they to say about its inheritance. Disease heredity is a vanishing quantity, which grows beautifully less as the light of science shines upon the subject. What is true, however, for the inheritance of disadvantages in the race of life is also true as regards progress supposed to be dependent on human development. It is usually thought without more ado that there is no question but that the descendant of a family whose members have been for some ten generations at the University, are more capable of acquiring that elusive thing we call culture, than is the son of a family who has never had the advantage of education and whose parents have been engaged for generations at manual labor. In New England they often speak of the Academic families. This notion, however, of the gradual improvement of intellect, as the result of successive generations of cultivation, is founded on the idea that acquired characteristics must be inherited. It is more than dubious, however, in this application, and there are manifest proofs that such an improvement does not take place. It has taken the Japanese only a little more than a generation to acquire much of that veneer of culture that we call modern civilization. As everyone who has had educational experience knows the sons and daughters of foreigners, straight from the soil in Europe, often have more capacity for education than the scions of the academic families, so called, with many generations of education behind them in this country.

The leading article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, Ambassador Bryce's address, "What Is Progress?" forms a striking contribution to this subject. Mr. Bryce, talking at Harvard, might be

During this time God called him to the Church. Father Merrick, S.J., who had followed his career and offered many a Mass for his conversion, knew that as a ritualist, the stumbling block was the Papal supremacy, so he sent to him through his old nurse "Allies" See of Peter, which he promised to read and which opened his eyes to the claims of Rome. He held back when on Trinity Sunday he was to be advanced to the priesthood and in the summer of 1877 went abroad with the same friend who had shared his studies and his convictions, and in September they and his sister were received into the Church in Paris by Mgr. Rogerson.

In May Mr. Van Rensselaer returned to America, having first received the tonsure from Cardinal McCluskey, who was visiting Paris and who, with his secretary, Fr. Farley, returned to New York on the same steamer. There were also on board three Jesuits going from Rome to the Rocky Mountains. One of them had been in charge of the Roman Observatory, and Fr. Van Rensselaer was much impressed with the humility which could give up an honorable position for the hardships of a missionary's life. They were even travelling second class. He often visited and talked with them, and this chance meeting turned his thoughts to the Sons of St. Ignatius.

He made a retreat at Manresa during the summer and after a visit to Lourdes, entered the Novitiate at Roehampton, England, on November 1, 1878. After pronouncing his vows in 1880, he returned to the United States, as a member of the Maryland-New York Province, to make the usual course of philosophical and theological studies of the Order. These were interrupted for three years, which he spent teaching in Loyola College, Baltimore, and in St. John's College, Fordham. Ordained priest in the summer of 1887, he spent the two following years in reviewing his theology and preparing for the ministry. He was then appointed assistant pastor of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, a charge he retained until his death, with the exception of one year spent at Frederick, Maryland, and four years he spent as assistant editor of this magazine. His zeal was so many-sided and incessant that volumes could be written without exhausting the story of it. A "Life of Father Van Rensselaer" is in preparation, and the biographer, the Rev. E. P. Spillane, of the MESSENGER staff, requests all who may have letters or other documents illustrating it to kindly put them at his disposal. R. I. P.

THE CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

Parade of the Holy Name Societies.—Sunday, October 13, was made memorable in the diocese of Newark by monster parades of the Holy Name Societies in the principal cities of the diocese. In Newark 20,000 men marched for miles through the streets of the city. It was the largest demonstration of the kind ever seen in the diocese. The paraders crowded about an altar in the open air at the new Cathedral grounds in Clinton avenue, where addresses were made by Bishop John J. O'Connor and Rev. Isaac P. Whelan, pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral. More than 4,000 men marched under the banner of the Holy Name in Paterson, 6,000 in Bayonne, and 2,000 in Morristown. In Jersey City, where there were 14,000 in parade, every man in line carried a small flag with the letters H. N. S. in white on a blue background; the sight was an impressive one, as they marched along the principal streets of the city. Many of the houses were decorated with American flags. The open-air demonstration was held in Church Square Park, where Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, addressed the multitude. Thirty thousand men, women and children knelt at sundown on the grass in the park, while Mgr. John A. Stafford gave the benediction at an altar erected over the steps of the Church of Our Lady of Grace. The responses were sung by a chorus of 260 children, who sat on a stand in front of the rectory adjoining the church.

Chapel on Blackwell's Island.—On Sunday, October 6, the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Cusack, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocse of New York, officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of the new chapel on Blackwell's Island. Various Catholic societies of New York City took part in the ceremonies, and the Knights of Columbus, who were among the first contributors towards the undertaking, had charge of the arrangements. Bishop Cusack made a stirring appeal for funds with which to complete the chapel. Secretary of State John Sibley Whalen delivered an address in behalf of the laity.

The erection of the chapel is the result of an organized effort on the part of Catholics in Greater New York to better the conditions under which the infirm of Blackwell's were compelled to attend divine services. For years Mass was celebrated in an upper room, the only approach being a steep and rickety staircase, which made it all but impossible of access for many. Rev. Francis A. Barnum, S.J., former chaplain, began the work of collecting funds for a chapel suitable to the needs of the community. Father Noel, who succeeded him, took up the good work, and is putting forth his best efforts to complete it. The chapel will be built of granite and will be erected by prisoners in the various reformatories. The total length will be 160 feet, the width 70 feet. The sanctuary will

be flanked by two shrines, and the woodwork will be of carved ash. The entrance is on a level with the pavement, and against each wall will be separate aisles for the wheel chairs and couches of the bedridden. A part of the chapel will be given over to the invalids, and every facility for their comfort has been carefully studied. The church will be dedicated under the title of Our Lady, Consoler of the Afflicted.

Golden Jubilee of the Fort Wayne Diocese.—The golden jubilee of the diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind., was observed with becoming solemnity on Sunday, September 22. Special services were held throughout the diocese. At the Catheral, Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D.D., Bishop of the diocese. The Jubilee sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C. In 1858, the year after its foundation, there were in the diocese of Fort Wayne, 26 churches, 20 priests, 2 Religious Congregations of men, and 2 of women, six schools, under the care of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the Sisters of Providence, 1 college, 1 academy, and a Catholic population of 25,000. To-day there are in the diocese, 200 priests, 151 churches, 48 chapels, 1 university, 2 seminaries of Religious Orders, 2 colleges for boys, 13 academies for young ladies, 82 parishes with parochial schools, with nearly 16,000 pupils attending them, 2 orphan asylums, 12 hospitals, 2 homes for the aged, and a Catholic population of over 80,000.

Vatican Edition of Catholic Encyclopedia.—Upwards of three hundred men and women were present Wednesday evening, October 2, at the Catholic Club, New York, and witnessed the formal presentation of the first volume of the Vatican Edition of the Catholic Encyclopedia to Archbishop Farley, who in turn is to send it to His Holiness, Pope Pius X.

No publisher, it is stated, has ever issued a work of reference so sumptuously. The edition is limited to twenty-six sets, lettered according to the alphabet, consisting of fifteen volumes to each set. The binding, in full vellum, is a work of art in itself, being elaborated with a special design tooled in gold leaf and inlaid with morocco of various colors. The fly-leaf is in watered silk, with the monogram or coat-of-arms of each subscriber, if desired, placed in Volume I. The text is printed throughout upon imperial Japan paper manufactured especially for this work. The hand-illuminated half title page in Volume I bears the autograph of His Holiness Pius X, and each title page has been signed by him, thus giving a unique mark of his appreciation and approval of the Catholic Encyclopedia. The edition being limited to twenty-six sets, will insure the rarity of the work to the subscribers. It contains thirty photogravures in water color, 150 photogravures on India paper in tint, forty-five fac-simile color photogravures, and 2,000 full-page and text illustrations.

The presentation to Archbishop Farley was made on behalf of the Board of Directors of the Robert Appleton Company, the publishers of the Encyclopedia, by Professor Charles G. Herbermann, a member of the board and editor-in-chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia. The cere-

mony of presenting His Grace with this magnificent and costly specimen of the art of the engravers and bookbinders was accompanied by addresses by some of the men who are most intimately connected with the preparation of the Encyclopedia. Robert Appleton presided at the meeting.

Eugene A. Philbin, who spoke on behalf of the Board of Directors, told of the financing of the Encyclopedia. That the Encyclopedia has been a success financially is shown by the fact that there are to-day over 6,000 subscribers, and there are on hand contracts for over $500,000 worth of subscriptions. The Vatican edition, Mr. Philbin said, will sell for $2,500 per set.

Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., one of the editors, told of the great work of selecting the 1,000 contributors of the 30,000 articles to be contained in the fifteen volumes. The second volume, Father Wynne said, will be issued in November, and other volumes are under way.

In his presentation address Dr. Herbermann told of the acclaim of joy and good wishes with which the Catholic world had greeted the work, and acknowledged the special debt of gratitude due to Archbishop Farley for his unfailing moral and substantial support and encouragement of the project.

The Archbishop, after accepting the volume and promising to have it placed in the hands of the Holy Father at an early date, tendered to the editors, managers and trustees of the Encyclopedia, which he described as "an epoch-making work," in the name of the great constituency for which they are laboring—25,000,000 of English-speaking Catholics—the warmest and most unqualified congratulations on the measure of success so far achieved, and called on all the Catholics of his diocese to co-operate in support of the work to its completion. The Archbishop's address has been printed in pamphlet form and may be had from the publishers of the Encyclopedia, the Robert Appleton Co., 39-41 West 38th Street.

Golden Jubilee of Good Shepherd Nuns.—The Provincial House of the Good Shepherd Nuns, New York City, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of its foundation in the first week of October. The Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was sung on October 3. The Most Rev. John M. Farley, D.D., Archbishop of New York, occupied the throne in the Sanctuary, attended by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. James H. McGean and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Charles McCready, LL.D. There were also present the Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the Rt. Rev. John J. O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of Newark.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Edwards, V.G., the esteemed Ecclesiastical Superior of the nuns of the Good Shepherd, celebrated the Mass, with the Rt. Rev. P. J. McNamara, S.T.L., V.G., of Brooklyn, assistant priest, the Rev. Thomas C. Hanley, C.SS.R., of Baltimore, deacon, and the Rev. Thomas E. Lynch, of New York, sub-deacon. The Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, of the Cathedral, was the Master of Ceremonies. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Jeremiah M. Prendergast, S.J.

CANADA.

Gælic Missionary in Nova Scotia.—The *Glasgow Observer* gives an interesting account of the missions conducted by Father Campbell, of St. Joseph's, Glasgow. to the Gælic inhabitants of Nova Scotia. This visit to Nova Scotia is something more than an ordinary mission. It is a great religious event in the history of Nova Scotia, the full significance and importance of which will, perhaps, only be recognized a generation or two hence. Some interesting extracts from a letter from Father Campbell to his brother Jesuits in Glasgow have been reprinted in St. Joseph's parish magazine, and these convey to the members of the congregation some idea of the warmth of the affection with which the Highlanders of Cape Breton Island regard their kinsman from Old Scotia. In all the Missions he is conducting in the Colony, Father Campbell is dealing with "virgin soil," as they never had a Mission in these parts. Of course, in the English-speaking districts, Missions have already been conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Father Campbell is therefore the pioneer of Jesuit missionaries among the Gælic-speaking people of the Colony—and when one remembers the vast field covered by the Jesuit Fathers in their missionary efforts, the singular importance of Father Campbell's mission is borne in upon one. His journey all along has had the resemblance of a royal progress. The second Mission preached was at Creignish, where the church was crowded every day, three services being conducted daily, at each of which he preached. So eager were all to take part that the families arranged so that every member should be able, with Confession and Communion, to put in the number of attendances requisite to gain the indulgences and the Papal blessing. Twenty-five miles separated Creignish from Glendale, where the third Mission was to be conducted. Twenty-five teams from Creignish conveyed the missionary ten miles on the way towards Glendale. At that stage the Highlanders from Glendale—fifty teams, headed by priest and piper—met the Saccart Mor. The meeting was most effecting and inspiring. Exiles, and the children of exiles, gathered to give a royal Highland welcome to the priest who spoke their tongue, and who knew the people and their "place;" and the pipes struck up merrily "The Campbells are Coming to Bonnie Glendale." The fifteen miles of the road were traversed by the missionary and his remarkable escort, and at the church door dense crowds waited eagerly to give their greetings. Without pause, the priests and people entered and filled the church, and joined in the recital of the Rosary in Gælic, after which Father Campbell was conducted to the churh door, where an address of welcome was read in Gælic, after which Father Campbell replied, telling the people how pleased he was to find himself among the descendants of those who, though they had left the country of their ancestors, had stuck with such marvellous fidelity to their faith and the dear old Gælic language. "Highland hospitality," remarked Father Campbell in his communication, "is not a name only—it is a virtue never lost sight of." What has made his visit to Nova Scotia specially pleasing in a

sense has been his knowledge of the Catholic Highlands. He could tell the people of every nook and corner with which they had been familiar, and he tells with special pleasure of the delight of an old woman, who is nearly 100 years of age, and who left Moidart nearly 70 years ago, when he could tell her about the old places she knew. It is not merely by intercourse of this kind that the Mission has been pleasing. The people were equally zealous in the discharge of the spiritual duties of the Missions. At Glendale, alone, Father Campbell himself heard nearly 600 Confessions, and he had Missions at at least six stations. His visit to Nova Scotia has been a great religious episode.

THE PHILIPPINES.

First National Assembly in the Philippines.—Secretary Taft formally opened the Philippine Assembly in the National Theatre of Manila, on October 15. In his opening address the Secretary said that President Roosevelt had sent him to extend congratulations on another step towards popular government. The President's message was intended for every individual member of the Assembly, regardless of his views upon the issues presented at the recent general election. Referring to this message, Mr. Taft said: "It assumes that every member of the Assembly is loyal to the government in which he proposes, under oath of allegiance, to take part. It does not assume that he may not have the wish to bring about soon or in the future, by peaceable means, the transfer of sovereignty, but it does assume that while the present government endures he will loyally do all he can lawfully to uphold its authority and make it useful to the Filipino people." Speaking of the future of the islands, the Secretary submitted it was embarrassing for him, although charged with direct supervision of the islands, to deal with issues relating to their final disposition. He denied emphatically that the United States had any intention of disposing of the islands. He did not believe the Philippine people would be fitted to govern themselves for at least another generation, but he added the matter was entirely in the hands of Congress.

He reviewed at length the trying conditions under which the civil government was founded, dwelling upon the differences of the people, the church difficulty, the difficulty of finding men in America capable of participating in the government of the islands, the reluctance of capital to come to the islands, and the failure of the American Congress to open the markets for Filipino products. Referring to the latter, he held out the hope that the next Congress would pass a compromise measure lowering the tariff barriers against the importation of sugar and tobacco from the islands. Mr. Taft refrained from making any suggestion regarding specific legislation on the part of the Philippine Assembly, but he suggested that the Assembly learn that the object of the Legislature is to draft laws for specific purposes and reforms, and for the suppression of specific evils.

ENGLAND.

The Russian Treaty.—At the end of September, M. Isvolski, Minister of Russian Foreign Affairs, and Sir Arthur Nicholson, the English Ambassador, ratified for their respective governments a treaty which concerns itself exclusively with the affairs of Persia, Afghanistan and Thibet. With regard to Persia, they covenant not to grant concessions to banks, railroads, commercial enterprises, etc., beyond a certain line mutually agreed upon. They also guarantee the application of the revenues to the uses hitherto prevailing, except those of Farsistan and the Persian Gulf, which are to pay off the debt to the Bank of Persia. In case the diminution of the debt is not regularly attended to, then the two governments interested will come to an amicable understanding with regard to the measures to be employed.

In the affairs of Afghanistan, the British Government binds itself not to interfere in changing the form of government, and Russia promises to have nothing to say, inasmuch as Afghanistan lies outside the sphere of Russian influence. Moreover, whatever business it transacts with that country will be through England, and it will send no agent to Afghanistan. Furthermore, His Majesty's Government binds itself to annex no part of Afghanistan, and not to interfere in its internal affairs, provided the Emir fulfils the treaty engagements previously entered upon, March 21, 1905. Although keeping aloof from internal concerns, Russia and England may, nevertheless, establish reciprocal relations on the frontier, and settle local questions not of a political character. They also covenant to ensure equality of rights, with regard to the commerce of the country, and if necessary, later on, to appoint commercial agents with due regard, however, to the rights of the Emir.

The two Governments assure also the status quo of Thibet, and on account of the suzerainty of China over Thibet, to transact no business with the latter except through the former; though this arrangement does not affect the dealings of English commercial agents with the Thibetan Government as was previously stipulated in treaties made with Thibet and China. The freedom of relations of both Russian and English Buddhists with the Grand Lama is also assured, but neither Government is to send representatives to Lhasa, nor are business concessions to be asked for, nor are any of the revenues of the country to be assigned to Great Britain or Russia. An additional clause provides that the British occupation of the valley of Chumbi will cease upon the payment of the three yearly indemnities previously agreed upon, and when the three commercial centres, designated in the convention of September 7, 1904, shall have been opened during three years, and the Thibetan authorities shall have fulfilled the conditions laid down. If the British occupation does not cease at the end of three years, then Russia and England will meet for an amicable discussion. Finally, scientific missions into the country are to cease for three years, without previous arrangement with the Thibetan Government, and China is to be induced to adopt a similar measure on its part.

The Schools.—It is not clear what game is to be played at the next session of Parliament, but Mr. R. R. Cherry, K. C. M. P., Attorney General for Ireland, protested in Liverpool at the end of September, that Campbell-Bannerman and Birrell never had the slightest intention of doing any harm to the Catholic schools. On the contrary "we recognize how much has been done for education by the denominational schools. We recognize this especially with reference to the Catholic population of Liverpool, and how much sacrifice they have made for their schools, and, far from wishing to injure or destroy them, we are anxious to assist them as much as lies in our power, *consistently with our adherence to Liberal principles.*" As he pleaded very earnestly against dissension in the party, it is probable that fear of political disaster prompted this suspicious protest.

IRELAND.

Belfast University.—Lord Kelvin wants it to be proclaimed, immediately, that the Queens College, Belfast, is a University. To this Vice Chancellor of the Royal University, Sir Christopher Nixon, assents, reiterating the opinion of the institution he represents, that it would be disastrous to put the whole university system of Ireland in one cast-iron mould. But he made an earnest appeal to Belfast to have the whole University question settled at the next session of Parliament.

Bishop Elliott.—Of course it was a Protestant Bishop who denounced the politics of his Irish fellow-countrymen. He is the Bishop of Elfin. He said "they tended to revolution and national disaster, and the destruction of the civil and religious liberty of the minority of the population, and aimed at developing a hatred of English ideas, and even of the English language. The witness-box has lost its sanctity, the bench is contaminated, and the moral sense of the nation has gone down to zero." It is noteworthy that he calls Ireland "a nation." He states that in one instance Protestants were afraid to leave their homes to go to church on Sunday. Mr. Redmond promptly answered his angry Lordship, and showed that it was all the result of an overheated imagination.

ITALY—ROME.

The Twentieth of September.—The anniversary of the breach of the *Porta Pia* assumed, this year, a very anti-clerical tone. The official cortège proceeded down the Via Nazionale between lines of soldiers. Arrived at the *Porta* the Royal Commissary delivered himself of a discourse on the greatness of the Third Rome. "The city, once the mistress of the world by physical force," he said, "is to-day the symbol of liberty." He read a telegram from the King, which declared that the celebration was of great civic import, and that it conveyed its lessons to all Italians. No one listened to the reading and no one applauded. Five thousand men appeared in the procession with red and black flags. A few hisses were heard as the crowd passed before the churches, but the municipal buildings were saluted in the same fashion. At the Capitol and

on the balconies of the Palace of the Senate there were some wild anti-monarchical as well as anti-clerical speeches. Some priests were insulted and a few arrests made.

Emigration.—The Government at the Quirinal is beginning to be very much distressed at the ever increasing exodus of its people. Already, in 1896-1900, 300,000 left every year. In the next three years the figures rose to half a million. In 1906 there were 787,977. Nor are they now, as formerly, the very poor. Small proprietors find they can live better elsewhere, and sell out their holdings and decamp. One of the papers discovers that it lessens the strain of the labor difficulty; there are fewer hands to be employed, and it brings much money back from the exiled emigrants. Whatever ease it may produce socially or politically, it increases the strain religiously elsewhere. Thus, in New York alone, there are half a million Italians to be looked after.

Modernism.—The *Giornale d' Italia* has published the text of the Abbate Murri's submission to the Church, but the *Croix*, after reproducing it in French, adds that the Pope would not accept it, declaring that it is not a submission but a sort of an agreement, without any regret for the past and full of reserves for the future. In fact "the submission" ends with these words: "I propose in the future to have greater regard for even the political directions of the Holy See as becomes a Catholic and a priest, knowing that the Holy See is not opposed to the rights so constantly recognized by the Church, of historical research and a just freedom in political and social opinions." On the other hand, Baldini, of the *Rinnovamento*, is in tears over the supposed submission of his confrère, "whose voice had such authority," etc.

The Russian Compact.—An agreement between the Holy See and Russia has just been made public on the teaching of the Russian language, literature and history in the Polish seminaries of the Russian Empire. The substance of it is that with the ecclesiastical Superior of those seminaries is to rest the sole right of nominating professors, drawing up the programme and conducting the examinations. Provisions are made to exclude professors objectionable to the Government, and it is agreed that an official may be present at the examinations.

FRANCE.

Inundations.—Simultaneously with the disasters in Spain, the Midi in France has been overwhelmed by disastrous floods. Practically all the wine districts are under water, in some places to the depth of from 12 to 15 feet. Nothing like it has been known for 50 years. People had to take refuge in trees and on the roofs. More fortunate than Spain, however, the number of dead is not so great. This is the region in which the wine-growers made their demonstration against the Government a few months ago.

The African Spectre.—The white dove has not yet rested on Casablanca. On September 27 an official announcement was made to Abd-el-Aziz, the reigning Sultan, that the following conditions would be necessary to obtain peace: 1st. That the Chaouias tribesmen, who had attacked and pillaged the town, should have to pay $100,000; 2d. That the Morocco Government should indemnify France—the amount to be determined subsequently by Spain, Germany and other countries whose subjects have suffered; 3d. The war tribes around the city should likewise pay a war indemnity, the amount to be hereafter determined." Not determining the amount has the appearance of inviting immediate trouble. In fact, every day come reports of excursions against the tribesmen who are still fighting. As late as October 9 there was an engagement lasting four hours. How many were killed is not stated. Even Casablanca, which was supposed to be at peace, is reported as late as October 7 to be constantly in terror of the unsubdued tribes outside its walls, who have already cut off all the provisions intended for its markets. Mulai Hafid, who claims the Sultanship, and has asked the European powers to recognize him, is still in the field, and when the Moroccan Government applied to the French Minister for warships to transport native troops to oppose him, the request met with a refusal; the reason being that the Pretender was operating in the "Spanish zone." This "Spanish zone" is also a source of anxiety. There is a great deal of bitterness manifested in the French press about Spain's inactivity during the late uprising. One explanation is that Spain had no heart for action after its losses in the American war. Another is that it secretly resents France's invasion of Morocco, which it regards as its own outlet for future national expansion. Leon Bourgeois, who is conspicuous in French politics, is actively discussing the matter, and calls attention to the fact that on October 3, 1904, France and Spain signed a compact, whose details have never been revealed even to the European Powers; the general announcement being made that it fixed the rights accruing to France from Algiers, and to Spain from her possessions on the African coasts, and promising further the integrity of Morocco's territory and freedom of trade with all countries. Bourgeois is of the opinion that in order to block Germany, France has been obliged to modify the agreement, and grant to Spain "a sphere of influence in Morocco," and that Germany having wormed that secret out of the Sub-Secretary of State, Ojeda, is endeavoring to get its own "sphere of influence" in Morocco; all which is supposed to explain why Spain permits France to punish Morocco without getting any political advantage, and why France, on the other hand, will not help to oppose the Pretender who is operating in the Spanish zone. Meantime complaints are being made, by the Spanish, of General Drude, while the French charge the Spanish Commander with arrogance in his treatment of the French. Information is also sent to the Spanish Government that ammunition is being smuggled into Morocco, which is a violation of the provisions of the treaty of Algeciras; an act attributed by some of the French papers to Germany. In a word, the

trouble is not over, and people are wondering what will happen if one power helps Mulai Hafid, and the other Abd-el-Aziz.

The Separation Abroad.—Hitherto, the Mosques of Algeria were supported by the Government. The decree of separation brings them down to the common level. It is declared that the law will not be so rigidly enforced with regard to Catholics in the colony as "the Government recognizes the great civilizing work done by the missions" in that part of Africa. If cultural associations are formed the church property may be retained, but not otherwise.

Jaurès' Fall.—The *Temps* has an article on "Jaurès' Suicide." His utterance at Stuttgart, it says, came like a clap of thunder. The wildest Hervéists did not expect so much, and an evident scare preceded their applause. "Jaurès, a cultivated man, a philosopher, an orator, who was master of his speech, like the most ignorant Myrmidons, like the dregs of the lowest revolutionists, deliberately sides with the most thoroughgoing and criminal anarchy. He urges the proletariate to betray their country, to take advantage of the distress of the nation, to stab it with the weapons it has placed in their hands to repel the foreigner." Even Pelletan, who did his best to destroy the navy when he was Minister, has declared "we cannot travel with people like that." In other words, the Socialists and Radicals have split the "bloc'." However, E. Drumont is of the opinion that it is only "a matter of the calendar," that is, as soon as election time arrives they will be together again for the spoils.

Looting Churches.—An individual named Antoine Thomas was arrested in Paris on October 8, along with his mother and sister, charged with the theft of a cope from a church in Limoges. The vestment was valued at $120,000. The prisoner confessed that at the time of the Separation of the Church and State, certain "antiquaries," some of them millionaires, hired him to go round among the priests to bribe them to sell reliquaries, etc., and to substitute counterfeits in their stead. As he did not succeed as he wished, he resorted to open burglary. The amount of his robberies amounted, all told, to $400,000. He says that he sold the cope in London for $10,000, and adds that "the antiquaries" have unloaded much of their plunder in America. He is not alone in the work of plunder. Very many others are pursuing the same business, and precious bronzes, jewels, paintings, and even stained-glass windows have disappeared. What lifts the incident beyond the level of common crime is that the proposal was first made to the plunderer in a Freemason lodge, and secondly, that the Government is so concerned about it that the question is already discussed as to the advisability of taking all these treasures and putting them in the Government museum *for security*. If not prearranged, the crime is opportune.

Reaction.—The Vatican has received intelligence that the French authorities in Indo-China have requested the nuns to take charge of the leper settlements in those parts, as it is impossible to find lay attendants.

Of course the Sisters will accept the offer. It is reported also that the Government will not interfere with the famous Irish College of Paris.

SPAIN.

The Floods.—Spain is not over her troubles. At the end of September disastrous inundations in several parts of the country caused widespread destruction of the crops, rendered thousands homeless, and added to it all the prospects of famine. In the neighborhood of Malaga the loss of life was such that one hundred bodies had been already recovered on September 27. Many more had perished. In Andalusia, the wine crop is all ruined; the vineyards are deep in mud, and great quantities of wine have been destroyed in the cellars. In that district, alone, the official record of dead is 72 drowned and 68 injured.

BELGIUM.

The Congo.—The Parliamentary Committee has drawn up a Bill relative to the Congo, which declares: 1st. That the legislative powers in the Colonial possessions of Belgium are vested in the King, who has also the executive power. 2d. No act of the King can have effect unless countersigned by a Minister. 3d. No custom or other tax can be imposed except by decree. 4th. The Colonial Council will consist of nine members appointed by the King. They cannot be dismissed. Five of them should have performed duties of an administrative, judicial, or military kind in the Colonial possessions. The period of appointment is nine years. Deputies and Senators cannot be appointed. 5th. The Council will consider all questions the King submits to it. 6th. Except *in case of urgency* it will be consulted on all decrees, and will give its opinion in the form of a report. On the whole, the King seems to be in full control if these arrangements are to be acquiesced in. However, later accounts inform us that drastic amendments have been made, one of which is that the King cannot determine any important legislative measure with regard to the Colony before consulting his Ministers; nor can he depose any Colonial Minister unless for causes previously determined and with the agreement of the Supreme Court of the Colony. Moreover, the right of Members of Parliament to interpellate the Government with regard to Colonial administration is not to be restricted. The whole matter is to be discussed when the two Houses meet in November.

SWITZERLAND.

Separation of Church and State.—By a Bill, consisting of seven articles, Switzerland has just severed the bonds which tied all the churches to the State. The operation was more benignant than in France. It guarantees liberty of worship; withdraws salaries to clergymen; and permits worship to be carried on and churches to be organized in virtue of the Constitutional right of assembling and forming associations. The Government does not reserve for itself a right to interfere after the Separation as in France. There is no special church

legislation. It is all settled by a single provision, viz., "The Church can, in conformity with the prescriptions of the Federal Code, acquire civil personality with all the consequences that derive from it." This civil personality implies the right to possess property, to receive donations, to accept legacies. The possession of the churches is regulated in a most liberal fashion. They retain the practice of the cult to which they were devoted when the law passed, and not only the churches, but the rectories; and if such properties are in the hands of the communes they can be transferred to the clergy under the stipulation of never alienating them from church purposes. There is one exception. The Cathedral of Geneva (Protestant) is reserved by the State for national ceremonies, an arrangement, however, not prompted by any irreligious motive. Thus ends the famous Swiss Culturkampf, which began forty years ago. Catholics have reason to be thankful.

JAPAN.

Corea.—The great act of the Emperor's abdication reads like a comedy. Japan was already in possession, and the Emperor still reigned, at least in appearance, but he presumed so much that he dared to send delegates to the Peace Conference at The Hague. Singularly enough, this desire to participate in the efforts for universal peace brought upon him the effects of war. The Japanese "protectors" saw in it an effort at independence and advised him to abdicate. Yi-Hyeung consulted his ministers and they agreed that there was nothing else to do. He yielded under protest. The great Marquis Ito, who was in Corea, saw nothing and appeared to be unconcerned, though probably he was pulling all the strings. There was some pretence of insurrection in Seoul; troops were hurried from Japan and the curtain dropped. Japan is now in control.

Catholicism.—An official table of statistics, published recently in a Review of Tokio, while showing that there are 889 Protestant foreign missionaries in Japan, informs us that there are only 243 Catholic priests, and one Schismatical Greek. There are 463 native Protestant ministers of the various sects, and 33 native Catholic, and 150 Greek priests. There are 350 Protestant "nuns," and not more than 25 Catholic Sisters. All of the latter are Japanese. There are 529 Protestants, 145 Catholics, and 200 Greek churches, with 1,907 Catholic, and 689 Protestant chapels. The Buddhist temples are falling into ruin. Out of the 43,000,000 inhabitants, there are only 58,000 Catholics. The priests all belong to the *Missions Etrangères* of Paris. The French Marianists have five free colleges, one of which, at Tokio, has 800 pupils. The Abbé Ecke, who is a Marianist, is a professor in the Imperial University.

INDIA.

The Unrest.—Mr. Morley's remedial programme proposes great reforms in the methods of administration for India. He insists that the majority should rule, but qualifies it by saying that such is to be the case only when it is found to be in accordance with the best mind of the people,

which means, of course, with what the ruler judges best. A new Imperial Advisory Council is to be established along with subsidiary Provincial Advisory Councils, whose office, however, will not be to hamper the Central Government, but to enlighten it. This, it is hoped, will bring more natives into the administration. As in the propagation of Christianity the greatest difficulty was and is in the system of castes, so the politicians find that they are debarred by the castes from giving representation to localities. They bestow it on the classes or castes. Another element of annoyance is the preponderance of lawyers in the Government. The multiplication of representatives of that profession arises from the same source, viz., the castes, which limit their members to employment in the Government service, teaching, law, and journalism. Law is most attractive for the Hindoo, and so the lawyer has become the most characteristic feature of Indian life. He swarms even in the smallest villages.

The Imperial Advisory Council is to consist of sixty members, ***appointed*** by the Viceroy, and is to include twenty ruling chiefs along with a yet undetermined number of landowners, who have hitherto been crowded out in all the representative bodies by the lawyers. *The Imperial Legislative Council* is organized frankly on the plan of always giving the Government a majority. It is to consist of 54 members, of whom 30 are to be ***appointed.*** It is clear that there is not the shadow of anything democratic in the whole scheme.

A letter is going the rounds of the English press blaming the Indian troubles on the sedition which is taught in the schools. "It is obvious that in handing over Mill, Macaulay, Rousseau, our own English history, our moral philosophy of the cheaper sort to Bengali school boys, we fill their minds with ideas of equality and nationalism, which only sober intelligence and higher education would enable them to understand and apply to surrounding circumstances. The tendency of such ill-digested learning is revolutionary, anti-caste, anti-Brahminical, anti-religious. Our schools have undermined the old religious foundations, and have set up none in their place." The writer goes on to say that much of the trouble is traceable to the lower classes of Europeans who expect abject submission from the "black men," and are always suspecting insults, and ready to emphasize his suspicion by a kick or a blow. University education is also blamed for the trouble. Crowds of Hindoos who have passed the examinations apply for Government places. As the supply is limited, there remains in the country an ever increasing multitude of men who have what is regarded as an education, and who have no employment.

CHINA.

The Boxers.—In the last days of September news came of an outbreak at Kanchowfu, and that the buildings of the Catholic Mission and China Island Mission, an interdenominational affair, were destroyed. A French priest was killed, but the Protestant ministers escaped. Soldiers were despatched to protect the missionaries.

THE READER.

Proverbs, by C. F. O'Leary. Herder & Co. St. Louis. $1.00.

Whoever is in quest of a proverb can find it easily in this compilation; for the alphabetical order adopted and the index of general matter at the end of the book will enable the reader to find immediately what he wants. The author reminds us that "many so-called proverbs are nothing else than whimsical absurdities and indecent allusions," and he adds that "there are certain collections regarded as classic which for gross vulgarity and indecency could hardly be surpassed." It is needless to say that such have been eschewed. It is curious that there are no Spanish proverbs in this collection. Bits of philosophy of that kind the Spaniards were very fond of, and they gave a point to them which quite distinguishes them from the proverbs of other nationalities. Don Quixote teems with them.

The Gospel Plea for Christian Unity. Press of Gibson Brothers, Washington, D. C.

The Plea should have the name of its advocate attached; perhaps it is Martin O'Donoghue who has the copyright. He literally brings Protestants to book—to the Book of books. He says very pointedly: Come, now; you want Christian unity. If you are sincere open your Bible and tell us what is the meaning of those very plain texts about Peter's supremacy, about marriage, about the Eucharist, about Extreme Unction, about Penance, about love for the Blessed Virgin, about miracles, etc. Are they to be taken seriously or not? If so, where will you find what they refer to? Only in the Catholic Church. If you are really in quest of truth, there it is before you. Yes; but it will require great sacrifices. Most decidedly; but the reward is great: "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father in Heaven."

The book ought to be put in the hands of every sincere Protestant.

A Day with Mary. By Caryl Coleman. The Fleming Press, N. Y.

In "the foreword" of this beautiful little book, we are told that "the verses, prayers, and words of praise in honor of Our Blessed Lady are arranged for devotion in accord with the canonical hours of a day. They are taken from the writings of divers authors of various times and people."

In this "compilation" Mr. Coleman has been more fortunate than most searchers for beautiful hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin. We regret that he does not give us the names of the authors. Most of these outpourings of the heart—and they are all such—are exquisitely beautiful. For instance it would be hard to excel in tenderness and poetic beauty the musings of the Mother gazing at the Child in her lap. It begins "Sleep Sleep, mine Holy One."

"Then I think aloud
The words "despised," "rejected," every word
Recoiling into darkness, as I view
The Darling on my knee.
Bright Angels move not, lest ye stir the cloud
Betwixt my soul and His futurity.
I must not die with Mother's work to do,
And could not live—and see.

Life Sketches of Father Walworth. By Ellen H. Walworth. Lyon Company, Albany, N. Y.

For those who knew the early Paulists, these "Life Sketches" will be of great interest. Father Walworth was one of those great men, and was closely associated with some of them before they became Catholics. The "Sketches" will be welcomed especially by readers of THE MESSENGER, for Father Walworth was an earnest and devoted student of the early Jesuit missions, and an ardent admirer of Father Jogues. The traveller along the St. Lawrence may see his tribute at the Rapids of Caughnawaga to the New York Indian girl Tegakwitha, whose beautiful life he no doubt suggested to his devoted niece to give to the public. It is worth noting, perhaps, that the appearance of the "Life Sketches" coincides with the death of a dear friend of the Walworths, and we find in a description of the venerable priest's jubilee the following paragraph: "It was an added pleasure for him to entertain at the same time the distinguished pulpit orator chosen for the occasion, who was already known to him, Rev. Father Van Rensselaer, S.J. Tall and dark amid the resplendent glory of the ceremony, stood the Jesuit in dear old St. Mary's oaken pulpit. He stood there in the heyday of manly beauty, a lineal descendant of the first Albany Patroon, and all the while a crucifix glimmered at his girdle. He was every inch a black-gown, a devoted missionary, a devoted son of Loyola, and so too was the one of whom he spoke, Isaac Jogues, discoverer of Lake George, friend of Megapolensis at Fort Orange, and martyr of the Mohawk mission. Who could say that Father Van Rensselaer was not the right man in the right place for that occasion? The vigor and graces of a noble orator were his. However much or little Father Walworth saw or heard of it all, he was yet happy on that memorable day in his 'cloister of the senses.'"

Father Walworth and Father Van Rensselaer are together now beyond "the cloister of the senses."

Entre Amis. Lettres du P. L. Lalande, S.J. Imprimerie du Sacré Cœur, Montreal.

Father Lalande has given us, in these letters, an extremely clever and interesting book. He had a boyhood friend named Arthur Prévost. Lalande became a Jesuit, Prévost did not; and the former wonders why. Some years after, Prévost died. Letters had been frequent between them for many years, and the singular request of the dying man, as he handed them all to his life-long friend, was that the letters should be published. That is the explanation of what at first sight would look like a breach of confidence. Father Lalande hesitated, but the family insisted, and fortunately so, for they are, not only because of their style and matter, fascinating, but valuable for the spiritual advice to young men which is woven into them. The style has the speed of an engine, and the subjects pass by like the panorama we see when looking out of a car window. From the Novitiate at the Sault au Recollet to the ocean terminus of the Northern Pacific, from Quebec to the Isle of Jersey in the English Channel, and from spiritual considerations to opinions about Ibsen and Tolstoi, politics, Mardi Gras, colonial settlements, literature, etc., all are lightly but gracefully and correctly touched on as the speedy pen of the letter writer hurries on. It is a new book in more senses than one, and deserves reading.

Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticae in usum Adolescentium Seminarii Beatae Mariae de Monte Mellario Concinnata. Vol. III. Dublini, Apud Browne et Nolan, 1905.

The present volume, which completes the Mount Mellary series, contains the treatises on Natural Theology and Ethics. Each is finished within the compass of about 250 pages. The qualities which the two former volumes possessed are exhibited in this. The author, though succinct, is not obscure; though simple, is not superficial; though brief, does not fail in comprehensiveness. The clearness of his language and the neatness with which his arguments are presented indicate the precision and soundness of his thinking. Another characteristic for which the other volumes of the series have been commended is retained in this: Citations in foot-notes from recent philosophical literature illustrate the living condition of the problems discussed in the text. With the publication of this volume the professors of Mount Mellary have completed a manual of Scholastic Philosophy which deserves high commendation.

The Iliad for Boys and Girls. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. Macmillan Company, N. Y.

Homer, of course, is a closed book for the younger generation. Necessarily the original is out of their reach, and the stately translations of Pope and others appal by their length and perhaps by their verse. Telling them the story in simple language and helping it out with illustrations will no doubt stimulate their curiosity and urge them to study the great author more seriously. And even apart from that the knowledge given to the boys and girls about Hector, and Achilles, and Priam, and Andromache, will be so much literary wealth added to their stores.

Home for Good. By Mother Mary Loyola. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

If anyone, even an experienced spiritual director, is about to preach a retreat to convent children he would do well to provide himself with Mother Loyola's latest book, "Home for Good." It begins with the End of Man, though you would not suspect it at first, and leads you through considerations of temptation and sin and eternal punishment, but does it in a way that cannot fail to be quite "catchy" for girls, even when they are grown up; and for boys also, as well as for their elders, who are often as much taken by familiar illustrations as younger people are. Mother Loyola can draw a lesson from Humpty Dumpty, the measles, jiu-jitzu, the X-rays, and, in fact, anything that flashes on her active mind. The counsels she gives about reading, care of the poor, pride in one's religion, etc., are very valuable. The book ends with advice about how to behave in vacation time at home, especially when the boy or girl has come "home for good." As Father Thurston says in his admirable preface to the book, that particular time in a child's life is extremely critical; the danger coming from the exaggerated liberty given to the home-comer, especially if the vacations are spent, as happens commonly nowadays, amid the dissipations of some fashionable watering place, and if the over-fond and foolish parents fancy they must flatter every caprice of the child just emancipated from the strict discipline of school life.

Girls' schools should not be without the book.

Ailey Moore. By Richard O'Brien. Pustet, New York.

The title page of "Ailey Moore" informs us that it is "a tale of the times, showing how evictions, murder and such like pastimes are managed and justice administered, in Ireland, together with many stirring incidents in other lands." There is nothing to indicate when it was written, but in the preface the author expresses his gratitude to Brownson for having given it a favorable notice in his *Review.* Consequently it does not deal with present conditions. It is an old story that has been resurrected. As its title indicates, it is full of dreadful scenes, some of which the author tells us he himself had witnessed. The chief character, Shaun Dherk, who was a self-commissioned executor of vengeance, the writer knew and bade good-bye to when Shaun set out for "Ameriky." The writer, who was a priest, and has, no doubt, long since joined the great majority, was the possessor of a vigorous and vivid style and of a rich and picturesque vocabulary, both in English and Irish; and because of his intense sympathy was able to sketch in a way to appeal to his readers scenes that are pathetic or heartrending or diverting as the fancy seized him. The parson's visit to the well of St. Senan is an example of all three, and that of the distraught widow in the cave of the conspirators, shrieking out her maledictions and moaning for her dead daughter, will serve as an instance of his power with the weird and tragical. Happily these horrors have no existence now.

The Holy Eucharist. By the Bishop of Newport. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Whatever Bishop Hedley writes is acceptable. The present book which, as he says, is half-way between a treatise and a catechism, is no exception. It is just what priests who are not professors, seminarians, conventual establishments, and intelligent laymen want and need. The chapter on Frequent Communion is particularly opportune, and his discussion of the essence of the Sacrifice will be read with interest. He puts it in the separate consecration of the bread and wine, as that constitutes the visible sign or representation of the death of Christ. He does not accept the *reductio ad inferiorem statum* of De Lugo and Franzelin. He approaches, if he does not entirely agree, with Vasquez. Apart from the deep theological discussions in the book, there are many attractively instructive pages which will be of great interest to the laity.

Jamaica. Painted by A. S. Forrest. Described by John Henderson. Adam and Charles Black, London.

The "painting" is perhaps the most attractive part of this book, beginning with a highly colored picture of "Rosie the Negress" and continuing with "twenty-three other full-page illustrations in color" of portraits or scenes that struck the artist's fancy. The "description" is merely that of a tourist in his idle hour who helps out with words the work of his confrère with the brush. It is a good natured and easy going account as a man of the world would look at the passing show.

BOOK NOTES.

Father Wassman, S.J., has issued a third edition of *Die Moderne Biologie und die Entwicklungstheorie.* It has been received with intense satisfaction and in the contrary fashion by the Darwinianists and the followers of Haeckel. Among the latter it has created a stir. The ablest of them, Dr. Escherick, of

Strassburg, Dr. Von Buttel-Keepen, of Osnabrueck, and Dr. Fovel, of Zuerich, following Haeckel himself, have tried in vain to undo the effect it produced. In his introductory "Word to My Critics" Father Wassman demolishes his assailants and shows convincingly that they have no argument but declaration and abuse, and that *not one* of his arguments has been disproved. The book ends with an "Open Letter to Professor Haeckel," in which he answers the charge of the Professor that "Father Wassman was a Darwinian."

A very valuable book is promised to appear shortly: "The Memoirs of Crispi." It will make interesting reading not only as regards Italian affairs, but also those of all European countries for the last fifty years. Although not reviling his old friends, like Mazzini, Garibaldi and the rest, it is said that the old Minister discusses them according to their objective deserts.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Is One Religion as Good as Another? By Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Thos. J. Flynn and Co., Boston.

Practical Sermons for All Sundays and Holydays of the Year. Two vols. By the Rev. John Perry. Benziger Bros., N. Y.

Stories of La Salle Mission. By the Rev. Thos. A. Shaw, C.M. M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago.

Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests. By V. Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S. Benziger Bros., N. Y.

The Martyrs of Compiègne. Compiled by Eleanor Mary Wilson. Art & Book Co., Westminster.

Sodality of Our Lady. By Rev. Elder Mullan, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

Report of the Christ Child Society, 1906-1907. Washington, D. C.

Bob Ingersoll's Egosophy and Other Poems. By the Rev. James McKernan. Pustet & Co., N. Y. 40 cents.

The Princess of Gan-Sar. By Andrew Klarman. Pustet & Co., N. Y.

Christian Education. By V. Rev. C. J. O'Connell. Benziger Bros., N. Y. 60 cents.

SOCIOLOGY.

The French working girl, like her sister in England, is wretchedly paid, and as a consequence very much exposed to be lost. There a flower-maker earns about 3½ francs a day, or about 65 cents; an ostrich feather worker will get about 825 or 900 francs for the entire season of 150 days; a metal-worker or burnisher from 1 to 4 francs a day. She will scarcely ever go beyond 1,000 or 1,200 francs a year. A seamstress or shirt-maker can get no more than 2 francs, etc. This, with night-work, hard-hearted employers, and the evil that surrounds her, contribute to make her life one of continued suffering, ending commonly in the hospital or worse.

To remedy these hard conditions, the Marquise de Saint Chamans, the Marquise de la Tour du Pin, and the Countess Peron, under the guidance of Father du Lac, S.J., determined to found what they call in France a Syndicate, or a Trades Union. They gave it the very appropriate name of *l'Aiguille*, or The Needle. Inside of a year, that is at the close of 1892, it had 241 members, of whom 70 were patronesses. It has to-day 1,200 mem-

bers, and is administered by a mixed council of 6 patronesses, 6 employees, 6 workingwomen, who keep up the traditions and are renewed every three years, but are reeligible. Besides this there are 6 employees and 6 workingwomen elected for a year in the general assembly by a majority of votes. The Parisian Syndicate of The Needle upholds the workingwomen in every conceivable fashion, both in getting them work and giving them moral support. It secures at least 300 places every year, which is considerable where there are so many applicants, and so few places, and it does it gratuitously. In slack seasons it makes loans without interest out of the capital of 10,000 francs it started with; part of this fund, it is worth noting, was given by Worth. Besides, to stop the drain on the bank it opens a work-shop during the dull season for 300 girls and pays them from one to two francs a day, and uses its interest on bank deposits for that particular work-shop; to save the girls from danger it provides two boarding houses, where they can have excellent rooms and good food for 55 francs a month, and it has established restaurants where no man is permitted to enter, and where they can get excellent meals at 90 centimes. These restaurants are now very numerous and in ten years have served more than a million repasts and secured a gold medal from the Exposition of 1900. To meet the complaint about lack of apprentices the patronesses watch the schools and secure the children when they leave. Every night there are social gatherings, and professional classes are given in English, drawing, bookkeeping, etc. As sickness is very common among these poor girls no one can belong to the Syndicate without being a member of some benevolent association, and finally, to provide for disputes with employers, a number of young lawyers have joined The Needle to take their cases into court, the work, of course, being done gratuitously.

This Syndicate of The Needle has given rise to many others throughout France. Among the ladies prominent in the good work is Mme. Jean de Castellane.

No Catholic women in England have yet qualified as physicians, although three who were already practicing medicine have become Catholics. They are Dr. Agnes McLaren, Dr. Alice Johnson, and Dr. Warner, whose work at Cambridge is now much before the world. Dr. McLaren, who is connected with the family of John Bright and is the sister of Sir Charles McLaren, now proposes to put aside £250, or £50 a year for five years, as a scholarship in favor of any Catholic girl who is willing to devote herself to the work of the Catholic mission to the native women and children of India. The candidate must have passed a preliminary examination in Arts, or be ready to present herself for such examination not later than March, 1908, and when selected must proceed to the study of medicine in one of the colleges open to women and pursue her studies there for the five years necessary for registrable qualification. The candidates are to previously consult one or other Superior of several designated convents.

Juvenile Criminals in France.—From the *Revue pratique d'Apologetique,* August 15, 1907, we gather that whereas the budget of Instruction has sextupled since 1875, the crimes of children have been increasing in the most alarming fashion every year. Starting from 1890, namely with the public school children of 1880, who were then seven or eight years old, and in 1890, seventeen or eighteen, Henri Joly, president of the General Prison

Society, says that whereas before 1840 the criminal record, from 16 to 20 years of age, was about 8,000 a year, in 1893 and 1894 it was 32,000. The number is undisputed, and journalists, an Advocate General, two judges of the court of the Seine, lawyers, great officials of public instruction, and influential educational publications testify to the moral degeneracy of French youth.

Ten years after the establishment of what was called *instruction neutre*, that is, unreligious education, there were 41,000 juvenile delinquents. In a single year, out of 16,000 malefactors arrested in Paris alone, two-thirds of them were not 20 years old. M. Cruppi, a former Advocate General, said once to an audience he was addressing: "To-day all the great crimes are committed by the young." Guillot, a magistrate of Paris, says: "No serious man can fail to perceive that this frightful augmentation of crime coincides with the changes introduced into public instruction. In Paris, from 1880 to 1893, more than half of those arrested were under 20 and mostly for grievous offences. Already in 1880 there were 30 assassinations, 39 homicides, 3 parricides, 2 poisonings, 184 infanticides, 4,312 assaults with dangerous weapons, 25 cases of arson, 153 robberies, 80 indecent assaults, 11,862 larcenies, all by criminals under 20. There were a number of suicides also. To make matters worse, the official statistics are not complete. In 1890 the number had reached 36,000 and went on increasing till 1894. Then the public got excited and an attempt was made to reduce the figure by juggling with the statistics, without result, however, as the concluding words of the report of 1907 say that the maximum of crime both for men and women is to be found between the ages of 16 and 20. Even as regards murder, the criminality is *six* times more among the young than among the adult. This is the statement of the *Archives d'anthropologie criminelle* (1901).

If the reports since 1895 show a diminution it is because the police have lost courage in the pursuit. The magistrates have been told to hold off; there would be too much to do; the Government has instructed the courts to have as little as possible to do with youth. This is found in the reports of the Guardian of the Seals, of Justice Vallé (general account of the criminal courts from 1900 to 1904; of Justice Chaumié (1905) and of the Minister of Justice, Guyot-Dessaigne (1907).

The average of youthful suicides less than 16 years of age was 78 in 1896, and 120 in 1900; from 16 to 20, the total number in 1896 was 529, and 781 in 1900. The causes of all this are crowding in cities and factories, condition of families, decadence of apprenticeship, and the school.

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HENRY VAN RENSSELAER, S.J.

THE MESSENGER

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"OVER THE WALL."

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE HENRY VAN RENSSELAER, S.J.

"BY my God have I leaped over the wall," and what a wall it was! A wall that has proved an impassable barrier to millions! This was the wall laid by the leaders of the great revolt against the Church in the sixteenth century, and raised higher and higher in succeeding centuries by the accumulation of false accusations and prejudices. By the powerful help of God alone can one have strength to leap over this wall. And the leap supposes a combined action of man's mind and will with the grace of God. A leap it is, and, owing to the nature of faith, which implies some uncertainty in the evidence, it seems to be a leap in the dark. For there is always a latent apprehension that perhaps the action may be a mistake.

But to become personal.

I was born of very religious parents of the strong Protestant type. My father was of Dutch Reformed origin, while my mother was a Protestant Episcopalian. Fifty years ago the distinction between those sects was comparatively unimportant. They were all Protestants and were proud of it. The good old dominies of those days would scarcely recognize the transformed sects of to-day. The name Catholic was a by-word. The term priest was not yet usurped by ministers, with the exception of a few who were eyed askance as dangerous characters, secret allies of the Scarlet Woman and in her pay. The evolution of the Episcopal Church into a so-called branch of the Catholic Church is interesting.

Originally an off-shoot of the Established Protestant Church of England, this American branch was cut off by the Declaration of Independence and had to assume a new corporate existence and title. The staunch Protestants of those days were proud of their

Protestantism and asserted it in their new name. But they had bishops, so-called, and therefore they were Episcopalians. So their sect was thenceforth to be known as the Protestant Episcopal Church, a name which suited it admirably. They were on friendly terms with other Protestant denominations, and their Protestantism connoted the supposed errors of Rome.

The Oxford movement, strong in England, had only a comparatively slight effect in the United States. But the example of Newman and the galaxy of great men who followed him to Rome could not fail to make an impression on some of the earnest-minded ministers of the day. The vivifying breath of the Holy Spirit was about to infuse life into the dry bones of Protestantism. The true concept of a living Church, with power to teach the truth, was dawning. The vision of the eternal priesthood, according to the order of Melchisedech, with its visible representatives offering sacrifice, rose up before them and fascinated them. The five sacraments that had been discarded so contemptuously by the prime movers of the great revolt against the Church, seemed in the new light no longer "old women's fables or corrupt following of the Apostles," but channels of divine grace instituted by Christ Himself. The glorious Communion of Saints appeared, as it is in very truth, the realization of the close relations that exist between the members of the Church militant on earth and of the Church triumphant in heaven. It was no longer an empty expression in the creed, repeated thousands of times without even an inkling of its meaning. It was, indeed, the ever-presence of the "cloud of witnesses and the spirits of the just made perfect." The great fact of the Incarnation stood out in its magnificent proportions, and in consequence the essential part played by the Virgin Mother forced itself on the acceptance of all honest minds. Even the unique privilege of St. Peter as the Rock upon which Christ built His Church, as the receiver from Him of the Keys of the Kingdom of heaven, as the feeder of His sheep and lambs, His own representative as the Good Shepherd of the flock, seemed less impossible of belief.

Such a growth in the acceptance of Catholic doctrines was gradual and met with many obstacles. The prejudices of over three centuries died hard, if they died at all. The journey to the true Jerusalem, the City of God on earth, was up-hill and laborious. It demanded courage and perseverance. In many cases it was a bloodless martyrdom.

The first ritualistic church in New York was St. Alban's. The naming of it was significant. It was meant to insinuate the continuity with the ancient British Church, of which St. Alban was the first martyr. Moreover, its namesake in London had been the leader in ritualism and the storm-centre of opposition of the officials of the State Church.

St. Alban's on this side of the water was an exact imitation of a Catholic church. The minister dubbed himself "father" and donned the habiliments of a priest. It was a novelty, and sightseers frequented the services. The Church of St. Mary the Virgin was the next to follow suit and offered all the attractions of Rome, without being Roman. St. Ignatius' was the next in the field, with rival novelties from Rome. These were full-blown ritualistic churches. There were others tending upward. For the tendency to the true Church is truly enough said to be becoming "high." For which compliment we are grateful.

Perhaps the most striking way to show this growth is to follow the evolution of the eucharistic service, for this was the axis on which the movement turned. In good old-fashioned Episcopal churches there was a chancel and in the chancel a communion table —a veritable table with four legs, and when in use, once a month, it was covered with a regulation linen table-cloth. Being a table for the Lord's Supper, as it was then commonly called, there was ordinarily nothing on it. Then an ornamental cover was placed over it, and this became later a frontal. The empty space between the legs was filled in, and it took on the semblance of an altar. Next a shelf made its appearance at the back of the table. On the shelf a cross of flowers was introduced on a feast-day, Christmas or Easter. The flowers withered and were removed, but the wooden cross remained. Next two candlesticks with candles for light in the early morning only flanked the cross. As it was no longer a receptacle for flowers, two vases were substituted. By this time the old-fashioned Communion table had blossomed into a simple type of altar. The large flagon of wine, the capacious cup, and the plate of bread were no more visible on the table. A credence or side table was provided. The elements, as they were called, were covered with a veil, and the bread was in the form of wafers. The ministers, and they were not ashamed of the name, of old stood at either end of the table, so that the congregation could witness all their actions. This was technically termed the northward posi-

tion, although north and south would have been more correct. But the eastward position (the altar end of the church theoretically was supposed to face east) became prevalent, and the minister stood with his back to the people, which gave him a chance for various ritualistic practices, which he interpolated unbeknown to the congregation. But the dress of the embryo-priest had to keep pace with the development of the altar. First he donned a cassock reaching to his feet, with a moderately long surplice. The broad black scarf, worn on all occasions, gave way on great feasts to a white one. This done and accepted, the other colors were soon adopted. But the surplice was not an eucharistic vestment. A sort of combination chasuble and surplice served as a go-between, until the regular chasuble was no longer an object of suspicion. For a while the material was linen, sometimes handsomely embroidered; silk soon replaced the linen, and a set of silk vestments of all the Church colors became a part of every ritualistic establishment. The evolution was well nigh complete; the chancel had become the sanctuary; the table, the altar and all its appurtenances were there. The cross had received its figure and was a crucifix. The step on which it had stood had grown tall and evolved into a tabernacle. Candles blazed on the altar even in broad daylight. Not one sanctuary lamp burned before the altar, but seven, as being more scriptural. The Communion service, or the Lord's Supper, by dint of omissions and additions, might pass for the Mass, and was with great ostentation announced as such. True, the language was English, but it was so mumbled that it could be mistaken for Latin, or some unknown tongue. Stations of the cross were erected; statues of the saints graced the sanctuary or side altars; confessionals were provided, and holy water stoups enhanced the semblance of Catholicity.

With all this external growth doctrinal teaching had been in the lead. The " faithful " were forbidden to call themselves Protestants and were Catholics or Anglo-Catholics; whereas Catholics must be contemptuously called Romanists, for, according to the new Gospel, Romanists were only a sect, originating in Italy, while the Anglican Church was *the* Church, pure and undefiled, conformable to primitive Christianity.

Of course, the ritualists proper were, and still are, a very small minority in the Protestant Episcopal Church. But they had a certain influence in leavening the Protestant lump, and in raising portions of it in doctrines and practices. But by far the more influen-

tial party is that known as the Broad Church, which, in reality, is so rationalistic that it rejects such fundamental truths as the Divinity of Christ, and consequently the Trinity, and perforce the two commonly accepted sacraments as real means of grace, and denies the inspiration of the Scriptures. The Low Church party contains the old conservative Protestants, and might be characterized as Evangelical or Bible Christians, respectable, but unreasoning. Then come the High Churchmen, holding various attitudes of belief, the greater part being High and Dry, and so considered very safe, with no danger of reaching the height whence a fall Romeward would be likely.

We might here recall two clever remarks: one which styled the Low Churchmen platitudinarians, the Broad Churchmen latitudinarians, the High Churchmen altitudinarians, and the Ritualists attitudinarians; the other which called the real Catholics Papists and the pseudo-Catholics Apists.

After this somewhat lengthy digression let me return to my own story. As a boy I attended Grace Church, then, as now, very fashionable. But in those days it was of the extremely Low Church type. The service was dull, except for the singing by a celebrated quartet. The good old minister, arrayed in black silk gown and Geneva bands, preached, in an almost unintelligible voice, ponderous and somnolent sermons, duly read from a manuscript. In my teens I longed for a more active part in the service, and was attracted to the Church of the Holy Communion, founded by Dr. Muhlenberg, where there was a choir of men and boys to lead the singing, in which the whole congregation took part. It had the name, in consequence, of being "High," but there was not much advance in doctrine. True, there was an early Communion service, but it was rather for convenience than for high teaching. However, I was on the rise and began the practice of bowing the head at the *Gloria Patri*, and then of kneeling in the Nicene Creed at the *Incarnatus*. I remember distinctly that those who did so were publicly rebuked one Christmas morning by Dr. Muhlenberg for bowing at the doxology, and we were bidden not to bend like bulrushes, but to hold our heads erect. Exercising our privilege as Protestants to use our own judgment, we continued the practice. My first notice of candles on an altar was in this church. They were used for light at the early morning celebration, and on one occasion a year on the feast of the Epiphany, at the evening missionary service, there were thirty-nine candles

lighted in honor of the thirty-nine articles of religion, which the ritualists slightingly called the forty stripes save one mentioned by St. Paul. In this church I was confirmed, and of it I was a member for over ten years. Then I began to feel the need of something more catholic. The doctrines preached in Trinity parish, especially at Trinity Church and Trinity Chapel, were in those days considered high. The Rector, at that time a celibate, advocated celibacy and virginity, and founded a congregation of religious women. The music was from Catholic sources, and Masses by celebrated composers were adapted to the Communion service. Great stress was laid on the teaching of the undivided Church and of the four Ecumenical Councils. Ritualism had as yet no charm for me, and I recall my disgust at a visit to the Oratory of the Blessed Sacrament, which had been opened by an English clergyman of the advanced type, who later became a convert and a priest. Nor had St. Alban's any attractive power, and attendance at one service sufficed for me; neither could I abide St. Mary the Virgin's. It had always been the wish of my family that I should be a clergyman, but, perhaps, this very known wish aroused the spirit of contrariety. So, on leaving college, I went into business. This was not my calling, though I persevered in it for several years, and then announced my intention of going to the seminary. It was in the autumn of 1873 that I took up my residence in one of the old granite buildings in the grounds of the General Theological Seminary, at Chelsea Square. This building no longer exists, as it was pulled down to make way for the present modern structure.

There were at that time seventy seminarians, and, I think, six professors. Both professors and seminarians represented every shade of belief tolerated by that most elastic of sects. The Dean, who was Professor of Ecclesiastical History, passed for a very advanced churchman. The professor of Dogmatic Theology was high and dry. The professor of New Testament Exegesis was safely high. The professor of Hebrew hobnobbed with Ritualists. The professor of Canon Law was a moderate churchman of the dry type. While the professor of Pastoral Theology was an old-fashioned low churchman, dry as dust. Could a more composite set of churchmen be imagined? A truly "happy family" collection.

The seminarians presented the same pleasing variety of religious opinions. No two agreed exactly, and why should they agree when their instructors set the example of disagreeing? After all, was it

not the logical Protestant position—the exercise of the claimed inherent right of private judgment? I at once had to declare my views; and I was ranked among the very high churchmen. But I could not go all the lengths to which a few went. Excessive bowing of the head, crooking of the knees, and signs of the cross, extravagant in size, seemed to me too conspicuous. The ultra-high churchmen affected the wearing of a clerical vest with neither opening nor buttons down the front, which was yclept the "mark of the Beast" and was supposed to be intensely Roman. Strange to say, no "Roman" priest was ever known to wear such a constructed waistcoat. Another very Romanizing sign was to pronounce amen —ahmen, though such a pronunciation is unknown to the real Roman except in Latin.

As I had a rather large room with two smaller ones off it, I took one of the smaller rooms for an oratory. The other small one was a bedroom and the large one a study. The oratory was simplicity itself, for its furniture was a prie-dieu before a statuette of the Good Shepherd, on either side of which was a candlestick, holding candles to be lighted for devotions. To this oratory a few choice spirits resorted occasionally after class and at night. I had not yet advanced sufficiently to have a crucifix.

The students took their meals in common, and I shall never forget the day when, at dinner, the news was circulated that the Rector of Trinity Church, the advocate and model of celibacy, was engaged to be married. And what made it worse was that the lady was a Presbyterian! Imagine the shock to the admirers of celibacy! It was said that the religious congregation of women, founded and supported by the Rector of Trinity, had, in their indignation, turned his portrait with its face to the wall. The idol was found to be only flesh and blood. The effect of the defection of the leader was diverse. Some students changed their minds like his, and declared that they had given up the intention of being celibates. Others said, "I told you so." While still others, of whom I was one, remained faithful to their conviction that the unmarried clergyman, having no family to divide his attention, could give an undivided service to God and the flock committed to his care. Perhaps, with a view of encouraging matrimony among the seminarians, there were soirées at the Dean's house, where susceptible and unwary youths might lose their hearts—most of them had little else to lose. In fact, the fate of several was thus settled in favor of the married state.

One of the events of seminary life was the occasional visit of a Cowley Father from Boston to hear confessions; and I was one of the confessed. The acquaintance thus made with the mysterious visitor, who came in cassock, cloak and broad hat, had an important influence on my after-life.

Though a pronounced high churchman myself, my particular friends were taken from all grades of churchmanship. One of them was really a rationalist, but a charming man. One, now a bishop, was low church, while another, also a bishop, was broad. Two others were very high, while still another was evangelical. Yet, withal, we were very good friends, in spite of theological differences of opinion.

During the summer vacation in my first year I made a trip to Europe, which tended to broaden my views considerably. According to the theory generally accepted by us, it was positively wrong for Anglicans to attend "Roman" services in English-speaking countries, so in England I visited only churches of the Established Religion. As this rule did not hold for the continent, I felt no compunction in going to the celebrated Catholic churches, although I was particular in being present at service in the American chapels, however bald and cold that service was, and baldness and coldness were the prevalent qualities.

Although only a seminarian, I had very decided ideas about the propriety of clergymen going to the opera and theatre, and as I had assumed the clerical collar, I considered myself a cleric. My principle in this regard was put to a severe test at Munich. A monster Wagner festival was being held, and I loved music. I was urged by fellow-travellers to go, my inclination was in favor of going, but—I made the sacrifice and did not go. In Paris I had met several of my seminarians who were "doing" the sights, as they told me they had just been "doing" London. I expostulated. They defended themselves on the plea of gaining experience for future use in the ministry. Pitch, I said, would leave its mark and, what was unbecoming in New York, could not be becoming in Paris and London. They went their way, and I went mine.

I could not help contrasting the cathedrals, still sacred to Catholic worship on the continent, with those shorn of their ancient glory in England and Scotland. Notre Dame of Paris and the Dom of Cologne were instinct with devotion, and the most inspiring music I ever heard was that of a vast congregation at Mass one Sunday in

the Cologne Cathedral. My blood boiled at the desecration of the historic Cathedral at Basle and its tenure by Calvinists, just as it had boiled in poor St. Giles' in Edinburgh, divided in two for two Protestant sects—Presbyterian and Episcopalian.

My extensive trip through Europe enabled me to cultivate my taste for the fine arts by study of the masterpieces of the world, stored in the great museums and galleries. I journeyed all the way to Dresden, solely to gaze upon Raphael's chef-d'œuvre, the Sistine Madonna, and I felt that it was well worth the journey, even had there been no other treasures of art in that wonderful collection. What impressed me in all the great collections was the preponderance of subjects taken from the lives of Christ, His mother, and the saints. What a superb testimony to the faith of the Catholic world before the great revolt of the sixteenth century, which cast a blight for so long on Christian art, from which it has only in the last century partially recovered.

In spite of warnings not to venture further south in Italy than Venice and Florence in early September, I decided to risk it. I made a hurried trip to Rome and even Naples. *Multum in parvo* would describe the amount of sightseeing I accomplished in a minimum of time. I realised that it was dangerous to rush about *à l'americaine,* but then it might be my only chance, though I did not neglect to throw a coin in the famous fountain of Trevi, which is supposed to ensure a return to the Eternal City, which in my case proved true. I recall perfectly one night, when I had that day dared Providence by going from the heat of the streets to the chill of buildings for hours, that I felt in danger of the fever, and for the first time made the sign of the cross with a prayer for safety. With that start the holy sign of our salvation became a familiar action. I can honestly say, however, that I had not the least attraction to Catholicism as such, at that time. But, undoubtedly, the leaven was working. I know that I was disgusted with a cicerone, who, to ingratiate himself, spoke slightingly of his religion.

The motive of my European trip was rather artistic than religious, and so the art galleries claimed my chief attention, though, as I have already said, the world's most famous pictures portray the great mysteries of our faith and insensibly awaken our religious emotions.

In my visit at Florence I had failed to visit the convent of San Marco, where Fra Angelico had exercised his matchless art in limning on the walls of the cells those ethereal spirits of another

world in their ministry to the Incarnate Word and His mother. I resolved at Naples to make good this omission, and returned to Florence via Leghorn and Pisa on a flying visit. I considered myself well repaid by the sight of the angelic brother's exquisite productions.

I was much annoyed at Turin to find the banks closed on a week-day that was not on the Protestant Episcopal calendar as a feast-day. It was the 8th of September, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and a holyday of obligation at that time in Italy. My funds were low, and I had expected to draw on my letter of credit at the bank. My time was very limited, as I had to return to America towards the end of the month. Fortunately there were at the hotel some very genial English officers, returning from India, who, on hearing of my plight, volunteered to advance me all the money I wanted, though I was a perfect stranger to them. When I reached London I failed to meet these true friends in need, but acquitted myself of my obligation to them.

All good things come to an end, and so did my trip. Seminary life was resumed. My ideas had broadened, but I was not conscious of any trend Romeward. The second year was uneventful. The various professors still taught their varied doctrines, and the students still drew their own conclusions. The professor of ecclesiastical history enlightened us on St. Patrick's day with a lengthy disquisition to prove that St. Patrick, besides being a gentleman, was a Protestant and—an Anglican!

The bishopric of Massachusetts being vacant by the death of Bishop Paddock, I think, a high-church hero was named as a possible successor. Dr. De Koven, founder of Racine Seminary, was the outspoken champion of the Real Presence of Christ in the sacrament of the altar. He had the courage of his convictions, and he won our respect and grateful admiration. But his very outspokenness was the ground of accusation against him by the low and broad churchmen. Our Dean, who was his intimate friend and sharer of his views, appeared as his defender in public. But the opposition prevailed, and a broad churchman, Phillips Brooks, got the bishopric. Not long after this episode another Episcopalian see became vacant, and the valiant defender of Dr. De Koven, our Dean, was proposed as candidate. Then charges of dangerously high churchmanship were launched against him, and his defence of Dr. De Koven was alleged in proof. Moreover, he was accused

of hearing confessions. This was undoubtedly the fact, as he was the chaplain to the Protestant Sisters of Mercy, and it was an open secret that he confessed them. But the possibility of wearing what we disrespectfully called the "magpie," the episcopal black satin rochet with the huge lawn sleeves, which would be so becoming to the little hands, of which he was so proud, made the good Dean lose his memory and lower his views. He asseverated that he was strictly orthodox, according to the plain meaning of the thirty-nine articles, that he did not hear confessions, and he got—I was going to say, the mitre, but mitres were used in his sect only as crests on paper and ornaments on chairs and tombstones.

Examinations were a curious thing at the seminary. The examiners adapted themselves marvelously to the examined. Every candidate's grade of churchmanship was pretty well known to the examiners, who dexterously put questions suitable to the religious convictions of those examined. No matter how unorthodox a man might be, the very obliging examiners were careful to avoid the crucial questions and to elicit only statements that would not shock the broad sensibilities of the examining board and students present.

At the close of the second year I was tired of the very prosaic life at the seminary and resolved to spend the third year of candidacy for holy orders in the University of Oxford. For this I had to obtain leave from the bishop, then the Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter. Although he was an old personal friend of my family, he did not favor my project, but, for lack of authority, could not forbid it. According to my advanced schooling, the correct thing on taking leave of your bishop was to kneel and ask his blessing, since there was no ring to kiss. The bishop lived in an English basement house, and he received me on the second floor. My leave-taking was at the head of the staircase, and I narrowly escaped being helped down the flight when I knelt for the blessing. I then and there resolved to choose a safe place before again asking an episcopal blessing.

The bishop, uncle of the present incumbent, was extremely tall, very thin and rather severe looking. He was of the old-fashioned school of churchmanship. The affairs of the diocese, minus the laying-on of hands in ordination and confirmation, were commonly said to be administered by a maiden daughter, who was by the profane called the vicar-general.

I carried out my intention and sailed in June for Europe. One of my fellow-students, who had formed the same plan as I had, preceded me by a couple of weeks. Our rendezvous was to be in Hanover, where we were to study German during the vacation.

My landing in Holland, the country of my forefathers, will never be forgotten. It is usual to uncover one's head in token of respect. In this instance I was spared the act, as shortly before landing at Rotterdam my only hat disappeared from the cabin table, on which I had confidingly placed it. Perhaps it was taken as an American curio. The result was extremely embarrassing to me and entirely marred my first impression of the fatherland of my forefathers. So disheartened was I that I took the first train to Hanover, where my friend awaited me.

He had secured board and lodging in the family of an ex-Hanoverian major, who, in consequence, was a cordial hater of the usurping king of Prussia and a most loyal adherent of the old blind ex-king. The household consisted of the major, his wife and daughter, a forward damsel of sixteen. We were really overpowered with their constant attention. And the German cooking! No disputing about tastes! We made progress in learning German, but at what costs! We were always *en famille*. We could not stir out of doors, unless accompanied, usually by the three. We had to resort to artifices. Sunday we declared exempt from company, as we had religious scruples on the subject. Then we discovered that there were two concert gardens, both high-grade. They recommended the Odeon and accompanied us there. In an unwary moment they disclosed the fact that the rival Tivoli was the resort of the hated Prussian garrison officers, and, consequently, was tabooed by all loyal Hanoverians. This threw the extra weight on the scale of Tivoli. We decided that the music at Tivoli was superior, and we forsook the Odeon and were freed from the company of the family on those evenings at least. The good-natured, motherly, fat Frau Majorin Candau got a terrible scolding from the Herr Major for once, in our simplicity, speaking of her to him as the Majorin without prefixing Frau. I was a great lover of flowering plants. She had placed some flower-pots on our window-sill. Now the window was in the third story, and, though in Germany, it was a French window. One day, when the wind was high, we went out for a walk and left the window open. When we returned, our reception was frigid in the extreme. The chill was

caused by the blowing down of a flower-pot, for which we were held guilty. When it occurred, shortly after, a second time, our guilt was so evident and our malice so prepense, that for a while they would not speak to us. We went out and bought a beautiful china jardinière with lovely growing flowers. The peace-offering was accepted with profuse expresssons of admiration for the gift and astonishment at our extravagance. However, we were tired of the uncertain temper of the toothless major, whose toothsome Hamburger steak was sometimes surreptitiously taken by us at table, instead of the tougher meat served on the same dish. We were tired of the pert Fräulein Mollie; tired even of the kind-hearted, but oppressive Majorin; and, above all, tired of the irascible Major. We decided that a trip to Berlin, Dresden, the Saxon Switzerland, Baden-Baden and other places of interest would be preferable to a longer sojourn in Hanover—the dullest of dull towns, although its inhabitants claim the purest pronunciation of German.

It so happened that the last of the conferences at Bonn on the Rhine was about to be held. It was our chance, and we embraced it. There were present representatives of the Church of England, the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Lutherans, old Catholics and Greeks—a motley collection. The language at the morning session was German; in the afternoon, English was spoken. Dr. Döllinger, leader of the so-called old-Catholic schism, was the chief speaker. The supposed machinations of the Jesuits seemed to be his *pièce-de-resistance,* and on this he harped. The Greeks, though represented, held themselves aloof, and would not join in any religious exercise with the others. Of course, they soon discovered that many fundamental doctrines held by them were rejected by the Protestants. The result was—what might have been predicted—nothing. One novel bit of information was furnished by the Anglican bishop of Gibraltar. He informed us that he had jurisdiction over all southern Europe, and that, consequently, Rome was in his rather extensive diocese. Was Pius IX his suffragan? He did not vouchsafe to tell us who had granted him jurisdiction. Did southern Europe belong to the Province of Canterbury? How about the time-honored triple branch theory? But we must not look for consistency in such difficult questions.

A pleasant incident was our making the acquaintance of the celebrated preacher of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Canon Lid-

don, who was present at the conference. It was really providential, for it provided us a friend to introduce us to the Dons at Oxford, of which university Dr. Liddon was a professor.

My summer on the continent helped to moderate my decidedly puritanical ideas on the subject of Sunday observance. I had been brought up in the most rigid manner. As children no toys or playthings, or games, and no secular story-books or music were ever allowed. The day was devoted to church-going, catechism, learning texts and chapters of the Bible, reading goody-goody books and singing hymns. It would have been considered an awful breach to sing a ballad or read a novel, however standard it might be. Amusements of all kinds were prohibited. Baseball or sports of athletic nature were under the ban. Imagine what a contrast to all this a "continental" Sunday is! I was not converted to the latter, but an impression was made less antipathetic.

Our student life at Oxford was about to begin. As we intended to spend only one year there, it was useless to attach ourselves to any of the colleges. So we were what is known as unattached, or students at large—a very suitable condition for independent Americans.

We had charming rooms in a little house on the Iffley Road, in front of which was the broad level meadow of Christ Church cricket field. The convent of the Cowley Fathers, as they are commonly called, was quite near. And thereby hangs a tale—a sorrowful tale. I hobnobbed with the "Fathers," and was much impressed by their austerity. The neighboring church was served by them, and thither I went every morning and evening. My companion, who was a broad churchman, had very little sympathy with anything so advanced. But we never discussed, being aware of the futility of it.

As we were unattached, we enjoyed the liberty of the sons of God, and chose the lecturers we fancied. A couple of attendances at the lectures of the professor of dogmatic theology satisfied us, for they were as dry as dust. They were given in the venerable chapel of St. Frideswide, in Christ Church Cathedral, which was St. Frideswide's Abbey Church in pre-Reformation days.

Dr. Liddon gave very profoundly critical lectures on the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. His exegesis of the Greek was admirable, though extremely technical. But it was an education in the art of studying the original text.

I rather plumed myself on my knowledge of Hebrew at that time, as I had studied it two years in the General Theological Seminary. So I paid a visit to Dr. Pusey, who enveloped me completely in a wet blanket. He inquired if I were conversant with Aramaic, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, and I do not recall how many other oriental tongues. On my answering in a very crestfallen way that they were all unknown to me, he said that his lectures on Daniel would be quite useless, as they presupposed such knowledge. Noticing my drooping spirits, he added encouragingly that I might acquire a sufficient acquaintance with them in two years to profit by his class, and that then I might attend. He little appreciated the American spirit of rush that animated us. I was not altogether sorry, as I was not at all drawn to the great leader of the Oxford movement. He was not prepossessing in appearance or manner, and I wondered wherein his influence lay. Nor was I changed in my judgment when I afterwards heard him preach at St. Mary's, the University Church, in all the glory of a doctor's scarlet gown.

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH SEPARATION LAW.

THE word *Separation* as applied to the severance of the relations between Church and State in France has given rise to some misapprehension. If it be intended to mean that whereas formerly Church and State were one, now they are separated, it is a misnomer, since Church and State never were one in France. (See the introduction to Mr. W. H. Sloane's work on "The French Revolution and Religious Reform.") An illustration of the unity of Church and State was the Papal government before its fall in 1870. It is quite true, of course, that the Roman Catholic faith in France was recognized as the faith of the nation, and that where the great mass of the people profess a religion, property devoted to the use of such religion must be deemed to be for the use of the great mass of the people. But it may readily be seen that there is a wide divergence between such a condition and an absolute unity of Church and State. In the latter, the two entities are absorbed into each other under one organization, whereas in the former they subsist side by side, maintaining their respective identities and their separate functions.

No one can read the history of France intelligently without being convinced that these entities never coalesced there. The very constitution of the Catholic Church, which involves not alone the people but the hierarchy by which they are governed, itself headed by the Bishop of Rome, forbade any such union, unless the Bishop of Rome himself should be the ruler. And the only unity which existed consisted of *co-operation,* during which, from time to time, the influence of the one or the other power would seem to predominate in the measures adopted affecting the people.

So also is this manifested in the source from which property devoted to the use of the Church was derived, and the mode of its use. It was not crown property, free from taxation as such. It was derived from voluntary gifts.

During the centuries preceding the Revolution the property pertaining to the Church in France, and actually held by the Church under one title or another, grew by gradual accumulation to large proportions, and consisted of two classes: (1) The endowments held by the episcopal authority, the chapters, colleges and convents,

arising from donations for the care of the poor, the education of the clergy and the exercise of worship. Portions of this property consisted of real estate, wild lands which had been cultivated and enriched by the monks. (2) The parish property, consisting of the churches, cemeteries, parish houses and parish funds. These were held by the fabriques, or lay bodies, under the direction of ecclesiastical authority; the exercise of worship being under the sole direction of the bishops in their respective dioceses. The State never laid claim to property of either kind until the Revolution. It was taxed by the crown, and in each diocese there was a board of elected delegates presided over by the bishop, whose duty it was to apportion the tax among the inferior ecclesiastics. As to the nature of this title, its evolution, etc., I derive my information from "La Separation et les elections," by Jean Guiraud, published by Victor Le Coffre, 1906, citing "Etude sur le liber Censuum de l'église Romaine," by Paul Fabre, published by Thorin, 1892; also "Les Origines religieuses de la France, des Paroisses rurales," by De La Tour, published by Picard, 1900, and "Histoire des Institutions de l'Ancienne France," by Fustel de Coulanges, published by Hachette.

Then came the Revolution, and I cite the successive legislative steps to show how the present situation came about. On November 2, 1789, the Constitutional Assembly decreed as follows: "Que tous les biens ecclesiastiques sont *à la disposition de la nation* à la charge de pourvoir d'une manière convenable aux frais du culte a l'entretien de ses ministres et au soulagement des pauvres sous la surveillance et d'après les instructions des provinces. 2. Que dans les dispositions à faire pour subvenir à l'entretien de la religion, il ne pourrait être assuré à la dotation d'aucune curé moins de 1200 livres par année non compris le logement et le jardin en dependant." Which I translate as follows: "1. That all religious foundations are at the disposition of the nation, the latter, however, being under obligation to provide in a suitable manner for the cost of worship, the support of the clergy, and the relief of the poor under the supervision and direction of the provinces. 2. That in the maintenance of religion the salary of the parish priest shall not be less than 1,200 livres per annum, not including his house and garden." The original proposition had been that church property *is national property,* but was modified to this extent.

This decree covered only the property included in the first class

above mentioned, the fabriques being still left in possession of their property and the churches.

By the decree of April 20, 1790, it was provided that the budget of each year shall carry a sum "suffisante pour fournir aux frais du culte et de la religion catholique apostolique et romaine à l'entretien des ministres des autels, au soulagement des pauvres et aux pensions ecclesiastiques de manière que les biens mentionés au premier article (les biens ecclesiastiques) puissent être degagés et aux plus ponants besoins de l'Etat," or, in free English, "sufficient to meet the cost of worship of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, the maintenance of the clergy, the relief of the poor, and the payment of ecclesiastical pensions, to the end that the church foundations may be applied to the most pressing wants of the State."

On July 12, 1790, the civil constitution of the clergy was adopted whereby bishops and curés were to be elected by the people and take an oath to support the State, etc.

By the Constitution of 1791, Title 5, Art. 2, it was provided that "le traitement des ministres du culte catholique pensionés, conservés, élus en vertu des decrets de l'Assemblée Nationale Constituante fait partie de la dette nationale," or, in English, that "the burden of supporting the constitutional clergy be made part of the national debt."

A decree of the legislative assembly of August 19, 1792, then directed the sale of the property of the fabriques on payment to them of interest at four per cent. of their proceeds. This decree did not cover the churches, which were still suffered to be held by the fabriques. But on August 24, 1793, at the height of the Revolution, the convention suppressed the fabriques altogether and declared all their property national property, promising to supply the cost of worship. And again on November 3, 1793, it declared everything belonging to the fabriques, under whatever title, part of the national property, and allowed the citizens of the communes provisionally to use the churches for the exercise of worship under surveillance of the constituted authorities.

Then on September 18, 1794, the national convention voted "que l'Etat n'acquittera plus les frais ni les salaires d'aucun culte," or, in English, that "the State shall no longer provide the expense or salaries incident to any religious worship." And by decree of February 21, 1795, all forms of worship were allowed in the churches at the cost of the participants. Endowments for the support of wor-

ship were prohibited. And by decree of May 30, 1795, churches not sold were given over to the communes for meetings. Under the Directory which followed, the churches were given over to the worship of nature, or closed.

A consular decree of December 28, 1799, authorized the reopening of the churches and the constitutional clergy (*i. e.*, those who had been elected by the people and taken the oath under the civil constitution of the clergy of July 12, 1790), though the civil constitution was no longer in operation, exercised worship in the open, the older clergy in communion with Rome did so in secret and at the peril of their lives. But the latter far outnumbered the former, and Napoleon recognizing the necessity of a popular religion and that the majority of the people sided with the Church, decided to reinstate it under conditions. Hence the Concordat which in terms sets forth that the Catholic faith was the religion of the majority of the French people.

By Art. XII, "Toutes les églises metropolitaines, cathédrales, paroissiales et autres non alienées, necessaires aux cultes seront remises à la disposition des évêques," or, in English, all churches of every description not already disposed of, necessary for worship, are replaced at the disposition of the bishops. It will be noticed that the words "à la disposition" are the same as were originally used by the Assembly in 1789, when for the first time "les biens ecclesiastiques" were decreed to be "à la disposition" of the nation. And while by the subsequent decrees of August 24, 1793, November 3, 1793, and September 18, 1794, the convention appropriated the churches themselves and abolished the support of worship, it is none the less significant that upon the return of a stable government desirous of re-establishing worship, the same terms should be made in restoring control as were used in withdrawing it. And the word "remises" indicates the intent to restore the status.

By Art. XIII, "Sa Saineteté pour le bien de la paix et l'heureux rétablissement de la religion catholique declare que ni elle, ni ses successeurs ne troubleront en aucune manière les acquereurs des biens ecclesiastiques aliénés." or, in English, "His Holiness, for the sake of peace and the happy re-establishment of the Catholic religion, covenants that neither he nor his successors will in any manner question the title of those who have acquired the church foundations which have been alienated by the State."

By Art. XIV, "Gouvernement assumera un traitement con-

venable aux évêques et curés," or, in English, the Government shall provide suitable support for the clergy. And by Art. XV the Government is to take measures to enable the French Catholics to provide church foundations.

And the law of XVIII. Germinale An X provided that the convention passed the XXVI Messidor An IX between the Pope and the French government (*i. e.*, the Concordat) should be executed as the law of the Republic.

Under this compact the fabriques once more assumed ownership of the churches, and the Church authorities assumed the exercise of worship.

By the decree of July 16, 1803, "les biens de fabriques non alienés ainsi que les rentes dont elles jouissaient et dont le transfert n'a pas eté fait, sont rendu a leur destination," and "les biens de fabriques des églises supprimés seront remis a ceux des églises conservées et dans l'arondissement desquels ils se trouvent," or, in English, "the property of the fabriques not hitherto alienated, as well as the income derived therefrom not already transferred, are restored to them, and the property of the fabriques of churches which are done away with are handed over to such of the churches as are maintained in their respective districts (under the new order the boundaries of the dioceses were changed so as to do away with certain churches)."

And by the decree of May 30, 1806, "les églises et presbytères qui par suite de l'organization ecclesiastique seront supprimés font partie des *biens restitués* aux fabriques et sont remis à celles des curés ou succursales dans l'arondissement desquelles ils sont situés. Il pourront etre échangés, loués ou alienés au profit des églises et presbytères des chefs lieux," or, in English, "the churches and parish houses, which, by reason of the new order, are done away with, form part of the property restored to the fabriques and are assigned to the parishes in which they are situated. They may be exchanged, rented or sold for the benefit of the principal churches and parish houses."

Berien, who represented Bonaparte in the negotiations, wrote him that Art. XIV is the natural compensation for that which precedes it. "These two articles," said he in a letter to the Pope of January 26, 1801, "that which relates to the alienation of the property of the clergy and that which relates to their support, seem to form but one subject-matter ("semblent n'en faire qu'un")."

The agreement was accompanied by certain restrictions as to the Pope's authority in France, which I take to be foreign to the present inquiry.

The foregoing recital may then, as it seems to me, be summarized as follows:

1. Prior to the Revolution, the Catholic Church, as a distinct organization, held title to the property devoted to religious uses, whether lands, funds or churches, to which the State made no claim of title.

2. In 1789 the nation appropriated the endowments in consideration of the support of the clergy, and afterwards, during a period of disorder, temporarily seized the churches for the exercise of a worship of its own, which worship subsequently declined and disappeared.

3. On the reappearance of a stable government, by a compact between the State and the representative of the "religion catholique apostolique et romaine" (to the maintenance of which the decree of April 20, 1790, had appropriated the consideration for the confiscation of its property), the church edifices were restored to the Church under the same management as formerly, and in consideration of the Pope's assenting to the former confiscation of the church foundations the State agreed to support the clergy from that time forth.

And at this point I merely interject my conclusion from all that I have read of the French Revolution: that the original confiscation and circumstances which attended and followed it do not indicate a definite change of religious belief on the part of the French people at that era, but only a temporary unsettlement due to existing conditions. Otherwise how explain the universal acceptance of the Concordat and subsequent era, under all the violent changes of government, of adherence by the people to the old religion?

These governing conditions, as I read them, were principally the abuses both in State and Church which led to the revolt, the identification in the minds of the people of the old régime with the old religion, owing to the sympathies of the Church party with the emigrés who were seeking alliances with foreign nations for the purpose of reinstating the Bourbons by force; the schism in the Church itself, brought about by the constitution of the clergy whereby the patriot part became identified with the civil clergy, thus compelling the people to decide between their country and their

old religion, the spread of free thought and defiance of authority generally, and finally the general tendency to centralization which had always characterized the French rule, and whereby the masses, instead of influencing their representatives, are themselves in large part controlled and directed by the governing authorities to the smallest detail. History gives but little account of the daily happenings among the people themselves during the course of the Revolution, except in Paris and the larger cities, while the daily doings of the convention and of the men who controlled it occupy volumes. Secret agents were constantly sent out from Paris, as we know, to influence the people; and, notwithstanding, the Government was always obliged to be on the alert with armed force to suppress the revolt of the peasants against the execution of laws which deprived them of their ancient faith, as witness the uprising in Vendée, Maine et Loire, and elsewhere, and the opposition to the suppression of the church bell as late as 1797, which occasioned the remark of one of the delegates in the assembly (quoted by Sloane in "The French Revolution and Religious Reform," p. 220): "You cannot conceal from yourselves that almost the totality of the French people profess the Catholic religion. I do not see, therefore, why you should forbid the common means of calling the citizens to worship."

The Concordat was followed by the Organic articles, decreed as a purely secular measure and never submitted to the Pope, but sought to be justified as a police regulation. Their interpretation, as well as that of succeeding laws by which the secular power came to be represented in the fabriques, gradually gave rise, through the constant interposition of the State, to questions as to the nature of the title of the fabriques, whether religious or secular. In the main the settlement remained in force until the agitation of unbelievers and the gradual growth of religious indifference on the part of the majority of the people culminated in the present separation law; and the question arises whether under all the circumstances this law is a just one.

Much has been written on the subject of the religious crisis in France, and upon the merits of the separation law. While of course there must necessarily be prejudice to remove, it is evident that the temper of the American people requires a fair and just statement of the facts before they form their final conclusion. Various efforts have been made by temperate men to put both sides

of the controversy in a fair way. Recently one address has come under my notice which, as it is typical of the attitude of many people who wish to hold themselves above any atmosphere of prejudice, I have thought it well to examine with some degree of care (address of William M. Salter before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago, January 6, 1907). This address advances substantially the following propositions:

1. As religious differences in a State multiply, the basis of a union of Church and State fails. 2. Inasmuch as a majority of the French people no longer profess the Roman Catholic faith, support of Catholic worship by the State is no longer justified, and accordingly a separation law was inevitable. 3. The existing separation law was necessary because "hitherto there had been a union of Church and State, and churches not having been private but public institutions, and the State being always the ultimate judge of property rights, it was incumbent on the State, when the churches became private, to say on what terms they could have the property they had hitherto enjoyed. A new status required a new law. The Church, save in special cases, had no property rights against the State; the State was the real, ultimate owner of what it possessed." 4. The new law is just, because the reduction in the support of the clergy is gradual; it assures to all parishes all the property they ever had, and all sects are treated alike. It merely applies the general law of associations to religious associations, under rules which in case of Catholic worship admit of the authority of the bishops. 5. The Pope's opposition arises from his contention that it is not the Church which owns the property but the head of the Church—the hierarchy—and the churches therefore should not be transferred to associations, but to the Pope or bishops in accordance with the new claims of infallibility.

These propositions emanating, as I believe, from one who is most desirous of judging impartially, do not, however, as it seems to me, represent the actual situation, nor meet it. This for reasons as follows:

As to 1 and 2. In the abstract it may be conceded that as religious differences in the State multiply, a union of Church and State (if the conditions existing in 1905 may be termed a union) is no longer possible; and if, as seems now to be the case, the majority of the French people no longer profess the Catholic faith, then, in the abstract, public support of its worship is not justified.

But it should be added that where the obligation of support has arisen as compensation for property formerly taken by the State to which it had no right, the exercise of good faith on the part of the nation requires that some adjustment should be had, upon the withdrawal of such support, satisfactory to both parties to the original agreement. In the present case the second party was not even advised of the intent to make a change.

As to (3) the necessity for the existing separation law, in view of what precedes, I cannot admit that the separation, so-called, marks a transition of the churches from public to private institutions, and that it was consequently incumbent on the State as the *ultimate owner to declare on what terms the Church could have the property*. On the contrary, I submit that the churches were only public institutions in that they were supported by public funds in recompense for foundations of which they had been deprived. And unless it be shown that Church and State always were identical, how can the State claim title? But if they were identical, they when they separate, why should the State claim for its separate use (as we shall see it does on examining the law) any part of what was heretofore designed for the religious use, such as seminaries, episcopal residences and parish houses?

Then as to (4) whether the separation law is just or unjust, would seem to me to depend upon the question whether it fairly recognizes the fact in making the separation that the religious use is distinct from the secular uses, and entitled to full liberty *within its own sphere,* both as to the exercise of worship and the dominion over its property. Guided by this principle, I proceed to consider the terms of the law.

By its provisions, all (so-called) public religious establishments are suppressed (Art. II). Inventories are to be taken of their property (Art. III). All church edifices, parish houses, seminaries and all their belongings are declared to be the property of the State (Art. X). These properties must be transferred within a year to associations for worship formed under the laws, composed of a certain number of persons, the number being dependent on the number of inhabitants of the locality (Arts. X, XIX). These associations must render an annual account and inventory of their property to the secular authority (Art. XXI). Their revenue is limited to a fixed amount as per scale. Their funds cannot be used for any other purpose than the cost of worship (Art. XXII). If the

churches and their belongings are claimed by more than one association for worship in the same locality, the Council of State is to determine which is entitled (Art. VIII). All meetings for worship are to be public, and under surveillance of the authorities, nor can they take place except after a declaration as prescribed by law for public meetings, indicating where they are to be held (Art. XXV). The associations for worship are to be allowed the use of the parochial houses and seminaries for five years only, and the episcopal palaces for two years, after which they are turned over to the State. So also the State will enter into possession under any one of the following circumstances: (a) if the association disbands, (b) if worship is suspended for six months, (c) if the church is not maintained in a proper state of repair, the associations being obliged to assume existing debts, (d) if the association fails to carry out its purposes or the church is used for any other purpose than worship, (e) if the property is unclaimed for two years after the law is enacted. And the Council of State is to be the judge as to the existence of any of these conditions (Art. XIV). The members of the association are responsible under penalties for the infraction of the law in any particular (Art. XXIII). All property held by ecclesiastical establishments subject to any charitable use other than worship is to be turned over to other public associations instituted for such purpose (Art. VII). On the other hand, the State allows an old age pension for clergymen living at the time of the passage of the law, and a four-year pension for all others, graded, but not to exceed 1,500 francs per annum. Some changes have been made in the law by subsequent enactments, but in the main, as I understand, it stands as enacted.

I gather from these provisions (1) that all church property of whatever kind, originally intended for the use of Catholic worship, is henceforth the property of the nation, though the professed reason for the law is that the nation is *not Catholic;* (2) that so far as this property consists of seminaries and parochial houses necessary to the maintenance of Catholic worship, even the use of these places for the purpose for which they were erected is to cease after five years, when the State will take them over; (3) that the support promised to the clergy in compensation for property heretofore contributed for religious uses, but seized by the State and devoted to secular purposes, is to be shortly withdrawn altogether; (4) that in a time of transition between State support and voluntary assist-

ance by the people, before the people have become educated to the idea of popular support of religion, the Church has thrown upon it the burden of carrying the church edifices and maintenance of its seminaries, etc., under threat of losing them altogether if not maintained from the outset in the manner indicated, and is at the same time shorn of its revenue from all sources except the temporary and decreasing salaries of the clergy.

Now I do not deem it to be in the least disloyal to the faith which I have the happiness to profess, to admit that while the Church is a divine institution and doctrinally inerrant, nevertheless, so far as regards its temporalities, the human element of which it is composed may here or there, at one time or another, exceed its proper limitations whether through excessive zeal, mistaken judgment or personal ambition. In these days of difference and indifference in religious belief, I look therefore to see its right of property and its ministration surrounded by such restrictions as, in the judgment of an enlightened public opinion, with due respect to liberty of conscience and the sanctity of divine worship, may be deemed necessary in order to conserve the general public interest And I further submit that with the experience of England and the United States as examples of the best type of civilized government where liberty is guarded by law, there can in these days be no doubt as to what measure of liberty of worship and of the use of property for such purpose is compatible with the public weal.

Based on these considerations, I can see nothing in the conduct of the Church in France in the government of its temporalities since the Concordat, which has so far opposed the public interests, as to demand such repressive measures as this law provides. On the contrary, its charities alone, administered on a scale and with a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which has excited the admiration of the entire world, have served as a model for all mankind, while the piety and zeal of its priesthood has left no blemish upon the fair name of the Mother they serve so well. If, indeed, it has been found that the majority of the French people have become indifferent to religion (not indeed by any transfer of allegiance to other cults, but in response to the atheistic tendencies of the day), and desire to be relieved of the burden of supporting a religion which they do not profess, then, unless the very principles of morality itself be included in their change of heart, the proper course would certainly have been to endeavor to arrange a fair

and equitable settlement of a binding obligation with the party with whom it was contracted. This concededly has not been done, but, on the contrary, as I read the law, a measure has been adopted, entirely one-sided in its conception and execution, which involves confiscation of property and oppression as to the exercise of worship. As such, it involves a breach of the moral law, and in my humble judgment will not stand the test of a reviving public conscience.

As to (5) the ground for the Pope's desiring the title to be placed in him or the hierarchy being founded on the recent definition of Papal infallibility, I need only recall the fact that the Concordat itself was signed by the Pope. The claim to infallibility in doctrine, even if it were new, has not altered the organization of the Church, and when our dissenting brethren of every faith point to the encroachments of the Papal power in point of jurisdiction they do not stop at the definition of 1870, nor even at the period of the Reformation, but reach far back into the misty ages of faith for the point of divergence. At that era I am content also to allow the controversy to rest without reviving it here.

J. PERCY KEATING.

July 31, 1907.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE LOMBARD PLAINS.

A Pilgrim's Notes and a Glimpse at Bobbio, the Home of Ireland's Great Apostle, St. Columbanus.

Leaving Florence, the fair city of flowers, in the green and perfumed freshness of early morning, I watched the cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore fade in the distance as the train began to ascend the Appenines on the way to Bologna. Very soon the pretty, picturesque Florentine hills, studded with their charming villas, are left behind. Roses in trellised luxuriance no longer abound, and I miss ever more the semi-tropical vegetation mingled with the dark gloss of the ilex and the spires of the cyprus cut clear against the intense sapphire of the cloudless skies that form their background, and the huge bunches of cactus protruding their prickly and livid leaves from crannies in old masses of masonry.

The mountains among which the road now leads us looks to me bare, but the country through which I pass has a charm without which no mountain scenery is, in my estimation, perfect. Scarcely a mile of this journey is without a roaring torrent bounding and foaming, first on one side of the road, and then on the other. The heavy rains which had lately fallen had doubtless augmented these streams very advantageously for their effect in the landscape. These lovely scenes through which we are now passing are composed for the most part of lofty rocks, deep and verdant valleys, dark pine trees, vineyards here and there and a rough, rapid stream; but often varied and animated by a chalet, a ruined castle, a rude bridge, or a group of figures in excellent keeping with the objects around. While now and then a village church, so beautiful in its humble holiness that it might well become the object of a pilgrimage at which thanks and praise should be offered to the Creator of nature, rises above the wooden and tiled roofs, and seems to breathe peace and charity upon spots that, without it, would look savage in their wildness. On rushes our train, now diving into long tunnels, and anon emerging from them to prospects of new and more striking scenery as we gradually draw near the summit of the Appenine, at which we arrive at last, and behold Pistoia in the midst of the vast plain far beneath us, whilst the winding ascent of the moun-

PANORAMA OF FLORENCE.

of bronze flowers with which the summit of the weather-cock is decorated.

The general character of the country around Modena is decidedly pastoral; here the traveller begins to get an idea of the "golden plains of Lombardy." What luxuriant crops, and what fields of the softest herbage that nature has spread for that meek and milky tribe which here forms the husbandman's chief wealth! What added greatly to the beauty of the scene was that the men, women and children were poured out on their lovely lawns (for I cannot call them fields) to make their second crop of hay. No wonder indeed that the butter produced here is sent all over Italy. Far away, the slopes of the distant hills are covered with vineyards, and the wines produced in this region are much prized, above all the full flavored and fruity "Lambrusco."

Naturally the principal commerce is agricultural, and as the streets are used as a mart for the disposal of farm produce, etc., they generally present a most animated appearance. I noticed that the men were tall and well built, and the women of a special type which I have not met elsewhere in Italy. Generally speaking, they have light, small figures, and charming, delicate, brunette faces, admirably set off by the light veil thrown over their heads, Spanish fashion. Whilst watching them conversing and discussing with each other, I noticed the absence of gesticulation so prevalent in the south, and many other peculiarities which become more pronounced as one draws near Milan.

I find that the Lombards do not like to be confounded with the Italians of other provinces: let us understand each other, they say; we are Italians, but first we are Lombards; that is to say, a race that thinks and works, that prefers the noise of machines to the sound of the mandolin. They do not envy the romantic reputation of the Southerners, nor do they grudge them the praises of poets and the illustrations of artists; they are satisfied with being the most serious and laborious people in Italy. They admit that their Southern brethren possess wit and imagination, that they speak well and are amusing; but they claim for themselves more will-power, a greater aptitude for science and commerce, and above all—character.

The Lombard speaks succinctly and to the point, and, like all Italians, prefers to converse in dialect. I found it difficult to seize the sense of a single sentence of this dialect, and this recalls an

PARMA—CATHEDRAL AND BAPTISTERY (XII AND XIII CENTURIES).

CASTLE OF FONTANELLATO, NEAR PARMA.

amusing incident. Whilst walking in the country with a friend who spoke only pure Italian, he addressed some peasants, who answered him in dialect. "Speak Italian," remonstrated my friend, "I cannot understand you." But they did not understand him, and turning to me in despair, he remarked: "We might as well be in Africa." On the other hand, I have heard Southerners remark that the Lombards, like their Teutonic ancestors, are a harsh, positive people with minds intent on commerce and mechanics, and taunt them with their disdainful airs and pedantic gravity.

Arriving in Parma on a tranquil summer evening, I forcibly realized the truth of a remark which had frequently been made to me, that strangers, on seeing this city and Modena for the first time, feel at a loss to reconcile the quietude of the streets with the splendor of the palaces with which they abound. It is true that the streets ought to furnish some token of the pomp which should naturally follow the possession of such splendid dwellings, but all is explained when one remembers that these towns were formerly capitals of petty states in which the reigning dukes held court with regal splendor, receiving a continued succession of royal visitors, principally members of the Imperial House of Austria, to whom the nobility and subjects of the dukes vied with each other in doing honor. The fact that each duchy had its own army also contributed additional brilliancy to these cities. Since the annexation of the duchies to the kingdom of Italy all is changed; the court and all the appurtenances of state and court life are now centred in Rome, and the cities are bereft of all their former splendor.

The cathedral of Parma is very ancient, having been commenced in the twelfth century; the works of art with which it is adorned are splendid and numerous—for instance, the frescoes of the cupola were the last work executed by the celebrated painter Correggio. This church alone renders a visit to Parma imperative upon all antiquarian travellers, and though I look upon such treasures but darkly, I would not have missed the wondering examination of them for a great deal, and it is with difficulty that I refrain from a detailed description which would take up far more space than can be spared to me. Therefore I pray the reader not to suppose that I could find no more to say about it. Lofty roofs with marble walls, spanned by graceful arches; fine naves crowned with splendid domes adorned with beautiful frescoes and mosaics, superb statues, wonderful paintings, grand altars which from base to pinnacle look

like solid gold, walls of whose material it is impossible to guess, so closely are they covered by monuments, pictures, statues, ex votos, and so forth, but I can only allude to all this on the principle of *guarda e passa.*

The stately ducal palace contains the gallery of fine arts, picture gallery and library, museum, archives, and Farnese Theatre. There are four of Correggio's masterpieces in the picture gallery, and I also noticed some splendid specimens of Caracci, F. Francia and Van Dyck. I was told that the library contains 140,000 volumes, 100,000 engravings, and 12,000 pieces of music.

The suburbs of Parma are charming; old feudal castles meet your gaze here and there. I visited that of the illustrious Counts San Vitale at Fontanellato, which gives a perfect idea of the ancient arrangements of those feudal homes. The castle, which is now the centre of a village, stands isolated and is surrounded by a moat, the old drawbridge being replaced by a solid stone structure. The castle contains several large rooms, the beautiful antique furniture of which has been jealously preserved, every piece remaining in the place it occupied in centuries gone by, and all looking as if some of the ancient lords might enter at any moment. One hall has a special interest. The noble hall of knights, trimly kept, is of fine dimensions, the proportions perfect, and the walls covered by a series of life-size family portraits, warriors and prelates, from the founder of the family to the present heir. Many of these portraits are of curious antiquity, and yet in such excellent preservation that one might fancy the days of feudal dignity not yet over, when knights jousted to beguile the time between their battles, and slept away the idle hours in which they could not hunt.

The armory of the Vitale family was formerly celebrated for its richness, variety, and perfection. To the regret of subsequent heirs, it was presented to the state by a former lord of the castle, and is now one of the gems of the royal armory at Turin. The history of this ancient city is most interesting. From the time it was conquered by the Romans, 123 B. C., it underwent many vicissitudes, and was for a long time the scene of violent intestine wars. From 1541 to 1731 it was the residence of the princes of the house of Farnese, which gave to the Church the celebrated Pope Paul III, in whose reign the Society of Jesus was founded. It was through this Pope's munificence that the magnificent Church

MODENA—APSE OF THE CATHEDRAL AND CAMPANILE "LA GHIRLANDINA."

PIACENZA—THE CATHEDRAL (ROMANESQUE).

of the Gesu in Rome was built, and, on that account, it is often referred to as the Farnesian Temple.

My host at Fontanellato desiring to visit a mutual friend, I was much pleased to accept his offer to drive me through the golden plain to the fine old city of Piacenza. This city was founded 200 years before Christ. It was sacked by the Carthagenians during the second Punic war, and after numerous sieges and conflicts, it finally passed, during the Middge Ages, to the house of Farnese. Duke Sforza at one time reduced its citizens to slavery and sold 10,000 of them into bondage. With the exception of the granite-paved Piazza Cavalli and the Via and Piazza del Duomo, this city also has a deserted appearance. The town hall in Piazza Cavalli is an imposing and well preserved palace, formerly the residence of the Lords of Piacenza. In front of this building are the bronze statues of Alexander and Ranuccio Farnese, by Mocchi, a pupil of John of Bologna. Alexander was the same duke who commanded the armies of Philip II in the Low Countries, and took Antwerp in 1535.

There are over three hundred churches in Piacenza. Taking its size into consideration, I think few cities of Italy can vie with it in well-preserved and interesting churches, convents and fine old family palaces. Many of its ancient noble families continue to reside here, but very few indeed have retained even a semblance of the riches of their ancestors. The cathedral, Lombard-Romanesque, which dates from the twelfth century, has been completely restored, thanks to the zeal of the late Bishop, Mgr. Scalabrini, and amongst its many art treasures are some fine frescoes by Caracci. In fact, there are few churches in this city which do not possess some masterpieces by the old Italian painters. The church and cloister of San Sisto, by Bramante, are perfect jewels. It was for the high altar of this church that Raffael painted his celebrated "Madonna di San Sisto," now the principal gem in the gallery at Dresden. The original has been replaced by a fair copy, and I was sorry to undeceive a good old monk who fondly imagined that we were in the presence of the original, whilst that at Dresden, which I had frequently admired, was a copy: "*che vuole! ci hauno rubato la nostra cara Madonna*" (they have stolen our dear Madonna), he answered sadly.

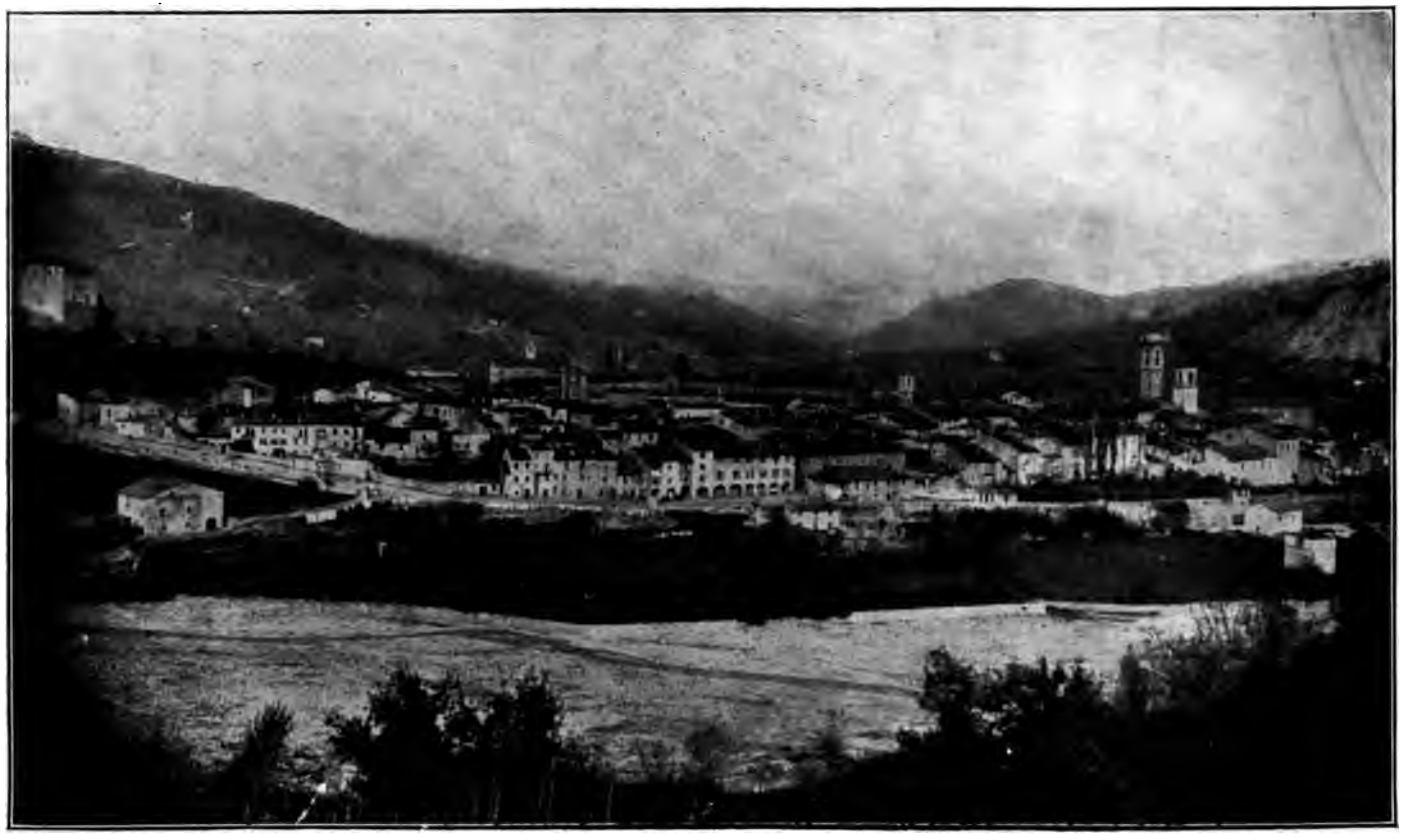
In former times the Catholics of Italy, and especially the nobility, were most anxious to entrust the education of their children to the Jesuit Fathers, and to this fact the number of massive buildings

which are pointed out in so many of the principal cities of Italy, as former colleges of the Society of Jesus, afford ample testimony. Each of the towns I have just visited possessed such colleges, and here in Piacenza, the former college occupies an entire block. The public library is located in one of their buildings, and is principally composed of valuable books and manuscripts which formerly belonged to their library; the church to which this building is annexed was also their property. Of course when the Italian government confiscated Church property in 1873, all these houses were taken from the Society of Jesus.

In looking at such structures as the cathedrals and other monumental buildings, no wonder is excited by seeing that they still exist as perfect and as beautiful as when their fanciful and most skilful architects saw the last pinnacle of each completed, more wonderful would it have been had any race of men been found who would not have guarded and preserved such precious treasures.

Remembering that, when I have leisure, I much prefer a drive to being whisked along by a stream trolley, a friend called for me in his dog-cart, in which, behind a roan cob, we were soon driving briskly along the road to Niviano, which leads through an exceedingly pretty valley overspread by rich fields of corn, whilst the shallow but sparkling Trebbia enlivened the landscape.

A forty minutes' drive brought us in sight of the church to which the modest *canonica* (parish priest's house) is attached, and we soon descried Don Francesco discussing with an elderly gentleman, who evidently had his own views in regard to a load of farm produce which stood near. They came to greet us as we pulled up, and I was agreeably surprised to hear myself welcomed in English, with a decided American accent, by the father of our host who, as I afterwards learned, had spent several years in California. Having breakfasted, greatly to the contentment of our travelled appetites, a pleasant conversation ensued, during which I was often called upon to bear witness that the statements made by the old gentleman as to the superiority of the American soil and system of farming, etc., were not exaggerated. Mutual reminiscences of America made our afternoon's walk very pleasant. Calling my attention to his cornfields, which I considered very luxuriant, he assured me that the corn raised on the same quantity of land in America would be worth the double of this on account of the superior quality of the grain. I also learned how irrigation is managed in this region.



VIEW OF BOBBIO.

BASILICA AND MONASTERY OF ST. COLUMBANUS.

Several streams traverse the country, and the proprietors have a right of property in that portion of a stream which passes through their land. Of this they profit by allowing neighboring farmers to tap the stream and convey the water to their land, which it is allowed to flood. The charge for this convenience is from two to five dollars per hour, according to the power of the stream. He assured me that an hour's good flow is, generally speaking, sufficient for two acres. For many reasons agricultural machines have not yet come into general use. About an hour's distance from Niviano are some petroleum wells which give employment to many persons, and this industrial development seems to have a promising future in the locality. The cultivation of silk forms an important agricultural industry in this region, and has made Milan one of the principal silk markets of Europe. Hemp and linen yarns, tissues, prepared fruit and vegetables, together with their famous cheeses and different qualities of salami, are the principal exports of Lombardy.

The road which leads from Niviano to Bobbio traverses the fertile and well-cultivated plain between the Niore and the Trebbia; it then skirts the first hills of the Piacentine Alps, which form a most charming aspect, and finally enters the Valle del Trebbia, coasting along the bank till it reaches Bobbio. This road, which on passing Bobbio leads on to Genoa, is wide and always level in the plain, and even when it enters the valley it has few hills and these are very gentle. On this account it is much favored, not only for carriage driving, etc., but also by numerous motor-cycles and motor-cars, which speed over the road between Genoa and Piacenza in a very short time.

Besides the ordinary means of transport, a line of steam trains has been running for about thirty years between Piacenza and Rivergaro, a town situated at the mouth of Val-Trebbia and about half-way between Bobbio and Piacenza. The traveller passing over this road for the first time is struck with admiration of the beauty and fertility of the country, studded with houses in the midst of high trees, now isolated, now gathered in groups. But his admiration increases when he has ascended the first hills, because the eye then takes in at a glance the verdant hills mounting high like waves and pursuing each other up to the highest mountains which close in the horizon.

Here every village has a history of its own, and many still pre-

serve conspicuous monuments of the same. Mediæval castles tower here and there, especially on the most isolated hills; but for the most part they are abandoned and in ruins. Worthy of mention is that of Grazzano, near the station where the tramway forks for Val-Trebbia on one side and Val-Niore on the other. This castle has been restored by its new proprietor, Count Visconti di Modrone, and restored to its primitive state. On the same road is another castle, that of Niviano, which, though now of no importance, recalls, nevertheless, an important historical episode. On the site of this castle and the neighboring hills, Livy tells us, the Roman legions were encamped which were defeated at the ford of the Trebbia by Hannibal. The account given by the Roman historian is confirmed by an ancient inscription, found on the spot, which commemorates the victory of the celebrated Carthagenian general.

From Niviano can be seen, on the other side of the Trebbia, the castle of Rivalta, ancient feud of the noble Piacentine family Landi, which is still well preserved. From the top of its fine tower could be seen the two armies, that of the Russians, commanded by Sowaroff, and that of the French, led by Macdonald, which in 1799, for two days, fought for the domination of Italy. The French, being defeated, retired by Bobbio to Genoa.

At Rivergaro begins the valley through which the Trebbia runs and which is both large and beautiful. On entering this valley the square castle of Montechiaro presents itself before you like a sentinel that has been placed on guard over the passage.

Here the landscape begins to be really rugged and mountainous. The peaks rise to a considerable height, some of them entirely devoid of vegetation, as indeed are nearly all the middle Apenines.

On passing the Perino, which flows into the Trebbia and gives its name to a little town, the valley shrinks so much that it seems about to close up until, on arriving at that point, the landscape suddenly changes its aspect. The mountains on each bank have come so close that they seem to touch each other. A pretty little three-arched bridge gives access to the left bank. But whilst crossing the rocky gorge, one perceives that the horizon opens suddenly on the other side. There the valley spreads ample and verdant, flanked on each side by mountains covered with oak and beech woods. Not far off appears the solitary and graceful little town of Bobbio, smilingly glancing at us from her verdant nest, sheltered by the stately Apenines from the heights of which stretches a vast and beau-

CONVENT AND TOWER OF ST. COLUMBANUS.

FRONT OF THE BASILICA OF ST. COLUMBANUS.

tiful panorama of the Lombard Plains, bounded on one side by the sea whilst the Trebbia winds most enticingly beneath on its way through the plain to join Italy's greatest river, the Po.

Bobbio, including its suburbs, counts about 20,000 inhabitants. The exact date of its foundation is not known, but it is almost certain that it was a witness of the wars between Hannibal and the Romans. It is, however, a fact that when St. Columbanus arrived at Bobbio in the year 590, he found a Christian basilica, dedicated to St. Peter, which was crumbling to pieces from age. Local tradition has it that the Apostle Peter himself was the first to preach the Faith at Bobbio; be that as it may, it is certain that one of his numerous disciples carried on, if he did not begin, the conversion of the people.

Of course space is too restricted to give any account of the holy life of St. Columbanus; his apostolic labors and saintly death are, however, well known, at least to Irish Catholics, as the subject has already been treated by many eminent writers. The fame of his great sanctity soon drew around him a large number of holy men eager to place themselves under his rule, and the monastery of St. Columbanus soon became famous as a seat of sanctity and ecclesiastical learning, and through the early Middle Ages shone like a beacon over Northern Italy. Unfortunately, after some time it began to lose its vigor, for in the second half of the fifteenth century there were only a few monks of St. Columbanus living in the ancient monastery at Bobbio, and these were induced to join the Benedictine Order of Padua. Thus the monastery of St. Columbanus was transferred to the Order of St. Benedict.

On taking possession of the monastery the Benedictines immediately proceeded to rebuild the ancient basilica of the Irish saint, and through their munificence it was soon transformed into the noble and massive building which to this day remains in perfect preservation. It is much to be regretted, however, that in demolishing the greater part of the old edifice, many of the early records of St. Columbanus' time, which were embedded in the walls of the old basilica, were lost.

The temple raised by the Benedictines in the fifteenth century is a mixture of Gothic and Lombard architecture. A porch supported by seven pointed arches runs along the front. It is shaped like a Latin cross, 52 metres long and 28 wide. The interior consists of a central nave and two aisles, off which are several chapels. Many

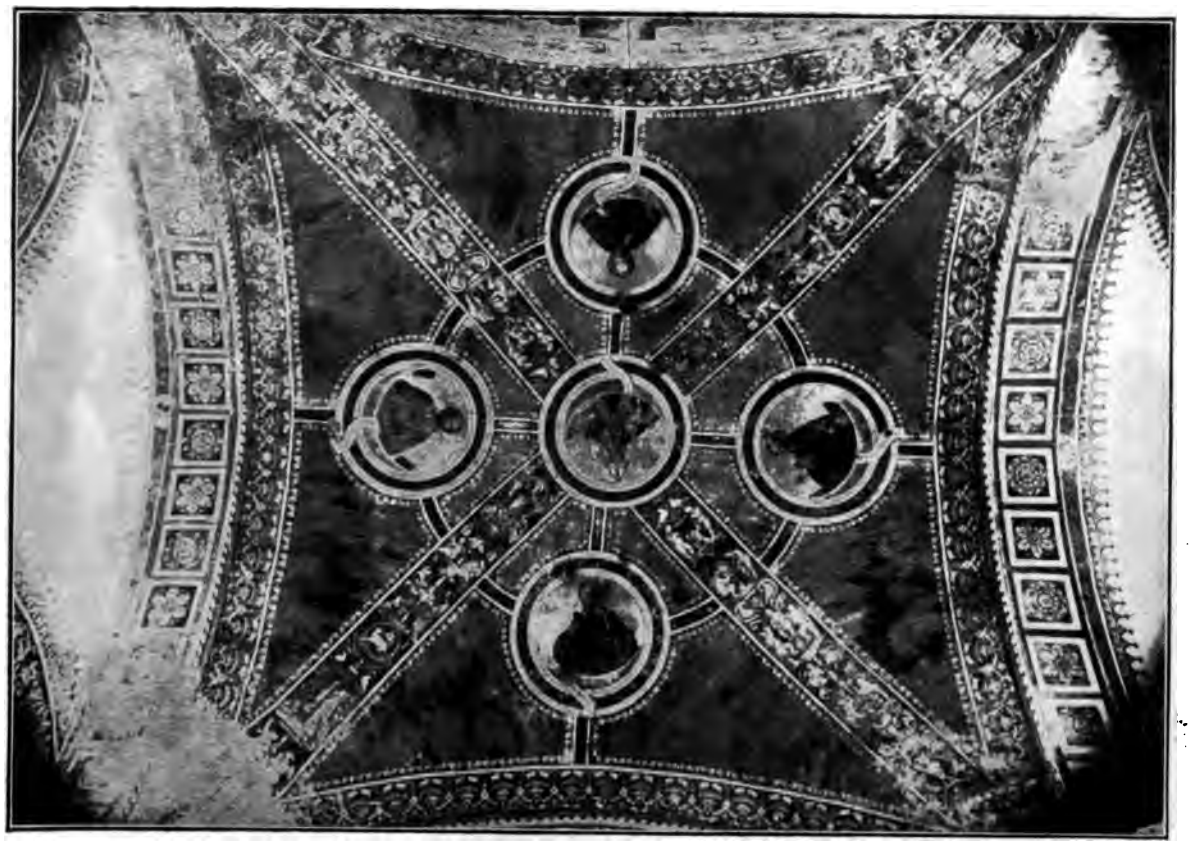
fine pictures, principally of the Lombard school, adorn the chapels, the entablatures of the nave, and the arched roof. Some precious relics are preserved in the crypt, which is beneath the high altar.

The body of the saint is preserved in a wooden urn, which the present Bishop of Bobbio, Mgr. Castelli, earnestly desires to replace as soon as possible by one more worthy of its venerated contents. If Bobbio happened to lie in the beaten track of visitors to Italy, it is certain that some worthy son of Erin's Isle would have long ago seen that the sacred remains of this great Irish saint were provided with a fitting receptable.

Looking around the crypt I noticed a few things which recalled the times of the saint, amongst which were some relics of the ancient basilica; a few marble friezes, distinctly Irish in design, recalling many I had seen during my wanderings in Ireland. There is also a wrought iron railing and gateway, which, in the ancient basilica, shut out the crypt from the body of the church. Tradition attributes the execution of this railing and gate to the disciples of the saint, and modern archeological researches have by no means disproved this old tradition; finally, there is a beautiful Roman urn of alabaster, which tradition says was presented to St. Columbanus by Pope Gregory the Great.

These few details are all that remain of the basilica of St. Columbanus; most of it was unfortunately sacrificed through the anxiety of the fifteenth century architect to have everything as ideal and as modern as possible. The monastery, too, having been rebuilt, very little remains that can be traced back to the times of the Irish saint. The adjoining tower is the oldest of the three buildings. It is said to have been erected in the twelfth century over the foundations of one which had been built by St. Columbanus; or perhaps by his disciples soon after his death.

Naturally the monastery shared the consequences of the turbulent times through which the North of Italy passed in the Middle Ages. During one convulsion the good monks were put to flight and the monastery was turned into a fortress. When a period of calm returned it became a convent once more. When Italy was invaded by the armies of Napoleon at the end of the eighteenth century the monks were once more expelled, and the monastery was adapted to the use of the public offices. As a matter of course it suffered an irreparable loss through the dispersion of its precious library which had been its pride for nearly nine centuries.



BASILICA OF ST. COLUMBANUS, MIDDLE NAVE, DETAIL OF THE CEILING.

This unique library was sold by public auction in the square of Bobbio on the eighteenth of June, 1803, and, strange to say, knocked down to an Irishman named Butler, a doctor practising at Bobbio, and who, very likely, had been one of the French entourage. The precious library realized the ridiculous sum of 55 francs! This splendid collection contained a great number of rare and most valuable books, besides a good number of Latin and Irish manuscripts, which had been brought from Ireland and France by St. Columbanus himself or his Irish and French pupils. It moreover contained all the *codices* and books which St. Gregory the Great gave to the Saint, as well as those which Pope Honorius presented to Abbot Bertophus III. Prior to 1803, however, that is to say between 1400 and 1620, many of the *codices* and books were taken away from Bobbio to enrich the Brera Library at Milan and the Vatican Library in Rome; nevertheless a great number of *codices*, palimpsests and rare books fell into the hands of Dr. Butler.

It is much to be regretted that this countryman of St. Columbanus did not give his native country the option of purchasing this precious library, which is now dispersed throughout Europe. One of the liturgical *codices* is at Oxford, another at Cambridge. Some went to Paris, others to Naples, Vienna, Madrid and other places, but the greater number were acquired for the National Italian Library at Turin, where many of them were reduced to ashes during a disastrous fire which occured there in 1904. Unfortunately, these were some of the most precious, consisting of old *codices* and palimpsests, both Latin and Irish, dating from the sixth to the eleventh centuries. After the downfall of Napoleon, the Benedictines entered once more into possession of their monastery, and flourished until the new Italian régime was instituted under Victor Emmanuel, when it was confiscated like so many other religious buildings. Now, in the great, solemn home of piety and learning, the law courts are established, together with public schools and the different offices of the Bibbio municipality.

Despite all these changes, the memory of the great Irish saint is still cherished at Bobbio. The pretty little town is identified with St. Columbanus, and every few steps brings one into the presence of something which recalls him to mind. *Mortuus adhuc loquitur* (Though dead he speaks).

The neighboring bridge over the Trebbia is named after him; Saint Columbanus' peaks rise behind the town; and the caves in

CELEBRATED RAILING (IX OR X CENTURY) IN CRYPT OF THE BASILICA OF ST. COLUMBANUS.

the surrounding mountains are St. Columbanus' Cave; and whilst these exist, the name of the great Irish saint cannot perish from the spot where he lived and labored for the glory of the Living God, and where he passed to his reward on November 21, 615.

"Labor, study and prayer" was the motto of the saint, and through his fidelity to this, he raised for himself unconsciously an everlasting monument, and contributed an immortal glory to the land of his birth, the Island of Saints, whilst Italy was the richer and happier for the shelter and hospitality accorded to the great saint amidst the verdant dales and wooded mountains of Bobbio.

RICHARD M. VERVEGA.

THE FIDDLER.

I know 'tis low the August moon is ridin',
In lacy clouds her face she's hidin',
  An' smilin', too, the clouds between;
For in the balmy summer weather
The colleens an' the lads together
  Are dancin' on the village green.

I hear them near an' whirlin' gaily by me,
Many's the love word whispered nigh me,
  It's then we smile, the moon and I;
Sure, lave them alone to their romancin',
It's young they are, an' why not dancin'?
  The old have time enough to sigh.

What sigh had I when youth was golden?
Faith, an' to none was I beholden,
  Nor thought to pay the fiddler's fee;
Now I'm dark, an' the youth time ended,
Alone an' feeble an' unfriended,
  Who is the fiddler?—who but me?

BLANCHE M. KELLY.

THE FIRST ENGLISH CATHOLICS IN AMERICA.(1)

In these days when the world is so burdened with light literature, it is a great relief to put one's hands on a book of the character of *The History of the Society of Jesus in North America*, by the Rev. T. Hughes, S.J. Although only the first volume has appeared, we feel we have a master-work. Its rather lengthy title was adopted to differentiate the book from Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, but both are misnomers; for Parkman does little else than talk about the missions of Brébeuf and his compaions, near Lake Huron, and Father Hughes' story is restricted to the labors of the Jesuits in the English-speaking part of the continent. The sections of the country colonized by the Spaniards are not included in his scope.

The "History" is planned on a gigantic scale. Its list of authorities reveals an amount of labor which is little else than stupendous. Faded and almost illegible letters had to be deciphered; archives ransacked; State papers of America, and England, and Holland and France painfully scrutinized; the Public Record Office of London and the MSS. of Lambeth and Fulham palaces delved into; the Barberini and Corsini and Vatican libraries of Rome searched with lanterns or rather electric lights; in a word, nothing was too great or too small for this ardent apostle of historical truth to pass by; and we are not surprised that he has emerged from this first battle against the spirits of darkness, that have so long ruled in the realms of history, with his health seriously impaired, but just as eagerly bent on pursuing the fight to the end. It was worth while to take the risk for such a cause.

Particularly valuable is his estimate of the sources from which he has drawn his information. While being an *apologia* for his use or rejection of them, it will serve as a most precious guide not only for the students, but the professors of history. It is absolutely free from anything like dictation, for the author gives his reasons for the faith that is in him, but as he has searched through and through his subject his judgment cannot be safely challenged.

(1) "The History of the Society of Jesus in North America," by Rev. T. Hughes, S.J.

The story does not begin with the arrival of Lord Baltimore's "adventurers" in America, but goes far back into the conditions that prevailed in England prior to the organization of the enterprise; so that we are enabled to understand the mental attitude of the Proprietary, his prejudices, his limitations, his extraordinary interpretations of his authority, his moral warp, his singular views of justice and truth, as well as the individuals he had to deal with. At the same time it helps us to see the spectre which loomed up long before in England and foredoomed the whole scheme to failure.

The Baltimores lived in the last days of James I and the beginning of the reign of Charles I. George Calvert, an Irish baron, was the secretary of King James, and became a Catholic. He immediately resigned his great office in spite of the wish of the king, but so little did his change of faith affect his social position and his political availability that James insisted upon his remaining in the Privy Council. There were twenty-five or six other Catholic lords in the realm at the time whose religion was no secret, and though technically outlaws, they remained undisturbed in their possessions. George Calvert was particularly outspoken in his profession of faith, and was regarded as almost fanatical.

Unfortunately, while their enemies were leaving them at peace, the Catholics were torn by domestic dissensions. A Prefect Apostolic of England had been appointed who took the title of Bishop of Chalcedon. With a singular disregard of the most ordinary dictates of prudence, he threw the whole Catholic body into a turmoil. "On taking charge of his post, January, 1625, he immediately created new vicars, archdeacons, registers, etc., erected a tribunal before which he required all last wills and testaments to be produced, investing it with judicial supervision over all pious legacies, marriages and baptisms, and even with the power of visiting the private houses of Catholics. The faithful were not to receive the sacraments even in case of necessity, save from such as he designated. He exacted of the laity an annual pension for himself and the clergy, and ordered the laity to receive his ministers and officials."

Against these provisions the nobles protested. They pointed out especially that the establishment of the tribunal proposed by the bishop might be regarded as high treason; and that its existence could not possibly be kept secret. Against this and the other clauses

a letter was drawn up in protest. Conspicuous among the signers was George Calvert. Then followed recriminations of all kinds; the bishop ascribing what he called rebellion chiefly to the Regulars, and expressing the desire that they should all withdraw from the country. The disorder became so great, the exasperation on both sides so intense and the danger so imminent, that the bishop offered his resignation, which the Pope made haste to accept.

In 1623 George Calvert, yet a Protestant, had received a charter for a colony in America, and a year and a half later became a Catholic. In 1627 he went to Avalon, in Newfoundland, which he found too cold a climate; and then tried Virginia, which he found too hot—not in its climate, but in the temper of its rulers. They knew Calvert's proclivities. In the midst of his struggles to realize his idea death came to him at the age of fifty or a trifle more, not, however, before securing another charter for Maryland. Cecilius Calvert, his son, succeeded to the charters and plans, but unfortunately not to the unyielding Catholicity, the large-mindedness, and wisdom and benignant disposition of his father. The inexperience and over-confidence of youth added to his energy and unpreparedness. Possibly also he was more of a courtier than his noble father, for we read that when the name of the new colony was being discussed, Cecilius regretted that the possibility of commemorating his majesty's fame had been preempted by the designation already adopted by the Carolinas. "Why not give it the name of the queen, then?" said Charles: "call it Mariana." "Not so," Cecilius hastened to reply. "Mariana is the name of a Jesuit who has written to advocate regicide." So Maryland was adopted, and in consequence, one of our states has been spared the humiliation of being known by the same name as the modern French Republic. She is called Marianne.

The Ark and the Dove finally set sail and came to America by the way of the West Indies, where Father Hughes calls attention to the ecclesiastical conditions prevailing there, which were very like what the travellers had been accustomed to in England, namely, ceaseless quarrels and bickerings about rights and privileges, which kept everyone in a ferment. The pilgrims finally landed on St. Clement's Island, where Mass was celebrated, March 25, 1634. "Having hewn a great cross out of a tree," says Father White's *Narratio*, "we took it on our shoulders, and going in procession to the place selected, the Governor, Commissioner and the other Catholics erected it as a trophy to Christ the Saviour." As the Catholics

were by no means the majority, the ceremony cannot have been impressive.

Their welcome by their fellow countrymen was the reverse of cordial. For although the times of Henry and Elizabeth had passed, and England now had a Catholic queen, yet bitterness and bigotry still prevailed in the wilderness of America. "From Cape Cod to the Ashley River, the dullness of life was varied and enlivened with the resonance of 'Popish Plots.' These came echoing from England, reaching from Barbadoes and Jamaica, and most of all from 'the back' of the plantations, where the Indians and French were supposed to be. Dim and far came whisperings of these Plots from every cliff and scar of the Alleghenies. Governors addressed houses, houses addressed Governors, and both addressed the Crown." As late as the beginning of the eighteenth century every Popish priest caught in New York was doomed to perpetual imprisonment, and if he escaped and was retaken was to be put to death. Strife among Catholics was to be added as soon as the colonists arrived.

In fact, looking at it all in the retrospect, the mystery is why the Catholics came out at all. They were not very badly treated at home, most of their troubles being of their own making. For although the laws were bad, and some Catholics were put to death, yet the royal policy was to refrain from systematic and open persecution; and if they had scrutinized the charter of Cecilius, they would have discovered that more extravagant ecclesiastical claims were going to be advanced by the lay Lord Proprietary than ever the Bishop of Chalcedon had dreamed of. It empowered him "to erect churches and chapels *according to the laws now existing in England,*" a concession which might be safe in the hands of a Catholic; but what could be hoped for, if some bitter anti-papist should seize the reins of government? Moreover, the theologians of the party were extremely worried about the casuistry that permitted a Catholic not only to erect Protestant churches, but to appoint their pastors and make them in all things dependent on him. It was a clear case of *communicatio in divinis.*

Again, the *Declaratio* explaining the purpose of the colony did not say a word about giving freedom to Catholics. It merely set forth that "the first and chief object was to convey into the said lands and neighboring parts the light of the Gospel and truth, where it is certain no knowledge of the true God has

ever shed its beams." Not only is there no mention of Catholicity, but any verbal reference to the claims of the Church was forbidden on the way over, and all acts of Catholic worship were ordered to be performed in private.

After some silly talk about the *Angli et Angeli,* or how the English were coming like Angels to America, the Declaration descends to more worldly considerations, and adds, "since most men are rather captivated, secretly or openly, by pleasures, honors, wealth, etc., so it has come to pass *in this singular Providence of God,* that this our undertaking should comprise all the advantages that attract men, and all the profits that reward them." It offered to all comers, some of whom were far from desirable, and the greater part of whom were not Catholics, a guarantee of 2,000 acres of land on the payment of £100; a proportionate amount to those who paid less. To this was added a promise of free trade, which in those days of royal monopolies was a tempting offer.

One would fancy that as this was to be a Catholic colony, the priests whose aid had been solicited would be provided for. By no means. Baltimore put them on precisely the same footing as the other "adventurers." They had to purchase the land. They balked at this offer, which was not the usual method employed in apostolic enterprises, but not to thwart the project they accepted the condition, and paid into the treasury a sum of money which, added to the assignment of land for men "imported," would entitle them to 28,500 acres in the new territory "in fee simple to them and their heirs forever." They fancied it was a wise provision for future church and school extension, but Lord Baltimore had other views, to be revealed later. The fact of the purchase, however, sets at rest forever any doubt about the validity of titles.

Moreover, eight months after their arrival Father Copley wrote to Lord Baltimore: "In peopling and planting this place I am sure that none have done near so much as we, nor, indeed, are likely to do so much, nor has the colony ever bestowed on us the value of five hundred weight."

Certain "Instructions" were issued which apparently were read only on ship-board. Some of them are startling in the extreme.

"I. Imprimis. His Lordship requires his said Governor and Commissioners that on their voyage to Mary Land that they suffer no scandal to be given to Protestants, and that for this end they cause all acts of Romane Catholique Religion *to be done as pri-*

vately as may be, and that they instruct all the Romane Catholiques to be silent upon all occasions of discourse concerning matters of religion, and that the said Governor and Commissioners treate the Protestants with as much mildness and *favor* as justice will permit. *And this to be observed on land as well as on sea.*"

It turned out that the colonists were all expected to do military service, and there was no specific exemption for priests. On landing, they were to take the oath of allegiance. As oaths of allegiance in those days frequently implied an abjuration of faith, it occasioned considerable worry to the Catholics when they read that particular "Instruction." Later on Baltimore wanted an oath of allegiance to himself. But what most amazed them, while it threw a lurid light on the character of the "Hon. Cecilius," was the second article, which exacted that "an investigation be made amongst the seamen and passengers to discover what any of them might know of the private plots of his Lordship's enemies in England, and that when Maryland was reached the informers should be put on oath to substantiate what they had said." It is creditable to Leonard, Cecilius' brother, who was in charge of the expedition, that he did not exact the observance of the article in question.

When they landed, another disillusionment awaited them. They were given their lands, it is true, but every one had an entail upon it of a certain portion of the crops, which were to be handed over to the Proprietary; an exaction of which there had not been the slightest mention before embarking. On the whole, there could scarcely have been a more inauspicious beginning for any colony. Matters grew worse every day, but reached their climax upon the arrival of the evil genius of the whole enterprise.

When Cecilius was in Oxford he had formed the acquaintance of John Lewger, a man somewhat older than himself, who subsequently took orders in the Anglican Church, and distinguished himself by his violent attack on Erastianism, or the control of the Church by the State. Subsequently, Lewger became a Catholic, but by some extraordinary and unexplainable license he was permitted to wear the garb and draw the salary of a Protestant parson until ample provision could be made for his wife and child. In 1638 he set out for Maryland, and on arriving there he immediately, in the language of to-day, "got busy." Ostensibly Leonard's secretary, he constituted himself the whole government.

Cecilius had sent out a legislative code along with the colonists.

When it was unpacked and discussed in the first Assembly, it was incontinently returned to His Lordship as totally unfit for the new conditions. Whereupon Lewger and Leonard began the elaboration of another set of laws, numbering fifty in all, and, rushing them through the sessions of the Assembly at the rate of one every ten minutes, despatched them to England for approval.

What they were we may learn from the protests immediately sent to Lord Baltimore, one by Captain Cornwallis, the military chief of the colony, and another by Father Copley.

Cornwallis in a bluff, soldierly fashion advises Cecilius to reject the entire code: "Wherefore all that belongs to me is to importune your Lordship to mend what we have done amiss. Perhaps this fault has been permitted in us as a favor to your Lordship whereby you *may declare the sincerity of your pious pretence* for the planting of this desert province." He adds that "he will not consent to anything that may not stand with the good conscience of a *real* Catholic. Which resolution, if your Lordship do not also make good by a religious care of what you send over, I shall with as much convenient speed as I can, withdraw myself and what is left of that which I brought with me out of the danger of being involved in the ruin which I shall infallibly expect. For your Lordship knows my security of conscience was the first condition that I expected from this Government, which then you thought so innocent, as you conceived the proposition altogether impertinent. But now I hope you will perceive the contrary."

This letter of Cornwallis constitutes a direct arraignment of Baltimore. He makes no reference to Lewger, but considers the legislation to be Calvert's own, and he charges him with a "pious pretence" in not being sincere and not keeping the promise of security of conscience to the colonists, the mere suspicion of any violation of which having been deemed, prior to the expedition, as impertinence.

We get more details of the character of these laws from Father Copley's protest. It is very long, and may be summed up as follows: There is no provision for the conversion of the Indians; no provision for ecclesiastical persons, and no favor shown them; Lewger denies that the Church has any laws or privileges by Divine right, and maintains that papal bulls, ecclesiastical canons, theologians and casuists are all to be brushed aside. He also holds, continues Copley, that the Church's privileges are given her only

by the State; that Catholic priests must be trained as soldiers, and, to satisfy the demands of the laws, must work as farm hands; that no converted Indian can give them any land to build a church; that no unmarried woman can hold real estate, and that if she does not marry within seven years she forfeits her property, "so that no woman here may vow chastity in the world." In the eleventh place Copley calls attention to "the crime" of saying Mass, preaching, hearing confessions, baptizing, etc., if a priest has not received his authority from Lord Baltimore. "Hereby," he remarks, "even by Catholics a law is provided to hang any Catholic bishop that should come hither, and also every priest if the exercise of his functions be interpreted jurisdiction or authority. "*Enormious* crimes" were to be punished at the will of the Governor; one of the "enormious" crimes being disparaging language of any state officer; one of whom, says Copley, is a former priest-hunter. "Diverse other things," he writes, "I doubt not that your Lordship will observe."

Among these "diverse other things" were such as Lewger's claim that any attempt to sell real estate would be a reason for the property to revert to the Proprietary. Also that no one could hold more than one manor. A selection of his holdings should be made by the owner and the rest drawn for by lot, in favor of those who had nothing; which of course is rank socialism and an appeal to the mob for political purposes. His ruling about the incapacity of unmarried women holding land would, it is unnecessary to remark, preclude forever the establishment of convents in Maryland.

Immediately after rushing his laws through the legislature, Lewger sent a number of "Cases" or questions to Lord Baltimore, which expound a complete system of Erastianism, that is, taking, giving, disposing of every right whether personal or real, whether of property, life or limb, if it only concerned an ecclesiastic. For instance, he inquires "whether a magistrate may break a will" in such a country as this "because it giveth legacies for Masses to be said for the soul of the deceased, and contains in it the profession of the testator to die a member of the Roman Catholic Church, out of which there is no salvation, with other passages contrary to the religion of England? Whether an Assembly may expropriate the lands of private owners, and of ecclesiastics among the rest, merely because such Assembly judges that the grants of said lands were prejudicial to the public and fit to be reformed?"

It is true that when these laws were returned to America they were almost all thrown out, but it was enacted, among other things, that "all the Christian inhabitants" (slaves excepted) "should have and enjoy all such rights and liberties, immunities, privileges and free customs within this Province, as any natural born subject hath or ought to have, by force or virtue of the common law or statute law of England (*saving in such cases as the same are or may be altered or changed by the laws and ordinances of this Province*)." Thus the same spirit prevailed, and the Catholics of Maryland found themselves still under the persecuting laws of England, with the additional terror held above their heads of being exposed to conditions included "in such cases as the same are or may be altered by the laws of the Province"; a phrase which stultified all the preceding ones, and left the unfortunate colonists absolutely in the dark as to the future. It is not hard to imagine what would be the consequence if this reformed code and its predecessor had been proclaimed on Plymouth Rock, nor would it be rash to conclude that it was not Clayborne who wrecked the colony on the Chesapeake.

It will be a surprise to hear that while ruling Maryland, Cecilius was plotting to get control of Virginia. Pretending to be on terms of closest friendship with the incumbent there he was at the same time writing to his Majesty, that if permitted to adminiser that territory in union with his own, he would increase the revenue considerably. It is almost amusing to hear that his own Treasurer Hawley got the appointment of Governor of Virginia, over his head, and that the Calverts were indignant at Hawley's ingratitude.

It is true that, except on one occasion, Baltimore did not advise his colonists to shoot the Indians as the other American colonists did, but we have an example of meanness in dealing with the aborigines which sets him in a niche apart as a landlord. He was going to build a chapel next to his manor, and he wrote from England these memorable words: "If these Indians are really Christians, they should come over with contributions of beaver, peake, etc., for the building of the new chapel." Thus the Proprietor of millions of acres exacts from the naked savage a contribution to the adornment of his baronial manor, and puts it all under the pretence of having them attend to their religious duties.

Far from working to make a Catholic colony, Baltimore sent a request to Mayor Gibbon of Boston for some Puritan settlers

to come to Maryland. The request was refused, but later on a colony came, and by a sort of poetical justice they were the chief factors in the battle of the Severn which overthrew Lord Baltimore. But what quite upsets all our old notions in history, is that Clayborne was not the double-dyed villain and traitor that we Catholics have been taught to regard him. He had received, prior to Baltimore's arrival, the privilege of erecting a trading-post on Kent's Island, and another at the mouth of the Susquehanna. The former was objected to by Lord Baltimore as an invasion of his rights, and litigation followed in England, the decision seeming to depend largely on the amount of political influence available. Clayborne bided his time, and was the chief agent in the subsequent overthrow of the Baltimores.

Cecilius meantime would not allow any priest to enter the colony unless approved by him. Three Jesuits were rejected in a single year; and to add to the discontent, he refused to let the missionaries take the land given to them by the Indians on the Patuxent, claiming that it belonged to him in virtue of his charter. He seized it, but inconsistently gave it to one of his retainers.

Naturally this seizure gave reason for alarm. Up to that the Fathers had taken out no patents for any of their lands, thinking they had to do with honest men. After this spoliation, the danger loomed up before them that their properties at St. Inigo's and elsewhere were not safe. In fact Cecilius in England saw his chance, and called Leonard's attention to the technical omission, forbidding him to issue any more patents, and reminding him at the same time that even if he had granted any land as "Leonard Calvert," he had not done so as Governor, and he gave orders to kidnap Father Copley and to send him out of the Province. Copley had thwarted his scheme by appointing one of the Fenwicks a trustee. The letter giving this tyrannical order was signed "Your most affectionate loving brother."

Defeated in the colony, Cecilius turned to the Jesuit Provincial in England, and proposed to him to write as Superior that it was his desire that the Fathers should relinquish their claim, requesting him, however, to do so, as it were, spontaneously, and as if no pressure had been brought to bear on him. He also asked for a prohibition against acquiring any Indian lands; an order to be extended by the Baron to "anyone else." He thus endeavored to make a religious Superior disqualify by proclamation those whom

his Majesty the King of England had by charter declared capable of holding such property. A proposition was also made in other suggestions forwarded to England for approval, that "until some ecclesiastical court could be established within said Province, *with the Lord Baltimore's consent,*" all matters concerning matrimony and testaments, not only as regards temporal interests but in some purely sacramental and divine, shall pass into lay hands.

Many more instances of the kind are adduced to show how "the Prince," as Lewger called him, desired to rule his principality. Father Copley became his chief victim on account of the property fight, and he was seized and sent to England to be tried. With him as a prisoner was the saintly old missionary, Father White, to whom the Baltimores owed so much. Their arrival home coincided with the Cromwellian persecution. It is noticeable how, out of regard for "the Prince," the domestic notices of the Jesuits about Father White are reserved in speaking of this phase of the old hero's career.

Meantime three other Jesuits succeeded in passing through Baltimore's religious quarantine. Many more desired to come, though negotiations were being actively carried on to supplant them all by other priests. The three new arrivals died soon after reaching America. Father Rigbie had to withdraw to Virginia, where he expired; in what circumstances is not known. In fact, in the twelve years that elapsed since the foundation of the colony, eight priests had succumbed and two were prisoners in England. The loss of life among the missionaries, although they were exposed to none of the hardships of evangelizing the savages, amounted to 18 per cent.; and they were all young.

Unfortunately for Baltimore, all these facts, though many were already known and to be found elsewhere, are presented with an array of documentary proofs hitherto unprecedented. It is in this that the chief value of the book consists; it is not a history for random reading. Its many digressions and its mass of quotations and documents may seem for the casual or careless reader like breaks in the narrative, but they are not; they all give a better and more comprehensive knowledge of the facts. Indeed the story has an element of the dramatic in it, with its crowd of noble, serious, odd, fantastic, meddlesome and malign characters who speak and move in its pages. There is the saintly Father White, the noble George Calvert, the interfering, letter-writing, busybody monk, Simon Stock;

the self-adjusting Roman official, Panzani; the destructive Bishop of Chalcedon; the pliant Leonard Calvert, and above all the dark and sinister Lewger, all moving around the central figure, Cecilius Lord Baltimore, who, influenced by his unfortunate surroundings, and timorous of offending existing prejudices, established a tyranny in America almost as bad as the one at home; who did not grant freedom to his coreligionists and could scarcely be said to have given them a shelter.

The best that can be said of him is that while " securing at the cost of a moderate investment for himself a company with no rights that could curtail his own, and using his powers of absolute lordship and domain to circumscribe and proscribe the rights of others," he gave to the world " the first specimen of the political and social condition now normal in the world; namely, a settlement of Catholics with a non-Catholic environment, and a political condition of practical toleration." In that consists his claim to distinction. But " toleration " is not freedom! and is particularly disagreeable if it is toleration of Catholics by a Catholic.

Of course it upsets the prevalent fiction about Lord Baltimore, but that was unavoidable and quite beside and beyond the intention of the writer of the *History of the Society of Jesus in North America.* He is only one of the collaborators of a much more extensive work embracing the history of the Jesuits in all parts of the world, and it could not be expected that men dealing with such world-wide interests could suppress facts which might conflict with preconceived notions of this or that individual. When the Sovereign Pontiff wishes the full glare to be thrown even upon the great men who have worn the tiara, lesser characters cannot hope to be immune. Moreover, it is much better that such revelations should come from ourselves than that our enemies should taunt us with perversions of truth. It may cause us to abate our self-conceit a trifle, but it is better to be honest than rich, and the lesson that may be read in this and other lights of history is that all the hardships the Church has had to endure did not come exclusively from those who are outside the battlements.

T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

THE WONDER OF NAPLES IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY AND SCIENCE.

(*Continued.*)

The Origin of the Liquefaction.

When and how the first liquefaction took place is unknown. No historical evidence of it exists before the tenth century. From the eleventh to the fourteenth the proofs in its favor are of dubious historical value. From the fifteenth century down, the fact is placed beyond the possibility of a doubt. The Bollandists think it did not begin in the fifteenth century, because the contemporary authors already speak of it as of a well-known fact and do not stop to describe its origin. They surmise that it began two or three centuries before, in times of which very few historical records are extant; they notice a sudden increase in the fame and veneration of the saint in the twelfth and thirteenth century.

Since, in 1456, the humanist, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II, saw the liquefaction, countless hosts of visitors from every land have witnessed it. Charles VIII, King of France, saw it on the third of May, 1495. After them came Mulcassen, Bey of Tunis (in 1547 he was converted); then the Bollandists Papebroch and Henschenius; Addison; Fr. Rho; Lalande; Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry; the naturalist Waterton; the chemist Dumas; Kotzebue; Fr. Secchi, the astronomer; Dr. Weedall; the historian Hurter; King Victor Emmanuel; Alexander II, Czar of Russia (in 1873); Pius IX; King Humbert and Queen Marguerite; Queen Amalie of Portugal; many professors of the Royal University of Naples, etc.; and of late, Dr. Stoppani, who came to Naples with the students of the Superior Institute of Milan.

Knowing this, it is with an amused smile that one reads some writers who gravely assure you that the contents of the phial *are said to liquefy*. We might understand them if they said: what liquefies *is said* to be blood. They might as well assure us that the sun *is said* to rise and set on the planet we inhabit. When it is a question of telling whether a substance, which partly fills a transparent bottle, is in a liquid or solid state, especially when you can shake the vessel, we think the eyes of a bricklayer are as trustworthy as those of a chemist.

Some Curious Facts.

Since 1659, a diary is kept in the Treasury in which an official record of the phenomena of every liquefaction is kept. Copious extracts from it are to be found in the Bollandists; they prove that the miracle follows no rule.

A collaborator of the Bollandists relates two curious facts. The first is that the liquefied blood, when exposed on the main altar in presence of the head, suddenly becomes solid again if a veil is drawn between it and the head, but returns to its former state when the veil is removed. He says that this experiment was repeated so often, especially during the noon hours, when the concourse was not so great, that it ceased to excite any admiration.

The other strange thing, which, he says, happened more than once, is that the liquid blood sometimes solidifies when kissed by certain persons, but liquefies again when replaced on the altar. He adds that ten years before (he must have written this about 1754) a noble prince, whom for good reasons he does not care to name, actually met with that unpleasant experience, which, no doubt, called forth a good deal of unfavorable comment from malicious people. He says: "The fact is publicly known here (Naples), and many witnessed it and are ready to testify under oath." Stilling remarks that he had already heard of the fact from other sources; but he, too, deems it prudent to withhold the name of the prince with the freezing lips.

Does the blood liquefy when in presence of other parts of the body besides the head? Let us hear the sworn declaration of the Canon Jos. M. Pace, in charge of the Church of St. John Major (given the 7th of March, 1754): A fragment of a bone of the martyr was kept in this church, and as the procession of the blood used to pass before it on its way to one of the wards, the Canons exposed their relic on an altar built for the occasion outside the church door. In passing before it, the blood was observed to become liquid for some time during the procession. But the people did not like it at all to have the miracle thus anticipated, as they preferred to have it performed on the sumptuous altar erected in the city ward. So the Archbishop forbade the Canons to expose their relic on that day.

Nowadays St. Januarius is pretty tolerant towards "heretics," and the presence of a certain number of them does not interfere with the miracle. Still in former days he seems, at times, to have

objected to their presence. Hence it is said that when the liquefaction delayed too long, the officiating chaplain would request the "heterodox," if there were any among the audience, kindly to step out of the chapel for a time.

Putignano, who for forty years constantly assisted at the liquefaction, in his book "*De redivivo Sanguine,*" published in 1723, relates a curious instance witnessed by himself. It was the 6th of May, 1719; the blood had been carried in solemn procession to the ward called Porta Capuana. The administrator or viceroy of the kingdom, Count Uldric Daun, came to witness the miracle surrounded by a numerous staff of generals recently arrived from Germany for the Sicilian expedition.

Among these were many Lutherans; still they were all given a privileged place of observation. The blood was exposed on the altar in presence of the head. Prayers were begun and finished, but, though they had already waited longer than the preceding years, there was no sign of liquefaction. Sobs and touching appeals to the saint were heard from among the people. St. Januarius was deaf. The most prominent laymen and ecclesiastics began to discuss the possible cause of the delay, and came to the conclusion that it might be due to the presence of heretics attracted there by mere worldly curiosity.

On their representation, the viceroy requested the heterodox members of his suite to retire. They obeyed. But before they had all left the place a perfect liquefaction took place, amid an indescribable commotion of enthusiasm and tears. "*Quo adstantium sensu! quibus acclamationibus! quibus lacryrmarum rivulis!*" Our Lutheran brethren were readmitted and beheld the prodigy with deep emotion. A few days later it was rumored that some of them had been converted; but the honest Putignano says he cannot vouch for this particular, since he only got it from hearsay.

We shall not undertake to determine whether the coincidence of the liquefaction with the withdrawal of the heretics was merely accidental or not.

Extraordinary Expositions.

Formerly, when traveling was so hard and unsafe, distinguished visitors who came to Naples often obtained permission to have the

miracle performed in their presence outside the appointed times. In the Diary many such instances are to be found.

Thus, under the date of the 21st of January, 1696, it is recorded that "The illustrious James Drumont, Lord of Perth, in Scotland, who had suffered much for the Catholic faith, asked and obtained permission to see the miracle." After the space of five masses, he beheld it with tears of consolation: *Maxima affectus voluptate, lacrymans prae teneritudine.*" One of the last private expositions was granted to Philip V of Spain on the 28th of April, 1702. The king, after waiting for the space of four masses, lost patience and left the chapel. The liquefaction took place at the sixth mass. Philip returned the following day to give thanks to the saint for having performed the miracle after he had withdrawn.

Alexander Dumas, *père,* tells us (in "Corricolo") that when the French, in 1799, turned the Kingdom of Naples into the Parthenopean Republic, General Championnet assisted at the miracle in May of the same year. After waiting in vain for some time he got impatient, and, through an aide-de-camp, sent word to the chaplain that if the miracle did not take place in ten minutes he would have him shot. Five minutes later the blood was liquefied.

The anecdote is good, piquant. There is only one slight "but" to it: history has proved that the *corpus delicti,* Championnet, was not in Naples at the date.

But we must not take "Père" Alexander too seriously. Perhaps he was not a very strong believer in the anecdote himself, since in that same work he confesses that "the liquefaction happens without any mysterious manipulations, without trickery, or substitution, in the sight of all," and that he believes in the miracle: "*J'aime donc mieux croire tout bonnement au miracle, et pour ma part je déclare que j'y crois.*"

Professor R. Januario says that there exists in the Archiepiscopal Curia of Naples a process in which sworn eye-witnesses declare that during Championnet's (private?) visit, the liquefaction had not taken place, but that the rumor (for political reasons, very likely) was spread among the people that it had, because such was the will of the general. This may explain the origin of the story.

Before we pass to examine the phenomenon in the light of modern science, it will be good for us to bear in mind the following facts:

There is documentary evidence to prove that the skull of the

saint was enclosed in the present silver bust under Charles II of Anjou, at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The phials are hermetically sealed and kept in their present state at least since the beginning of the sixteenth century, when modern chemistry was not yet born. Before that time it seems that they could be opened, since the historian Gaguin relates that Charles VIII was allowed to touch the blood with a silver rod before the liquefaction, to satisfy himself that it was solid.

The relics are not kept in a chemical laboratory, but in a public monument, and the whole is joint property of Church and State. They rest under the protection of the religious and the secular arm. Church and State are equally interested in the integrity and safekeeping of the Christian Palladium of the city of Naples. They are considered public property, which is never to be handled except in a public and official manner, in presence of the delegates of the two authorities and of witnesses.

This is more than enough to exclude from the mind of a fair-minded inquirer all suspicion of trickery. And if trickery there is, it will be an indelible blot on so many sharp-sighted modern scientists, who had occasion to examine the *teca* to their satisfaction and never noticed anything suspicious.

Well may we say with Alexander Dumas: If there is imposture in it, then that successful secular imposture is a greater miracle than the genuine miracle itself.

The explanations of the phenomenon invented in former centuries are refuted simply by mentioning them.

Some ascribed it to the mysterious exhalations of Vesuvius, some to the force of sympathy and antipathy, some to secret heat, and others to magic. The Calvinist, Peter Molinaeus or Dumoulin, considering it to be clearly proven that Popery was the work of the devil, consistently attributed the miracle to the same origin—it being a powerful means of keeping up and perpetuating the "worship of images."

The idea of imposture has now been discarded, and the question at issue before the scientist is, whether a fortuitous or an artificial composition of chemical ingredients could naturally produce ***all*** the enigmatic phenomena enumerated above and others to be presently mentioned. The real nature of the problem will be better appreciated from a perusal of the second part.

The Phenomenon and Modern Science.

The Thermic Theory.

As we do not feel qualified to treat the question under its scientific aspect, we shall merely reproduce here, with the kind permission of the authors, Professors G. Sperindeo and R. Januario, of the Royal University of Naples, and of Fr. P. Silva, S.J., former professor of physics in the Collegium Maximum of Chieri, now on the staff of the learned review, the *Civilta Cattolica.*(1)

According to Fr. Silva, the only hypothesis which science now puts forward to explain the phenomenon is the one that brings in *heat*—the thermic action. And it is but natural, since heat is the ordinary agent that produces the fusion of a substance.

But at the very start, scientists are confronted with a fatal difficulty. Though it is true that heat is the ordinary agent for the fusion of a body, still not all bodies, when exposed to its action, undergo the *liquid* transformation. Thus albumen, or white of egg, under the action of heat, solidifies more and more until, if the temperature keeps increasing, disintegration takes place. Such, too, is the nature of blood.

Newly spilled blood exposed to the air will clot the faster the higher the temperature is. The serum separates itself from the rest and the fibrine contracts into a gelatinous mass which the thermic action dries up and hardens. No degree of heat will make it return to its former state. Therefore, if the contents of the phial are really part of the blood of the martyr, the thermic hypothesis explains nothing; it would be flying against all our experimental notions.

There is only one way of escape—to deny that in the phial there is blood, and to suppose that it contains, instead, some other substance fusible at a low temperature.

The proceeding is somewhat summary, but let us follow it. Let us suppose that it is not blood but some other substance or mixture of substances. Now this compound, no matter what it may be, according to a well-known law of physics, must have, under a given pressure, a fixed and invariable point of fusion, and its temperature must remain the same until the fusion is complete.

(1) P. Silva, S.J., "Il miracolo di S. Gennaro," Rome, 1907. G. Sperindeo, Ph.D., "Il miracolo di S. Gennaro," 2d edition, Naples, 1903. R. Januario, "Il miracolo di S. Gennaro attraverso i secoli," Naples, 1902.

This law is so constant that the fusing and the boiling points give us one of the characteristic notes of each body, and are to be found in apposite tables. They enable us to gauge the degree of purity of a substance. Thus we know that phosphorus melts at 44°, 2, Centigrade; paraffine at 46°, 3; ice at 0°. Now a substance that melts at 33° is not phosphorus; if paraffine fuses at 47° it is adulterated, etc.

So, then, if the substance enclosed in the bottle is subject to the laws of nature known to us, it must have a fixed melting point, at which fusion must invariably take place. Now in the phenomenon under consideration there is no such fixed point, but, on the contrary, great irregularities and contradictions. Therefore our substance does not behave as it should.

We prove our assertion by taking two series of official observations, taken at the interval of a century, the one from the other and published by two professors of the University of Naples.

The first series was taken by Professor Fergola, in 1795. On the first day of the feasts of May, the second of the month, the liquefaction took place when the centigrade thermometer placed near the *teca* marked 24°, 4; the fourth day it was 26°, 4; the fifth, 23°, 8; the seventh, 25°; the ninth, 19°, 4.

The second series was taken in 1879 during the feasts of September by the Professors Govi and De Luca, and published by Professor Punzo. The first day, 19th of the month, the temperature was 30°; the third, 27°; the fifth, 25°—(25° Cent. = 77 Fahr.).

These observations were taken by competent men, precisely when engaged in a scientific examination of the phenomenon. Anybody can repeat the experiment for himself, as Fr. Silva did in 1905. Innumerable experiments have placed this fact beyond a doubt, viz., that there is no connection between the temperature and the fusing point of the substance under controversy.

How can we explain such anomaly? If, as shown above, the fusion (liquefaction) once occurred at 19°C. (in 1901 Prof. Sperindeo even recorded a fusion at 18°, 8), it should invariably occur every time that that temperature is reached. Is it possible that the same identical substance in the same recipient, under the same pressure, should melt to-day at 20°, while yesterday it still remained solid at 29°?

Here it is important to bear in mind that the contents of the phial do not pass through long modifications from the solid to the liquid

SILVER BUST IN WHICH THE SKULL OF ST. JANUARIUS IS KEPT.

state. Sometimes they remain for long hours without giving the least sign of softening, then all at once the symptoms manifest themselves in the whole mass, and in a few minutes it is liquefied.

The lowest temperature recorded by Fergola for May was 19°, but it is more than likely that on the 16th of December, feast of the Patronage, the temperature is lower than that. Hence a new puzzle: If the substance contained in the phial melts at the December temperature, why is it not found always melted in May and September, when the temperature is certainly higher?

Only those who have never seen the *teca,* and reason with their imagination, could pretend that the liquefaction is due to secret, artificial, internal heat. It would be explaining away a wonder by means of a greater one. Once, after the contents had been in a liquid state for five hours—enough time for the secret heat, if there were any, to communicate itself to the case—Prof. Sperindeo applied a thermometer to the rim. The temperature was the same as that of the chapel. This is amply confirmed by the testimony of the thousands who touch it with their lips.

The same professor found that the difference between the maximum and minimum temperature of the *casina* in which the phial is kept over night during the expositions, and all the time during the rest of the year, was only a small fraction of a degree (17° 1—16° 8, in May).

The opinion of those who hold that the fusion is due to the heat coming from the few candles burning on the altar or from the hand of the priest holding the *teca* by the handle, does not deserve serious consideration. As Dr. Weedall in 1831 wrote in the *Catholic Magazine,* "It would be easier to light a candle by simply grasping the foot of the candlestick with your hand than to fuse any substance in those conditions."

As it is well known, glass is a poor conductor of heat, and still in September, 1905, on the third day, the liquefaction occurred after one minute of exposition; after three minutes on the fourth day; after five minutes on the sixth.

In presence of these anomalies, common sense bids us reason thus: If heat were the cause of the effects observed in the *teca* of St. Januarius, then these effects should be proportioned to the activity of the heat; the more intense the heat, the more rapid the alteration; the lower the heat, the slower the alteration. But the

phenomena under consideration flatly contradict these laws. Therefore heat is not the cause of those effects. Under the same circumstances the liquefaction sometimes takes place; sometimes it does not; now it is instantaneous, now slow; at a given temperature it may be complete, or a solid central nucleus or globe may remain. Who ever saw ice resist a temperature higher than that of the fusing point?

The operations of the natural agents, under the same circumstances, are uniform and constant. They are necessary forces always accomplishing the same work.

It seems to us that it is now admitted that, *whatever the contents of the phial are,* heat does not account for the phenomena of the liquefaction. So that the denying that it is blood does not solve the difficulty.

Is it blood?

The testimony of our senses answers in the affirmative. Here an important observation of Fr. Silva is to the point. Very few people are familiar with the phenomena exhibited by a mass of blood similar to the one kept in the phial. Those who want to make observations of their own should imitate his example. During the September expositions he kept at his disposition, under the same conditions as those in the *teca,* a like quantity of blood, and constantly compared the two during the expositions. To his mind the parallel was perfect.

Perhaps it is only a clever counterfeit of blood?

Every counterfeit must necessarily introduce foreign elements which in their properties cannot be entirely like to the genuine ones. The difference may escape the layman but not so easily the expert.

Why not open the phial and subject its contents to a chemical analysis. Fr. Silva, on his part, would welcome any experiment; but he does not blame the Noble Deputation of the Tesoro for thinking differently. It is a fond illusion to imagine that chemical reagents would settle the question forever. How many would be tempted to question the authority of the experimenter, his method, his conclusions? Men are but too often swayed by passion, and not seldom the same experiments are interpreted with opposite criteria. In this way the phial would be empty of its contents long before the scientific commissions would cease quarreling over them.

THE PHIAL BEFORE THE SPECTROSCOPE.

However, there is a way of getting over the difficulty. The progress of science has furnished us with another means of prying into the mysterious contents of the phial—the spectroscope. As the reader already knows, each substance has its own spectrum. These spectra are recorded on special charts and used as a means of identification. Thus a bottle of claret, when presented to this inquisitive apparatus, would have to yield up its own secret. We would see the spectrum of claret only, if the wine is pure; if not, there would appear the spectrum of elderberry juice or of some other substance used in the adulteration.

The Neapolitan professors were anxious to subject the phial to this crucial test. Blood has a characteristic spectrum of its own.

On the evening of the 26th of September, 1902, Prof. R. Januario, of the University of Naples, together with Prof. Sperindeo and other professors and friends, met in the cathedral. While the sermon was going on the *teca* was carried behind the main altar, where a very good spectroscope and everything else was ready for the experiment. The wick of the candle had been saturated with chloride of sodium. The *teca* was placed near the slit of the spectroscope and inclined in such a way that the ray of light had to penetrate only a thin layer of liquid at the surface, against the glass side. Prof. Januario had taken the precaution of mounting a spectrum of his own blood for the sake of comparison. Sperindeo and Januario then saw "in the spectrum, after the line D, a dark band characteristic of blood, and another one in the green part, and between the two a clear zone." In other words, they got the spectrum of oxyhæmoglobin, or *arterial* blood. The stains in the smaller phial gave the same spectrum. The experiment was repeated many times over by the professors present.

Prof. Januario was overtaken by death before he could publish the results of his experiments, but he voiced the sentiments of his colleagues there present when he said: "The liquid kept in the phial is blood beyond all doubt; the phenomena of its liquefaction are wonderful, nay, I do not hesitate to say of an altogether supernatural character." A fuller account can be found in Sperindeo's work quoted above.

SILVER STAND OR FERCULUM IN WHICH THE BLOOD IS EXPOSED UPON THE ALTAR.

Increase of Volume.

Another stumbling block for the scientific inquirer is the increase of volume in the phial; and not a slight increase, but one sometimes amounting to nearly one hundred per cent. This increase generally takes place in May, the decrease in September, though in varying proportion, without fixed law.

To say that this increase is only an optical illusion can be maintained only by those who never witnessed the phenomenon. The blood does not coat the side of the phial, and, except in the rare cases when the phial is entirely full, you can always freely see the *internal level* of the liquid. This will be put beyond all controversy by what we shall say later on.

Supposing the phial half full, and a rise of the temperature from 16° to 26° C., the coefficients of cubic dilatation should not give a rise of more than three-tenths of a millimeter, since the greatest diameter of the phial is only five centimeters—an infinitesimal part of the actual rise.

But let us imagine that heat causes the volumetric increase in May, how can we explain the corresponding decrease in September, when the temperature is higher? What scientist will admit that the same cause, under the same conditions, acting on the same substance, should produce contrary effects?

The Phial on the Scales.

Prof. Sperindeo was the first who thought of weighing the *teca* during the different stages of the volumetric increase and decrease, to see if the increase of volume and of mass kept an equal step.

In 1901, he undertook, with great diligence and perseverance, a series of experiments, and weighed the *teca* with a pair of reliable and sensitive scales, first when the phial was almost full, then when almost empty. (The *teca* weighs about two pounds, and as the phials cannot be removed, the whole had to be weighed together.) These were the results:

	Kilogr.
Teca, with phial almost full.....	1.01490
Teca, with phial half full.....	0.98791
	0.02699

This difference of about 27 grams corresponds to an approximate diminution of volume of 23 to 24 cubic centimeters, supposing the specific weight of blood to be 1.055.

In September, 1905, Fr. Silva was given special opportunities for renewing this experiment. The variations in volume were not so great this time. The *teca* was weighed on a pair of scales of tested exactness. On September 19, in the morning, it weighed Kg. 1.015; on the 21st, at 6 P. M., Kg. 1.004; the next day, at the same hour, Kg. 1.008. During the rest of the octave the decrease in volume and weight never went below the last mentioned. On the last day it rose to Kg. 1.011.

The same exact balance was used all through the experiments. A handful of leaden balls served as a counterweight. In handling the *teca,* he noticed no moisture on the metal. The glass, which the people touch with their lips, had been wiped with the ordinary cloth. The temperature of the cathedral was about 25° C.

Here are Fr. Silva's concluding words: "We have seen the hardened blood become liquid without cause and against its nature. We have seen it lose of its weight and vanish in a recipient hermetically closed (see description above). We have seen it increase from morning to night in the hands of the priest always surrounded by a throng of people. We weighed it, and if an exact pair of balances proves anything, that mass changed weight as it had changed volume."

What rule of conduct should a Christian take in presence of phenomena of this kind. The one laid down by Alban Butler, precisely when speaking of the wonder of Naples.

"Miracles recorded in the Holy Scripture," he says, "are revealed facts and an object of faith. Other miracles are not considered in the same light; neither does our faith rest upon them as upon the former, though they illustrate and confirm it. Nor do they demand or admit any higher assent than that which prudence requires, and that which is due to the evidence or human authority upon which they depend.

"When miracles are propounded they are not to be rashly admitted; the evidence of the fact and the circumstances ought to be examined to the bottom, and duly weighed. When that fails, it is the part of prudence to suspend or refuse our assent. Also, if it be doubtful whether an effect be natural or proceed from a supernatural interposition, our assent ought to lean according to

the greater weight of probability, and God, who is Author of all events, is always to be glorified.

" If human evidence set the certainty of a miracle above the reach of any doubt, it must more powerfully excite us to raise our minds to God, in sentiments of humble adoration, love and praise; and to honor Him in His saints, when, by such wonderful means, He gives us sensible proofs of the glory and favor to which He exalts them; and of the tenderness with which He watches over their mortal remains, to raise them one day in a state of glorious immortality."

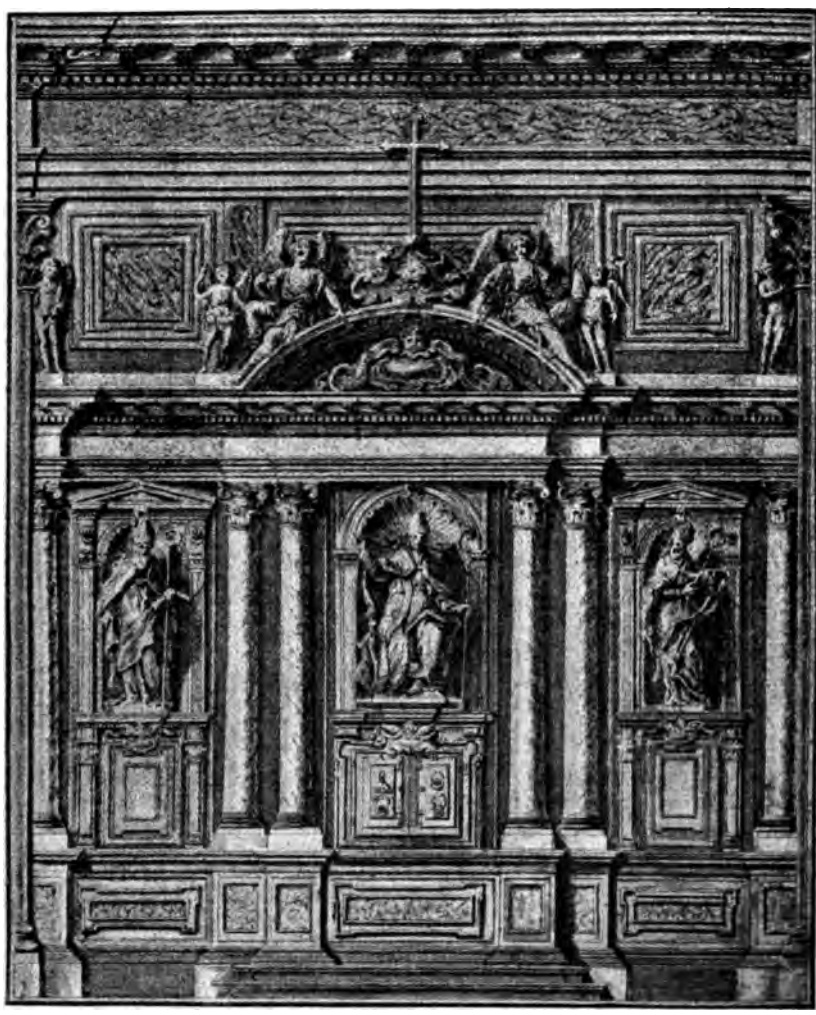
Appendix.

As a fair sample of the more or less bungling imitations of the miracle of Naples, which bob up at irregular intervals, we shall give a brief account of the " wonderful liquefaction " performed in Rome in 1906 by a new star which suddenly appeared in the scientific heavens—Signore Engineer Arnaldo Giaccio da Campobasso. The event was vigorously trumpeted by the *Asino* and the *Avanti*—rabid anti-religious papers—as a great conquest of science and a complete overthrow of the secular Neapolitan imposture. The long-expected Œdipus finally had appeared in the person of the celebrated Signore Engineer Arnaldo Giaccio da Campobasso!

The " miracle " took place in the Casa del Popolo, the 22d of December, in presence of about 2,000 spectators, mostly Socialists and Anarchists. Campobasso showed a phial like the one in Naples, which, he declared, was full of coagulated blood of calf, mixed with a " homogeneous " substance. The *teca* was placed on a table and surrounded with five candles, one of which was at two or three centimeters from the glass.

While waiting for the miracle the audience was entertained with ribald jokes and stories. After half an hour there were signs of impatience but no sign of the miracle. The *teca* was then placed *horizontally on a candle,* " because such is the way they do it in Naples."

Well, after fifty minutes of painful expectation, Signore Podrecca, the editorial mouthpiece of the *Asino,* cried that the miracle was done! Everything was liquefied; the increase of volume had taken place as in Naples. The *teca* was withdrawn. They forgot to send it around for inspection *as in Naples,* though some chemists in the audience were anxious to see it. But then, you see, it was late—



APSE WALL OF THE TREASURY CHAPEL, WITH NICHES IN WHICH THE BLOOD AND SKULL ARE KEPT.

almost midnight. So the gathering dispersed, shouting "Long live the *Asino!*" "Down with the priests!"

Signore Podrecca offered to repeat the miracle in a cabinet of physics, in presence of "religious" chemists. Four doctors in chemistry, Signori Luzzi, Mancini, Serafini, and Cingolani took him up, and defied him even to reproduce a part of the phenomena of Naples. And in case he should succeed they offered him as a reward 1,000 lire, which they deposited with a notary public. The miracle did not take place a second time.

As we do not want to weary the reader any longer with this *asinine* episode, we refer the curious inquirer to the *Civilta Cattolica* (February 23, 1907) for the written documents illustrating the honesty of the Galantuomini of the *Asino* and the *Avanti.*"

P. J. DALLAS, S.J.

OUT OF MANY HEARTS.

(*Continued.*)

III.

" One moment in annihilation's waste;
One moment of the well of life to taste;
The stars are setting, and the caravan
Starts for the dawn of Nothing—oh, make haste."

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

Two days later a private ward in the hospital was made ready for John Ward, and sick, suffering and despairing he gave himself up to doctors and nurses, knowing that his only chance of life lay in their skill and devotion. Symptoms of blood poisoning had manifested themselves the day after the operation, and the following night " Jimmy " had fetched him in his own brougham from his rooms to the hospital. There he had cut open the injured hand and scraped and drained the wound, and done everything surgically possible to get rid of the poison. Nobody had ever seen " Jimmy " so concerned before during all the years he had worked on the " Bart's " staff; all the seniors of the hospital, with two specialists, had met in consultation next morning in the little room, and six of the biggest men that London could produce bent with serious faces over the young student and considered his chances of life. One by one they strolled out into the corridor outside and looked out on the river with its freight of boats and barges floating up with the tide, waiting for Sir James, who was the last to join them. All the " Bart's " men were proud of Ward, and interested in him, but everybody knew that with " Jimmy " it was a case of real personal affection for the brilliant young man.

" A good constitution, I think," he said with an inquiring look, as he joined the other men, his anxious expression obviously belying his hopeful suggestion.

" I don't know about that," said another, " but in any case he is very run down, and there seems to be a perfect collapse of nervous energy. I see no sign of any fighting power whatever, and I suggest that his friends be communicated with, without delay." The others nodded assent.

"He has no friends here, that's the worst of it," said Sir James. "His father is governor of some remote island—I really forget which just this minute; he has a brother who is in the Indian Civil Service, he is in Burmah now, and a sister, who is with her father; the mother is dead."

"In that case, there is nothing to be done," said the senior physician briefly. "I will see you to-night, Sir James," and he looked at his watch and hurried off; and one by one the others did the same after a remark encouraging or otherwise to their anxious confrère. Sir James stood where they left him, looking out of the window, watching the play of sun and shadow on the broad bosom of the river.

They were waiting for him down in the operating theatre; he did not often keep them waiting, but now he could not take his mind from the case in the little ward until he had fully thought out a plan of campaign and decided just which forces, medical and otherwise, he would put into the field to do battle for this young life, which was very dear to him. He felt very sad. The door had just opened, and he heard a moan, which gripped his heart with pain. Three days ago there was no laugh he knew so cheery and infectious as John Ward's, no eye so bright and responsive; now the dim, blood-shot orbs seemed to seek his own and plead for help when he approached—for help he was powerless to give.

He went back into the room; the nurse was standing at the window examining her thermometer; the patient seemed to be asleep.

"What is the temperature now, nurse?" he asked in a low tone.

"Nearly one hundred and six," said the nurse in a business-like voice; "it is going up by leaps and bounds."

The patient opened his eyes. "What did you say, nurse, a hundred and six?" he asked.

"Not quite," she answered cheerfully. "You don't seem quite so sick now, do you?"

He groaned.

"If we could only stop the sickness, Sir James, he would be so much better; it is wearing him out," she said.

"Go on with the injections," he answered shortly.

The sick man turned his head and tried to smile.

"How is it you are not in the theatre, Sir James?" he said.

"Because I am here, my dear boy," he answered kindly. "How does the hand feel?"

He shook his head hopelessly and cast an expressive glance in the direction of the bandaged member.

"Did you hear that—what nurse said just now—temperature a hundred and six?"

"Yes;" said Sir James, with his eyes on the floor.

"I suppose I am done for, Sir James—it has gone badly, from the very first. How strange it seems to die so soon; to have worked so hard—for this—all over at twenty-four. My God!"

"Courage, Ward, courage; it is not all over; there is hope yet; the tide of life runs full and strong at twenty-four, and the issues of life and death are sometimes beyond the variations of a temperature chart; a wise man leaves such details to his doctor and nurse and lays hold on hope and faith—with all his mind and soul—looking beyond to the beneficent source of life. A physiologist like yourself will know that everything within you is making for health—every organ is working its hardest—every nerve and muscle straining its utmost to get rid of the poison in your blood—try and think that all is going well; do not hinder the gracious process of nature by depressing your vitality with dark forebodings; we don't generally expect to lose our bad cases in 'Bart's,' do we?"

"No, sir."

"Let me see, now; you like champagne, don't you?"

"I like your champagne;" he smiled. "Jimmy" was a frequent entertainer of his student assistants.

"Ah; that is rather clever of you; I import my own—I call it a veritable liquid sunshine; I am going to send you some presently, and I want you to take it. Nurse, I prescribe champagne every hour for Mr. Ward—see that he takes it."

"Yes, Sir James."

"Now I must go. I wonder what sort of language they are using about me in the operating room?"

"I know," said Ward, with a faint smile; "the professional equivalent for hard swearing."

"Medical Billingsgate?" laughed Sir James—"that is about it, I expect;" and he rose to go.

"You will come again, Sir," said Ward, holding tightly to the cool, white hand, that had clasped his own burning fingers—"you will come—to-morrow?"

"I will come to-night," said the great man gently. His eyes grew dim as he thought of what the morrow might bring.

"But you have a banquet on, haven't you, at the Guild hall?"

"Oh, you remember that, then. "All the same, banquet or no banquet, I'll be here to-night."

He went away with a heavy heart, and as the day wore on, the case in the little ward grew more and more hopeless. Sir James looked in about midnight, but the patient had been delirious for some hours and did not know him. When at last John Ward returned to consciousness, the dawn of a new day was in the sky, showing a glimmer of gray light through the uncurtained window. The nurse sat alert and watchful by his bed, with some knitting in her lap, and he looked at her a long time before he could assure himself that she was a real woman and not one of the shadows that had pursued him through troubled dreams.

As soon as she saw the light of recognition in his eyes, she rose and gave him a drink.

"How are you now, Mr. Ward?" she asked gently. She was a strong, homely, matter-of-fact Yorkshire woman, with a kindly, shrewd face and keen, bright eyes.

"Dreadfully bad, nurse—dying, I think. Has Sir James been yet?"

"Yes, he came about midnight, but you did not know him. You have been a little delirious. Perhaps you will get some proper sleep now, and that will do you good."

"Has Heathcote been?"

"Yes, Mr. Heathcote sat two hours with you this evening. Mr. Grimshaw has been up several times, and there is generally a little company of young gentlemen waiting outside in the corridor for news of you."

"Say good-bye to them all, nurse, for me. Dear old chaps, to think I must leave them—now, at once—look—my last day is breaking—

> "'The stars are setting, and the caravan
> Starts for the dawn of nothing. Oh, make haste!'"

Two big tears born of weakness and sorrow welled up in the young man's eyes; they shone an instant on the thick, dark lashes and rolled down his face. The nurse, her own eyes full of tears, wiped them away with gentle touch and gave him a sip of wine.

"Now you are talking nonsense," she said, trying to speak cheer-

fully; "the dawn of nothing—what sort of heathen talk is that, I'd like to know?"

"That is old Omar Kháyyám—you don't know him, perhaps?"

"No, indeed; and I don't want to, and you must not talk of him any more, for he can't be a good man if he writes like that; even if this is your last day on earth, Mr. Ward, the dawn is the dawn of the eternal day. My word, sir, it would be a poor look-out for some of us if there's only 'nothing' for us hereafter—if I thought that after all my troubles and trials and all my hard work, there was only the grave for me, I should go stark, staring mad."

"What do you expect then, nurse?" he asked after a short pause.

"I expect God," said the nurse simply.

"But there is no God, nurse—no God, but just law: the law of the universe, fixed and unchangeable." He stopped for a moment and then went on again: "We are quickened into life and ground into dust again by the same inexorable law. There is no protest admitted in the first instance—no appeal against the last; I am born whether I will or not—I poison my hand and die and I am powerless to stay the process."

"Well, well! We'll see what a fresh dressing will do in that way," said the matter-of-fact nurse briskly; "I have seen a good many processes stopped by carbolic fomentations since I took up nursing."

She moved about the room for a few minutes, getting her dressings ready, and he watched her with a sad, wistful look in his dull eyes. There was something comforting in the business-like way she went about her work, strong and serene, as though the end of all things were not at hand. She stood for life, and hope, and the world of warm, living things, while he was trembling on the edge of the dread abyss, the dark, cold chasm of death. He watched her undo the bandages; her hands were large and by no means white, but she touched him softly and deftly—it came into his mind that he had once heard a surgeon say, "large hands are the gentlest."

"How does it look, nurse?" he asked, as she examined the wound.

"Oh! just the same," she answered, calmly.

"As bad as possible, eh?"

"I think you seem a little easier than you were."

"But I am dying all the same. I feel loathsome to myself, as if I were already a corpse. I wish it was all over and done with. It is strange, nurse, to be lying here, laid aside out of the stream

of life, while everything else goes on just as it did when I was well and active, working and striving and full of importance. And yet, I was not needed—my death will make no difference; no one was better for my life and work, and no one will be poorer for my death. In a few hours the hospital will be full of happy students, and the day's work will go on as though I had never existed. How strange it is; how unutterably sad!"

"God is good, Mr. Ward, and we must trust Him. With faith we can meet it all, and know that it all works out right in the end. I am sure there are many who are better and happier for your life. Your mother blessed God the day you were born, and that moment's joy will be her possession for all eternity; it will make a difference to Sir James whether you live or die, but, indeed, I don't think he will let you die. Suppose we try a little more of his champagne after the exertion of the dressing. It seems to me, Mr. Ward, that the only thing that really matters is to do our duty here, while we are here, leaving the rest to God. We may be quite sure that we are in the world just at the right time, and for the right period, and that we leave it again at the moment when it is best for us to go. It is the same reward, and the same heaven, whether we live ten years or twenty years, or die at eighty of senile decay."

"What is heaven, nurse? Did you ever hear anything about it to make you want to go there?"

The woman smiled. "Yes," she said, "a great many things."

"And what do you hope to get when you are there?"

"Love, mostly, I think, Mr. Ward; I want all the love my heart ever craved for here, and might not have. My parents died when I was a tiny child. I had no brothers or sisters. I had a lover once, and I was engaged to be married to him, but he lies buried in the trenches on Spion Kop, with a bullet in his heart; he was in the army medical corps. I read the news of his death in this very ward, sir, one night after a heavy day. I had bought an evening paper, but I had not had a moment to look at it till after midnight, for I had a dreadful case on. She died at daybreak, and oh! how I envied her. She was a pretty, dark-eyed young girl, and if I could have changed places with her I would have done so gladly. My heart died, I think, for I laid her out with never a tear in my eyes; and I bought flowers, lilies and roses—handfuls of them—and put them about her, for my heart and my youth died that night and all my fair hopes of life and love, and it was my own self I laid

out for burial, to share the poor grave on that far-away desolate hill."

"And do you think that you will meet your sweetheart again in heaven, and know and love him there?"

"I don't know that I think that, exactly, but I know that love is stronger than death, and that what my heart expects and hopes for God will satisfy in a way I may not now be able to understand; and I know the consolation He has promised He will give beyond the poor measure of my heart's desire." She wiped her eyes.

"I am sorry he was shot, nurse," said Ward dreamily, "but he died at his post. It was a good end. Are you a Catholic?"

"No; no, sir; I am a Wesleyan. Why do you ask?"

"It sounds a bit Catholic, all that—does it not?"

"Oh, no; all Christians believe pretty much the same about these things, I suppose. But I have often thought I should like to be a Catholic."

"Why?"

"I think I should like to be one when I come to be dying; there is so much more dignity in death for Catholics than others."

"Dignity?"

"It is a fancy of mine, perhaps, but it is like this: poor creatures come in here to us in their rags and their dirt and their poverty, far advanced in disease very often, and quite hopeless. We do what we can for them as long as they live, and when they die, as often as not it is

"'Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns,'

and that's the end of it all."

"But if he's a Catholic, the priest will have been to him; he will have confessed his sins and received the Sacrament, and been anointed with some holy and precious oil. Why, to me it is like preparing a prince for his throne, or investing someone for a great office. The priest says to that poor miserable creature: Go forth, oh, Christian soul, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—not, from an evil and suffering world where nobody wants you and nobody loves you, into the dawn of nothing, as *you* would say. No. It is go forth, dearest brother, from us your kindred and fellow men, a little while before us, into the arms of God our Father to the keeping of Jesus our brother; into the everlasting Companion-

ship of Angels and Archangels; into the Presence of Thrones and Deminations, of Cherubim and Seraphim; into the company of the Virgin they loved, and the Saints they honored; my word, Sir. They send them into good company, and since I have come to know all about the last Sacraments I have understood better what is due to a fellow creature whose soul is destined for such high things." She looked at her patient critically—he seemed quieter.

"Do you feel more like sleeping now, Mr. Ward?"

"No; but perhaps you don't want me to talk?"

"Oh, yes I do; it is better to talk than brood in silence."

"I like to hear you talk, nurse, even if I cannot understand your views about things. I feel that if you stop talking my mind will drift away into oblivion and never come back; oh, nurse! to think I shall never hear my friend's voice again! I don't want to die and leave them all, I want to live and work, but already I feel as if I had partly left myself—I am losing my grip on things. Nurse, what can I do?"

"You can pray."

"No; I can't pray; I wish Heathcote would come"—and he turned his head restlessly on the pillow.

"He will be here shortly; he said he would come early. I expect he is in the Cathedral praying for you at this moment. But you must have a sleep now; suppose we try a little morphia?" She filled her syringe as she spoke and gave him a big injection; then she drew the curtains close over the windows to keep out the morning sun.

IV.

"Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good."

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

After two hours of troubled sleep Ward opened his eyes to find the nurse bending over him. She had noticed a change for the worse, and she was looking anxiously into his face; Heathcote was sitting beside him, and he seemed to see from a great distance his white face and tear-dimmed eyes. Then he drifted out of consciousness again, and then, after a long time, his friend's voice came to him full of passionate protest.

"No hope, Sir James? Oh, don't say that!"

"He seems to be dying now, Mr. Heathcote," said the nurse gently.

Dying! The word smote hard on Ward's senses, and drove him back to consciousness; it was the end then; he was going, but there must be something to be done first, something to be said—what was it? The strong will forced the reluctant body. He turned his head and opened his eyes.

"Sir James?" The voice was little more than a sigh.

"Yes; do you know me, Mr. Ward?" Sir James bent over him and took his hand.

"Speak to me a little."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

Sir James signed to the others to leave the room; then he went to the window and flung it open to its widest extent, and filling a glass with champagne, he raised Ward up a little and made him drink it.

"Now, my dear lad," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Will you write and tell my people, Sir James?"

"I have already telegraphed to your father, telling him of your illness. I will write, as you wish—would to God the task were not needed."

"I heard what you said just now, and I know I am dying. Will you tell Heathcote to stay with me—till it is over——"

The surgeon bent his head and covered his face with his hands. "I will tell him," he said, unsteadily.

"I have some money in my desk, about thirty pounds. I should like it to go to the hospital fund, and I want Heathcote to have my books and instruments and my microscope—it is a much better one than his; he has been my only friend."

"Not your only friend—surely?"

"No; I always hoped—I often felt that you were my friend, but it seemed too good to be true, and you are kind to everybody; but you have proved it now."

There was silence for a moment, and then Ward spoke again in a low, dreamy voice:

"Sir James, is this all? Do you believe there is anything beyond?"

"Yes, I believe it."

"What?"

"I cannot tell you what; I don't think that the future life is anything at all within the powers of human understanding to express. Men use all kinds of images to show it forth, but we have as much

idea of it as a man who has lived all his life in a coal mine, with only a Davy lamp to light him, can form of the light and warmth of the sun. Don't *you* believe that the fuller life of the spirit awaits you now, and that the arms of the All Father are open to receive you and fold you in everlasting consolation?"

"I have not believed it, Sir," said Ward; "everything I have learned during the last few years seemed to prove the contrary."

"Oh yes, you have been learning backwards—we all do that for a bit when we are turned loose in a medical school; 'of three doctors two are atheists'—that is perfectly true of us—for a *time*—we all go through a process of unbelief—it is as inevitable as—measles, and with as well marked symptoms, superior air, cynical smile, and what you young men call a swelled head—eh—what—you don't mean to say you can laugh? But we all, well, most of us get over it all right—that is my experience—and we give up declaring that man has no soul because we cannot find it with our scalpel and dissecting forceps, and that the body being buried, can ever again be anything but dust. Science, on all fours groping its way to knowledge, like a crab, goes backward because it will grovel and will not look up and see before it the cloud of the noonday heavens—the pillar of fire of the night—the God-given revelation of religion—the great light of human experience gathered together from all ages—something that has been lived out in human minds and pressed out from human hearts—as a precious oil for the lamp of truth. Science says we will have none of this—it has not been proved in our process and ground in our will—but wise men say we will take all you can give us, but we cannot afford to lose grasp of the wider knowledge that we have had from of old. We turn the pages of the great book of human life, which the doctor knows better than most men—and in the pain and the suffering the poverty and misery it records, we learn a great deal that will never be written in our text-books. At no point of the world's history has death been accepted as the final word of being—and that which humanity has ever cherished as a conviction, a hope, a desire, is something born of the spirit which is in man: the breath of God, and therefore something true. If, as we know, the very cells of our body have an independent and unerring consciousness by which they can lay hold on the good, and refuse the evil, when it comes to a choice that means sustenance or harm to protoplasmic life, could you deny a like power inherent in the mind? No; no, Ward, a man's mind leaps instinctively to a great truth like immor-

tality, and lays hold on it; nothing dies, there is only change; 'that which thou sowest is not quickened unless it die,' says St. Paul, and in the whole range of nature we find the working of the gospel of the new life; and besides all this we have Christ's word for it, my dear boy, and that is enough."

"What does He say about that?" murmured Ward.

Sir James put out a gentle hand and clasped the young man's wrist; he had noted a rather long interval of consciousness; he thought now that the pulse was steadier.

"What does Christ say? 'Thy brother shall rise again.'"

"Ah, yes; Heathcote said that. Are *you* a Catholic, Sir James?"

"No."

"A Wesleyan, then, like nurse?"

Sir James smiled. "I am afraid I am nothing but an old heathen. I started life as a good Quaker, and grew out of that at Oxford. I had a friend there who became a Catholic—he was very dear to me." He sighed. "He is a hard-working priest now up in Lancashire, with nothing to trouble his serenity but a yearly increasing store of adipose tissue. I go and see him sometimes, that keeps my heart young. I wish he were here now instead of me."

"I don't," said Ward.

"He would teach you to pray, to put out both your hands and lay hold on the good things to come."

"You have done that."

"Ah. You never really disbelieved—it was human reason, grown presumptious."

"I don't know."

"You can pray now and ask Christ's mercy."

"Yes, I ask it;" and he closed his eyes as his lips formed the unaccustomed words of humble prayer.

"I must call nurse now," said Sir James, after a short silence; "she will be getting uneasy, and Mr. Heathcote also."

He called them in; they had been sitting together in one of the window recesses in the corridor talking, with sad and heavy hearts. When they came in the nurse glanced at her patient with anxious, professional eye, and then she filled a medicine glass from a bottle on the table and gave him a draught.

"He seems a little easier, Sir James," she said, smiling. "We all say that you are the best nurse."

"Take his temperature, nurse, before I go. I shall have to run away now."

She did so, and then she showed him the thermometer with a glance of surprise.

"An improvement—good. And his pulse is certainly stronger. Keep on with the stimulants, nurse—it may be just the flickering up before the end," he whispered. "But still——" He went over to the bedside again.

"I have to leave you now for a little," he said. "I will come back as soon as possible. We think you just a trifle better—try and keep it up, will you?"

"Yes."

"Heathcote will stop with you. Make a good fight of it, my boy. Put your heart and will into it, and may God bless you."

Ward smiled, and pressed the hand that held his own. "All your doing," he whispered; "tell him what we say, Heathcote."

"We say you have a secret of transfusion, sir, which you have not taught us," said Heathcote, smiling; "you share your vitality with your patients—it is a triumph of mind over matter."

"Oh, you think that, do you?" said Sir James. "Well, perhaps I give them hope sometimes, and hope's a good thing—a very good thing; I only know of one thing that is better—and that is faith," and with a kind look at his patient he hurried off.

When he returned an hour later, Ward was sleeping quietly, with his arm linked in Heathcote's. The young student leant against the pillow with a pocket manual of physiology open on his knee, and he was reading industriously as Sir James entered and tip-toed over to the bed.

"Better?" he whispered incredulously.

"Oh, rather, Sir," whispered Heathcote, enthusiastically; "he is sleeping like a child."

Ward stirred a little and murmured something.

Heathcote smiled.

"What does he say?" asked Sir James, bending forward a little. The next words were audible to both men. Ward smiled in his sleep and murmured teasingly: "Now you old humbug, Grimshaw; "how about that four pounds you owe us?"

Heathcote laughed outright. "He is better, all right, Sir," he said; "this is the old, old Ward we knew of yore—you may safely leave him now."

Sir James smiled; "I think we had both better leave him now; come, Mr. Heathecote, you can give an anæsthetic for me—now, nurse, absolute quiet for twenty-four hours—and if the improvement is not maintained, ask Dr. Leyburn to ring me up."

"For love is in the valley, oh! come down!"

—TENNYSON.

V.

A LITTLE crowd of students had lain in wait for Heathcote for a good hour, before leaving the hospital, to get the latest news of Ward, and it was late in the afternoon when he came down from his friend's room, and joined them on the terrace.

"What? Better? No!" were the ejaculations that greeted his news.

"Really better, how ripping!" cried one. "That's Jimmy again! Hurrah!"

"What ho! It's Jimmy everytime," said another irresponsible youth. "How *does* he do it? Is Ward really round the corner then?"

"Rather! But still he is frightfully bad, you know. We thought he was dying this morning—then suddenly he seemed to get a turn for the better. Jimmy was with him alone, taking his last instructions, we thought. I knew all along, somehow, that he wouldn't let him die. No wonder we are so proud of Jimmy," said a student, with a little break in his voice. "There is simply nobody like him. You can tell Ward that we are all jolly glad, and that he must buck up now and get well; come on, you chaps."

Heathcote went off to the library and wrote a letter to his mother.

"Dear Mother," he wrote, "you will be perfectly delighted to hear that Ward is better, but it has been a near thing! Your prayers are always answered in a most wonderful way. I knew you were having Mass said for him this morning, and offering Holy Communion for his recovery, and I did the same here, at six o'clock, in the Cathedral. About a couple of hours after, he seemed to be dying, and then quite unexpectedly he had a turn for the better. I can't tell you how awfully broken up I have been about him, poor old chap! especially as he has been suffering so, and has seemed very bitter about dying so young; and it did seem hard lines, for he has worked so awfully hard, and he was going up for his "final" in October. It

looked as though he would go up for a final Exam. of a different sort, straight away, one for which he hadn't worked either; but I hope, now, the danger is past. If you don't mind, dear mother, I should like to bring him down with me when I come home at Whitsuntide for a few weeks' holiday; he will be ready for a change and some sea air by then, and I can look after him myself so there won't be much nursing for you and Molly to do, although I know neither of you would mind that. I am sure you would make him happy, and we would have a ripping time together. I would like him to have my room and the little study adjoining, as they look out on the sea and get the sun all day. Ask Molly to turn out all my valuables and put in the pretty things from the guest room—the shiny covers and curtains with the pink roses on them, chintz I think you call them, and all those fluffy muslin things, as they look cool and fresh in the summer—oh, yes, and you might have the boat overhauled and painted. I am simply longing for a sail. I hope we may be with you in three weeks. I finish my appointment then, but of course I will wait till Ward is able to travel. Thank you and Molly for all your prayers for him. I don't know what I should have done if he had died; it was Sir James, of course, who pulled him through. He hasn't told us yet what he gave him—something very weird, I fancy. Ward simply worships him, and no wonder; he's the kindest man that ever lived. Best love, dear mother, to yourself and Molly—and will you please send the invitation by return of post, as it may cheer Ward up a bit. I think that's all just now.

Your loving son,

GAVIN.

The invitation came by return of post, and Heathcote hurried to his friend's room and read the kind letter to him, but it was a week later, when Ward was a little stronger and able to talk, that they discussed the matter together.

"Now, hurry up and get well, old chap," said Heathcote, "and let us be off. You don't know how lovely the country is in Dorset at this time of the year, with the hedgerows covered with wild roses and honeysuckle, and the meadows full of new-mown hay. We have an old, rambling house in the hollow of a green hill, with the sea before us and a wide down behind, and the finest view in the whole county. How does that sound?"

"Absolutely perfect—I have been dreaming of it. But you don't want to be going into the country now, Heathcote; you ought to

be at the hospital all this summer; you are doing this for me. It is awfully good of you, old man."

"No. I must get home for a bit. I am a country mouse, and I am pining for the sea and the downs, and the deep green lanes. May I tell my mother you will come as soon as we can get you on your legs?"

"Thank you, yes," he faltered; "but, you know, I feel such a worm—I am really not presentable; just look at this." He held up his arm, white and wasted, and let it drop again, like a dead weight.

"Never mind," laughed Heathcote, "'a live dog is better than a dead lion,' and we will soon put some flesh on your bones when we get you into the country. Molly is quite a miraculous cook."

"Molly?"

"Yes, my sister; she fancies herself tremendously in that way. She has been in France, you know, and learned a lot, and she knows how to make coffee and all that sort of thing."

"Is she—er—grown up?"

"Oh, yes, she's twenty. I thought I told you; she comes next to me. Then there are two kiddies—twelve and fourteen—but they are away at school. The boy was just two when my father died."

"And is the young lady like you?"

"Molly? Oh, exactly like me—blue eyes, brown, curly hair—her's is a marvellous mop—and a turned-up nose; but for goodness' sake don't tell her she is like me, she will be fearfully insulted."

"She ought to be jolly well flattered," said Ward warmly.

"Yes—er—but you see Molly is rather pretty. Poor old Grimshaw had his wings singed rather badly last summer hovering round that flame. His home is in Wareham, and he was always cycling over to our place. She wasn't a bit nice to him, so I hope he has got over it. By the way, he is going home next month, so I daresay we shall see something of him when we are down there."

"How strange it will seem to see all the fellows again—it makes my tears come just to think of it. Some of them have been up, old Grimshaw among them, but nurse would not let me talk to them. I didn't feel much like talking—neither did they, I fancy. It seems very surprising that I am alive. Oh, how thankful I feel, Heathcote—I want to go down on my knees and give thanks for the good gift of life."

"Thanks to——?"

"To God, Heathcote. If I have been brought very low, into the valley of the shadow, and have been taught humility in the school of suffering, I have nevertheless found something I might have missed forever on the heights."

"What have you found?"

"Faith, I hope; love certainly. I have never known any love in my life; I thought I did not care much for that, but I find I do. There was no love in my home life, for my mother died in my infancy, and I never saw much of my father or my sister, and my brother was not much at home. But just think of all the goodness and affection that have been shown me since I have been ill; look at those flowers—why, these orchids are worth five shillings each, at least."

"Ah, yes; Dr. Bedford brought you these. He goes in for orchids, luxurious old beggar; I saw him carrying them upstairs himself, as if they were too precious to trust to a nurse."

"He was honoring me with a visit. One of the students brought those roses; he will have to go without lunch all the week as a consequence of his extravagance. He is very hard up, I know, and he worries about the fees in his exam."

"That's Carruthers, the Cambridge man," said Heathcote; "awfully decent chap."

"Then every morning I get a look-in from the Padre, who comes from the cathedral—a little dark priest with kind, brown eyes; he is a great pal of nurse's—they have huge jokes together, and cheer me up no end. I like him so much! It has been worth while being ill to have had such a lovely and comforting glimpse of the bright side of human nature. And you see this magnificent jacket?" he went on, pointing to a quilted, silk-embroidered garment lying at the foot of his bed; "some of the nurses made it for me—it has just arrived. I am to put it on when I get up. Isn't it very grand?"

"By Jove! it is stunning. You will look like the Mikado in it."

"And as for Jimmy—well, I can't tell you all he has done for me."

"Indeed you can't, my dear boy; you don't *know* all he has done for you—you have cost him hundreds of pounds to begin with—in hard cash."

"How?"

"The morning you were so bad he was telegraphed for from

Paris to operate on a Russian Grand Duke who had smashed his head in a motor accident; that would have been seven or eight hundred pounds for the fee alone—but he would not go. Another day some millionaire manufacturer in Yorkshire wired for him, and again he refused to leave you; and patient after patient has been declined or put off all on your account. He has simply haunted this wing of the hospital. I should think you must feel mightily honored."

"I feel very humble, and ashamed of my unworthiness; but I hope I shall never be unkind to anyone again, as long as I live."

"Oh, of course you won't," said Heathcote cheerily. "You never have been unkind, really, old chap—just a bit cynical sometimes. You want to chuck old Omar Khayyam now, and study something a little more mellow."

"Mellow?" He laughed. "I should think he was mellow enough; but I say, Heathcote, talking of books, what do you suppose Jimmy carries about with him in his pocket?"

"I don't know."

"A Greek testament, with the pages quite worn in some parts. He said it was his vade mecum."

"Jimmy? Never!"

"Yes, and he has read me things from it several times; you should just hear him read Greek."

"Oh, I am glad; I am sure he must be good, or we should not love him as we do."

"Good? I should think he was. I should like you to hear nurse talk about him——"

"I should like you to hear nurse talking about you," said that cheerful person, coming into the room at that moment. "Come, Mr. Heathcote, you must go now. You have had quite a long visit this time."

By the end of another week the invalid was able to sit up in his fine silk jacket, making a good convalescence, and the date was fixed for his journey down to Dorsetshire. One afternoon Sir James found him sitting out in a sunny corner of the terrace. He had come, he told him, to pay him his last professional visit: he was going away for the week-end, and by the time he returned to town Ward would have gone south with his friend.

"You must be careful of over-fatigue just at first," said Sir James. "I have told Heathcote to keep a tight rein on you for the

first ten days, and not let you do too much; you are not quite emancipated yet from the trammels of illness."

"I am not at all anxious for emancipation, sir," said Ward; "this has been a happy and gracious time for me since I have been out of pain; nurse says I am 'having the time of my life'—and she is right."

"So nurse talks slang too, does she?" laughed Sir James. "I should say rather that it was coming now—a whole lazy, happy month in one of the loveliest spots in England, with your friend for company, and—let me see—there's a pretty sister, isn't there?"

"How do you know that, Sir?" laughed Ward.

"I taxed Heathcote with it; he blushed, but he owned up—first to the sister, then to her likeness to his extremely good-looking self."

"All the same, Sir James, I don't like going away, I don't like leaving you. I get a frightful fit of blues when I think of it."

"Why? Do you think I am going to get blood poisoning in your absence?" He laughed.

"I don't know; you have been so good—you have saved me, body and soul, I might say."

"I understand, my dear boy," said Sir James," but remember that I look to you to complete my good work. Get strong, now, and come back to your work here with new energy and new and higher purpose. Your career will always be to me something of very dear interest, and if the day should come when I shall find my sight growing dim and my hand unsteady, I shall find much comfort in the thought that your young eyes and clever fingers will carry on my work here when my little day is past."

"I hope I shall be old myself, and white-haired, when the time comes; oh, must you go now, Sir James?"

"Yes, I must leave you—this is one of my busy days. You will let me know how you managed the journey. Good-bye, my dear boy, and God bless you—No, no, I cannot listen to any thanks. Remember this time has had its consolations for me also, and I shall look forward to seeing you again shortly, well and strong. Good-bye."

JESSIE READER.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL.

MODERNISM VS. RELIGION.

THE Papal Encyclical on Modernism reads like the articles and decrees of a General Council. The errors, or rather system of errors, it was written to condemn are set forth in detail, and corrective regulations are laid down, with a view to extirpating them. Seldom, if ever, have the errors of an age been so systematically grouped together, or exposed with such catechetical simplicity. Many of them are so manifest that one is tempted to ask why the Pope should have deemed them worth mentioning at all. Indeed, he is at some pains in the beginning of the Encyclical to explain why he could no longer refrain from condemning publicly men who under the guise of divinely commissioned teachers presume to rob religion of all that savors of the divinity. These teachers of error lie hid "in the very bosom and heart" of the Church; they are in the ranks of the priesthood itself; "the danger is present almost in the very veins and heart of the Church." The Modernists must have been amazed to find their desultory utterances arranged in the order of a system from its first principles to its conclusions. Perhaps for the first time they must feel that they have been exposed, without hope of escape, in their endeavor to reason according to principles as varied as the rôles which they assume of philosopher, believer, theologian, historian, critic, apologist and reformer. They cannot feel flattered either by a document which shows that under the color of novelty they are really advocating views which have been current among Protestants for well nigh 400 years. Stripped of the verbiage with which some of them have succeeded in captivating, or better, mystifying their readers, it appears that they have been inculcating the fundamental principles of Protestantism as well as its most extreme conclusions. Religion, in their system, is not so much a matter of revelation as of consciousness. God and His attributes are not within the scope of human knowledge. If we come to be united with Him at all, it is because we are at least subconscious of needing such union. Although parts of the Encyclical are difficult reading, nevertheless we advise all who can to read and study it, particularly the latter portion, which designates the causes of Modernism and the remedies and preventives of its pernicious errors. Curiosity, pride,

and ignorance are the causes which have misled our new teachers and reformers to attempt to reclaim the Church from what they regard as her ignorance, mismanagement and corruption. The reason why they scorn scholastic philosophy, for instance, is because they know little or nothing about it. This charge of ignorance must stupefy the men whose chief complaint has been that conservative churchmen are ignorant and unprogressive. Here again, the Encyclical does an invaluable service by describing the tactics of the Modernists in their endeavors to discredit those who stand for the truth. Already, Leo XIII had exposed their artifices in his motu-proprio *Ut Mysticum,* March 14, 1891: "To bring contempt and odium on the mystic Spouse of Christ, who is the true light, the children of darkness have been wont to cast in her face before the world a stupid calumny, and perverting the meaning and force of things and words, to depict her as the friend of darkness and ignorance, and the enemy of light, science and progress." The present venerable pontiff adds:

"This being so, Venerable Brethren, no wonder the Modernists vent all their gall and hatred on Catholics who sturdily fight the battles of the Church. But of all the insults they heap on them those of ignorance and obstinacy are the favorites. When an adversary rises up against them with an erudition and force that renders him redoubtable, they try to make a conspicacy of silence around him to nullify the effects of his attack, while in flagrant contrast with this policy towards Catholics, they load with constant praise the writers who range themselves on their side, hailing their works, exuding novelty in every page, with choruses of applause; for them the scholarship of a writer is in direct proportion to the recklessness of his attacks on antiquity, and of his efforts to undermine tradition and the ecclesiastical magisterium; when one of their number falls under the condemnations of the Church, the rest of them, to the horror of good Catholics, gather round him, heap public praise upon him, venerate him almost as a martyr to truth. The young, excited and confused by all this clamor of praise and abuse, some of them afraid of being branded as ignorant, others ambitious to be considered learned, and both classes, goaded internally by curiosity and pride, often surrender and give themselves up to Modernism."

Since the Encyclical appeared, some of the Modernists, not for the first time in their career, have employed other even more odious artifices to discredit the words of the sovereign pontiff, and were His

Holiness to issue another message he would be compelled to rebuke them for equivocation and treachery. There is no need here to allude to the facts which our weekly newspapers have faithfully reported, showing that these men who would indoctrinate and reform the Church have been deceitful enough to profess her beliefs exteriorly, while at heart abjuring, and secretly machinating with her enemies. From such men, forsooth, we are to expect truth and morality suited to the age, instead of depending upon the tradition of the Church, the authority of the Fathers, and the divinely guided teachings of the Vicar of Christ. In issuing this Encyclical, Pius X has acted as religious seer, as well as teacher. Like the prophets of old, he has read the very consciences of the traitors in the camp, and forced them to appear in their true guise of deceivers rather than teachers. To the faithful he has spoken to reassure them that they need not look to Luther, nor to Kant, nor to any of the exponents of Protestantism for the true doctrine about Christ, the Old or New Testament, the Church and the Sacraments. Elementary throughout, as this Encyclical is, it only shows how truly the Pope accuses the Modernists of striking at the very root, not only of Catholicity but of religion. Instead of standing in the way of progress, or of limiting true liberty of reason or conscience, once again the Vicar of Christ has facilitated the way of true progress by clearing away the clouds of error, and widened the road of true liberty by lifting men out of the narrow and straitening path of self.

THE PANIC AND THE CRUSADE OF SLANDER.

Times of panic are believed to be favorable for the cultivation of a religious spirit. When in plenty, men have no time for thought of anything except the acquisition of more than plenty; when in need, it is said, they are willing to take even such consolation as religion offers, to heed the counsel: "Lay not up treasures"; to think better of riches exceeding comprehension which the Provider of all things has stored up for them, and to set about earning or deserving the same. Without disputing this belief, it is sure that need has its hindrances to religious development as well as prosperity. The man in possession of this world's goods may retain his sense of dependence on providence to enable him to keep and use them properly, quite as well as the man in need may turn to the same source to obtain his share. Indeed, the very habits which

help a man to obtain a competence honestly—forethought, industry, patience, energy, sobriety—imply also the habit of recognizing and depending upon a power which dispenses, as it has created and forever controls, the elements from which wealth is derived. On the other hand, quite frequently poverty is as much due to the absence of these virtues, just as their absence is due to a lack of faith. For religion all times and all conditions are favorable to honest men. Honesty implies justice to God first, and justice implies good-will, the disposition which engenders the religious spirit in rich as well as poor.

This particular panic, however, should bring home to us one religious lesson or practice, for losing sight of which we owe, in great measure, our present money difficulties and the hardships they entail: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." During the past few years we have been living in an atmosphere of slander. Time was when we could debate whether the newspaper press could legitimately publish accusations against the honesty and integrity of men in public and private life, in their political, domestic or commercial relations; but long since that question was settled by journalists who, waving aside the matter of legitimacy, assumed the right of freedom of speech to an extent that now makes it well nigh hopeless to convert them from their licentious habits in this regard.

Gradually the habit has infected the managers of magazines and even publishers who once prided themselves on the high-tone, correct principle of the books they issued. Supply has stimulated demand. Weekly and monthly periodicals have been established for the purpose of making money by catering to the public demand for more and more slander. Very astutely have they tried to justify their slanderous contents by proclaiming the need of publicity, of bringing wrongdoers into the lime-light of public opinion. The end, in their morality, must justify their means. The exposure of dishonesty in business or of corruption in political life was so desirable that there was no evil but good in denouncing it, even in singling out individuals for accusation after accusation without, in most cases, shadow of substantial proof. Charges, which a few years ago would have brought upon the defamer penalty of fine or imprisonment for libel or blackmail, have been made so recklessly, so pertinaciously and so universally, that on the one hand it became hopeless to take any adequate action against them, while on the

other, even well-disposed men began to think or fear they might be true. The mischief did not end here. The one agency which might have been invoked against this crusade of evil report and slander, even the courts have been made, in many instances, instruments for aiding muck-raking newspapers and magazines. Whether moved by an excited and clamorous public, or too willing to seize upon the opportunity for political advantage, courts and commissions have been empowered to investigate charges or conditions and to compel admissions which the press could only suspect, but never prove. No doubt, in some cases these investigations have resulted not only in punishing misdemeanors, but in framing laws preventive of such misdeeds in future. Still in many more cases they have succeeded in bringing to light actions which might seem to justify public clamor, but which either could not be proved to be illegal, much less immoral, or which could even be explained satisfactorily by men whom the press, in spite of the doubt in their favor, persists in condemning as dishonest. The result is mistrust everywhere, and loss of credit in social, political and financial circles. A breach of one commandment is never a means of stopping the breach of another. If your neighbor is suspected or accused of stealing, that is no reason why you should forthwith rob him of his reputation before the courts have convicted him. It is not enough that witnesses give testimony of his dishonesty. They may be mistaken, or worse. The lesson is plain, and it has cost us dearly. If among other moral benefits of our present difficulties, we learn to believe that men are right until they have been proved wrong, we shall have acquired the very first principle of religion, without which mutual trust and credit among men is impossible.

LUKE THE PHYSICIAN.

In spite of the tinge of unorthodoxy that has come to attach itself to medicine in recent years, there has always been some consolation in recalling the tradition that made the most interesting of the Evangelists a member of the medical profession. It is rather interesting then to find that the Dean of the higher critics, Prof. Adolf Harnack, in his recent book, Lukas der Arzt, which has recently been translated under the title of "Luke the Physician, the Author of the Third Gospel, and the Acts of the Apostles," has not only thrown no doubt on the fact that the author of these portions of

the New Testament was a member of the medical profession of the time, but has even confirmed it in such a complete way as to leave it practically beyond all doubt. It has long been recognized that the writer of the Third Gospel and of the Acts was apparently very well acquainted with the language and the methods of the Greek medicine of his time. Professor Harnack has treated this part of the subject very skilfully. As his earlier historical writing included some distinct contributions to the ancient history of medicine, he is a thoroughly competent authority to treat this question. It is true that an argument founded on Philology is always a little suspicious because it requires such technical treatment, yet Harnack has seemed not to push technicalties to a limit beyond endurance in order to reach his conclusions.

It is true that Professor Harnack finds much to take exception with in Luke's narrative. It can readily be understood that the perfectly matter of fact way in which a physician tells the stories of the miracles of Christ would tempt the higher critics to find as many objections as possible to the material of his narrative. It is an interesting consideration, however, which is perhaps not often enough dwelt on with as much emphasis as should be accorded to it, that a physician of these early times should have been found so willing to accept the stories of the curing of the sick and even the raising of the dead, which are given in quite as much detail in Luke as in any other of the Evangelists. Indeed, there are many readers who have found his stories of miraculous events, especially for instance such an incident as that of the raising to life of the son of the widow of Naim as among the most wonderfully convincing portions of the Scriptural narrative. In spite of the objections that may be raised on less tenable grounds to Luke's histories, it is extremely interesting to find such thorough confirmation in modern hands and under the most searching criticism of the old-time tradition that he was a physician. The physicians of the modern day may still continue with untroubled hearts to hail him as a patron, and to recall with pleasure the fact that one of their number was chosen to be such an important factor in the diffusion of the *good tidings* to men that the Son of God brought down.

THE CHRONICLE.

HOME NEWS.

One Hundredth Anniversary of the Sisters of Providence.—The commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Order of the Sisters of Providence was held in October at St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo Co., Indiana. The Order was founded in the north of France by Father Dujare, and its first members were ladies of the nobility, whose estates had been confiscated during the reign of terror and who wished to devote their lives to religious education. Sixty-seven years ago, in the days of Bishop Hailandiere, six pioneer Sisters of the Order came from the mother house at Ruillé, France, to establish the first American foundation in the wilds of Indiana. To-day they number 757 professed members, 382 in charge of schools in the diocese of Indianapolis, and 375 in other dioceses, with nearly 20,000 pupils under their instruction. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Francis Chatard, D.D., the venerable Bishop of Indianapolis, in the presence of His Excellency, Most Rev. Diomede Falconio, D.D., the Apostolic Delegate, and a distinguished gathering of the clergy. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. James J. Conway, S.J., of St. Louis University.

Consecration of Bishop Collins.—The Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., former Rector of Fordham University, N. Y., was consecrated as Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, West Indies, and Titular Bishop of Antiphellos, on October 28, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York City. The Most Rev. Archbishop John M. Farley was the consecrating prelate, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beavan, Bishop of Springfield, and the Rt. Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, Bishop of Brooklyn. There were present in the sanctuary a large number of prelates and priests from all parts of the country. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph Mooney, V.G., was the preacher on the occasion.

The Rt. Rev. John J. Collins was born in 1857 at Maysville, Ky. His early education was received in the public schools of his native place. He made his college studies at St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, and at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md. In 1876 he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Frederick, Md., and made his philosophy and theology at the Woodstock Seminary. For five years he was an instructor at St. John's College, Fordham, and after his ordination was prefect of discipline at the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester. In 1892-93 he was stationed at the Church of St. Francis Xavier's, New York, after which he labored for nine years on the Mission of Jamaica. In 1902 Father Collins was assigned to the Jesuit Mission Band, and on April 4, 1904, became President of St. John's College, Fordham. Early in 1906 he was appointed by the Holy See Administrator of the Island of Jamaica, and a few months later was made Vicar Apostolic.

The Catholic University.—The Board of Trustees of the Catholic University held a meeting in Washington, D. C., November 13. Those present

were Cardinal Gibbons, who presided; Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Farley, of New York; Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, and Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis; Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky.; Bishop Harkins, of Providence, R. I.; Bishop Foley, of Detroit, and Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the university. Seven new members of the Board of Trustees were elected to fill vacancies, as follows: Archbishop Henry Moeller, of Cincinnati; Archbishop William H. O'Connell, of Boston; Archbishop James H. Blenk, of New Orleans; Mgr. Lavelle, rector of the Cathedral of New York; Eugene Philbin, of New York; Walter George Smith, of Philadelphia, and Richard C. Kerens, of St. Louis. The addition of three more lay members increases the lay membership of the Board to six, the others being Michael Jenkins, of Baltimore; Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte and Michael Cudahy, of Chicago.

The Trustees placed the seal of disapproval on so-called "modernism" as a serious danger to the Church, and instructed Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, Chancellor of the university and president of the Board of Trustees, to write a letter to the Holy Pontiff declaring the adhesion of the university and its trustees to the important encyclical on "modernism," recently made public at Rome.

The Board adopted a resolution establishing a department of education. The plans of the new department and the selection of its head have not yet been worked out.

Cardinal Gibbons, as chancellor of the Catholic University of America, has issued a circular letter relative to the income of the institution. He expresses satisfaction over the result of last year's collection, which amounted to $100,000, but points out that in order for the university to become what its name implies, the sum of $2,000,000 at least will be required. This proposed endowment, he says, would mean an annual income of $80,000.

"In comparison with the revenues of the older universities in our country," the Cardinal continues, "this is not a large amount. And when we consider that in many of these institutions, with unlimited resources and far-reaching influence, there is a spirit of antagonism to revealed religion, the necessity of developing our Catholic University as a stronghold of faith becomes more and more obvious.

"Our action in building up the university would also be a fitting response to the words burning with zeal of our Holy Father, who, in his recent encyclical, appeals so earnestly to all Bishops to withstand, by the teaching of sound science, the pernicious encroachments of error. Nothing, I am sure, would afford him greater comfort, nor prove our devotion to him more completely, than a resolute and united endeavor in behalf of the Catholic Univeristy.

"For these reasons, then, I venture to urge that the great movement for higher Catholic education be carried forward with ever increasing energy for the glory of God, the defence of religion, the consolation of our sorely tried Pontiff and the honor of the Church in America."

New Monsignors in the Archdiocese of New York.—The Holy See has conferred the dignity of Domestic Prelate on the Rev. Dr. Patrick J. Hayes,

chancellor of the Archdiocese and president of Cathedral College, New York, and on the Rev. Joseph Freri, Director General of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

New Provincial of the Xaverian Brothers.—Brother Isidore, director of Mt. St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, has been appointed provincial of the Xaverian Brothers in the United States by Brother Chrysostom, Superior General of the Order. The Brothers have houses in the Archdioceses of Baltimore, Boston, San Francisco, and in the dioceses of Richmond, Springfield, Wheeling, Manchester, Detroit and Hartford.

St. Andrew's.—The beautiful chapel of the Blessed Sacrament built by Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, at the Jesuit Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, was consecrated by His Grace, Archbishop Farley, on Tuesday, November 19, 1907. It completes and forms part of the northern line of the parallelogram of the entire structure, and its beautiful façade is seen only from the inner court. It is Roman in design, and the same materials of brick and freestone which were used in the rest of the building have been employed. The interior is very rich and handsome. The main altar, with its slender and graceful tabernacle, and its rich carvings on the entablature, forms the point to which nine side chapels converge. All of the altars are of marble, some of them the gifts of special benefactors. Around the clerestory are rich stained-glass windows, each one referring in one way or other by symbol or accomplishment to the Blessed Sacrament. The massive and artistic sanctuary lamp was the offering of Mr. Feeley, of Providence, R. I. The large number of altars in what is after all only a domestic chapel, is explained by the fact that, as the Novitiate is also the House of the Tertian Fathers, all the masses on account of the community regulations must be over at a certain fixed time. On the day of the consecration the celebrant of the Mass was Father J. H. Richards, who had been for some years identified with the Novitiate. The sermon was preached by Father Campbell. Most of the clergy of the neighborhood took part in the ceremony, and among the laymen present were a considerable number of non-Catholics.

ENGLAND.

The Socialist Defeat.—Like the sun through a cloud comes the news from England that on Saturday, November 9, the Unionists have gained more than 100 seats in the municipal elections. While being a set-back for the Liberals it is at the same time an overwhelming victory over the Socialists, whose growing power caused much anxiety of late in England. The significance of it is strongly accentuated by the fact that the rout has occurred in the great centres of Socialist activity, Liverpool, Leeds, Bristol, Manchester, etc. In 31 towns where the Socialists sent out the challenge, they were ignominiously defeated; so that they have been practically repudiated by the very class of people upon whom they have been building their hopes. It is regarded as a crushing blow, and the political trend has now set in with a decided strength against the movement which marked the last elections.

Lord Brampton.—On Sunday, October 6, the distinguished jurist passed away, at the age of 90. He was plain Henry Hawkins of Hitchin, and was born September 14, 1817. He was called to the bar in 1843, and devoted himself to what is now said to be an extinct science in England, "special pleading below the bar." He was concerned in some of the most memorable trials of his time. He used to say that he had "no ridiculous ambition." He became wealthy, chiefly by railroad compensation cases, and was sought for as a political candidate, but as he refused to furnish the necessary money he was dropped. He was in the famous Tichborne case, in which he refused a retainer of fifty thousand guineas, though he won the case. In 1874 he was offered a judgeship, but declined. Two years after, he accepted. He was a great figure on the bench. A distinguished lawyer speaking of the Penge murder case, said of him: "He summed up that case as no living man could have done; every word told; every point was touched upon and made so clear that it was impossible not to see it." He was not only an acute but a careful judge; severe to the cruel, but tender to the weak and sorely tried. He earned the reputation of a hanging judge, but his autobiography gives ample evidence of his humanity. He retired from the bench in 1898. On the following New Year's Day he was raised to the peerage, and took his title from his little estate of Brampton. He was subsequently a member of the Privy Council, though he never sat in it. In the summer following his elevation to the peerage, he became a Catholic, and was received into the Church by Cardinal Vaughan.

Father Ryder.—On October 6, the famous Oratorian departed this life, at the age of 70. He had been suffering from the effects of a paralytic stroke received six years ago, and since then his life was necessarily inactive and secluded. His family had a very decided ministerial strain in it. He was the son of a convert minister, and his mother was the daughter of a minister who was the grandson of a Protestant Bishop of Lichfield. On his mother's side he was also nephew of Emily, wife of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester; and of Caroline, wife of Archdeacon (afterwards Cardinal) Manning. He was born in 1837, and educated partly in the Dominican schools, and partly in the Oratory under Newman. He was nine years old when his father became a Catholic. He was ordained in 1862, and succeeded Newman as Superior of the Birmingham Oratory. It was he who disposed of Dr. Littledale and his misstatements. Besides being an essayist, he was something of a poet, and published a volume of verse dedicated to Aubrey de Vere. He always read his sermons. He is one of the six Fathers whose names George Eliot said Newman made musical by the list he gave of them. One of his brothers, Cyril, is a Redemptorist, and another, Charles Edward, a secular priest.

The Schools.—Mr. McKenna still persists in his scheme of Educational Instructions, which will inject Protestant, Jewish, and Infidel teachers into Catholic Training Schools. He has other plans besides. The

Catholics are just as determined to fight him at every step, and the Bishop of Salford has issued a manifesto before the Salford Catholic Federation to that effect.

The Land in Wales.—The English Government does not want the Welsh to be land owners, but only municipal tenants. An attempt was made by a Welsh member of Parliament to empower the purchase by the various municipalities of several great estates, now in the market, by including that provision in the Small Holdings Bill. The suggestion was not entertained. So there is an effort to go ahead by the making use of a Small Holdings Bill passed in 1902, which enables a county council to advance on loan to a tenant, who has purchased his holding, four-fifths of the purchase money, to be repaid in annual installments extending over a period not exceeding fifty years. The public is waiting to see what will be done. Lloyd George is particularly active in this matter as well as with the proposal to disestablish the Welsh Church. He is unusually popular in Great Britain just now, as it was he who settled the great railway strike.

Scotch Autonomy.—In speaking to the Scotch, Campbell-Bannerman said not a word about religious education. He knew it would not take, for the Scotch believe in it; but he roused them by pointing to the Small Landowners' Bill, which the Lords had thrown out, and so wrought evil to the country, and from that he passed on to an attack on the Upper House. "They were trying to dry up the Tweed," and to take away Scotland's autonomy. It was being overridden by "nomad tribes, who in the month of August bore down upon it with guns, fishing rods, and sometimes in kilts, but kilts with white knees. The State must see that justice was done to the landlords, but that was the measure of its obligation. As things were, the Lords were denying Scotland's right to separate legislation."

To all this, another Scotchman, Lord Rosebery, replies that the Bill proposed for Scotland, which had been rejected by the Lords, was totally unlike that which had been passed for England; secondly, that it did in reality, in spite of Campbell-Bannerman's assertion, introduce dual ownership into the land, by giving the Government a right to step into another man's property and fix the rent without any regard to his interest. To strike the landlord in that way was to hurt the tenant. Thirdly, the Government, which had been brought into power to support Free Trade, was violating it by getting up a small class of protected peasants in the midst of those who were unprotected. The Bill, he maintained, was not for the agricultural classes at all.

FRANCE.

The Church Treasures.—As was expected, there is a *projet de loi* in process of making, to take all the works of art belonging to Catholic churches and other institutions to the public museums for safe keeping. Thus the thieves will have rendered an invaluable service to the Govern-

ment. Such a transfer is against the old laws, and even the provision that "in default of cultual association the churches and their fillings and furniture would remain at the disposition of the faithful." The State, it is claimed, only makes a *moral* transfer, and the faithful can look at their chalices, and vestments, and pictures, in the safe keeping of the State. The plan has its difficulties, but perhaps Briand's law of last June will afford a solution, viz.: all the churches will become State Museums. He is now pushing it forward under the designation of *Devolution of Church Property.* Angry protests have been made by the Catholics, but the Socialists hail it as the expression of their principles of collectivism. In the Assembly, Constans said: "We will vote for the law, and later on make use of it for our own purposes. *You are simply tearing up the Civil Code.*"

Ecclesiastical Tangles.—Still desiring to exercise the functions of Minister of Worship, though worship does not exist in France officially, Briand recently appointed a chaplain to a school which applied for one, although there is a movement on foot to do away with chaplaincies in Lycées. He sent a priest of Avignon to fill the gap. As Avignon is not in Moulins where the school happened to be, the Bishop of Moulins notified the priest that he had no faculties; so that Briand has had his pains for nothing. Again, it appears that the presbyteries cannot be legally seized by the Prefect. They belong to the Commune. Thus the courts have decided in several instances, and so where the curé is ejected he walks back and nobody can say nay. Moreover, some of the communes are very benignant, in view of the fact that several of the curés have come to the rescue in supplying schools where there were none. Hence, by way of compensation, the municipalities have given the priest possession of the house for a nominal consideration.

Death Penalty.—So numerous and horrible have the murders in France become, now that religion has lost its hold on the people, that there is a growing demand for the reintroduction of the guillotine. It is not against the law to put a criminal to death, but systematic commutation has practically abolished capital punishment for any crime, and indeed, Parliament had intended to introduce a measure doing away with it absolutely; but now come the courts from all over the country demanding the death penalty as the only means of putting an end to the atrocities that are multiplying daily. A straw ballot was taken recently, and 1,083,655 persons voted for capital punishment, and 328,692 against it.

The Inundations.—Not only floods but wintry cyclones swept through the centre and south of France in the middle of October, while violent storms raged at sea with more than the usual wreckage. Great rocks rolled down the Loire though that stream is sometimes fordable. Six feet, and even nine, of a sudden rise was common all along the river, and the dykes and retaining walls threatened to collapse. Marauders mean-

time were on the lookout for everything the torrent carried with it, and the police were powerless. The Rhone did not rise so high, but the railways are broken here and there. Marseilles was especially damaged by a cyclone, trees and telegraph poles were down, and the chief railways put out of commission. At Bagnols, the Cèze rose 21 feet and more. On the sea coast there are wrecks of all kinds, and torrents of rain continue to fall. This was the situation on October 25.

A Common Instance.—There was a certain Senator Hugot who did all he could against the Church, but who is said to have made an act of contrition on his death-bed, and was buried with religious ceremonies. He was personally an amiable individual, but voted for the suppression of freedom of education, the suppression of the Congregations, the removal of the crucifix out of the schools, and the Law of Separation, after having failed to keep his word to 350 Catholics who voted for him. He did not make any public retractation of his course as a politician, but appears to have called or had the priest, and so his body was brought to the Church. His funeral, however, was not very solemn; the hearse was *dernière classe*, and a single priest took care of the ceremonies.

Public Brigandage.—A calm, measured, and totally unexpected statement was made at the end of October in the French Assembly, that Briand's proposed law about appropriating the legacies for Masses and pious or charitable purposes, was "an act of public brigandage." It was not made by an excited member, but by an eminent jurisconsult, who had studied the matter thoroughly, and who quite dispassionately made the assertion. The speaker was M. Groussau. He was reprimanded by the presiding officer, but he had struck the blow. To back him up he has Briand's own words of the 9th of November last, who, when asked if he proposed to make such a seizure, answered: "M. Groussau, we cannot touch those properties; we are honest men." Of course Briand thought then that the courts would do his work by ruling that such bequests reverted to the State. The courts failed him, and he has to do the disagreeable thing himself.

ITALY—ROME.

Elections.—The *Corriere d' Italia* asserts that the Catholics would not go to the polls for the municipal elections of November 10; the reason being that their Representatives would be obliged to support some of the less subversive measures of the "Bloc." They wished to leave that to the party which calls itself "The Constitutionals." The situation was regarded as serious, because of the influence that such a course will have in the general election, especially as "the subversives" are credited with the purpose of desiring to elect the Grand Master of the Free Masons, Nathan, as Mayor. With regard to the National Assembly, is is said that the Holy Father discourages the idea of creating a Catholic Centre Party. On Sunday, November 10, the election took place, and the expected happened; the anti-clericals swept everything. The "clericals"

maintain that it was good tactics. It is quite the reverse of what happened in England two days previously.

Strikes.—A general railway tie-up was threatened at the end of October. There was no grievance; merely a desire to assert the right to strike. As the trains were loaded with perishable material, such as grapes, etc., and as tens of thousands of tourists would be prevented from spending their money in the country, the prospect was alarming, and met with popular condemnation. Besides, a strike would mean the immediate militarization of sixty or seventy thousand railroad employees, for the Government claims that power over there. It would be a splendid instrument in its hands were it not for the fact that the use of it would immediately give rise to mutiny in the army itself as most of the soldiers are Socialists. In some mysterious way the danger has been averted by the skill, it is said, of the Minister Giolitti. How he did it, what influence he brought to bear, no one knows; but the strike was declared off, and peace reigns in the Peninsula.

Death of Cardinal Steinhuber.—Andrew Steinhuber was born at Uttlau in Bavaria, November 11, 1825. He was 32 years of age when he became a Jesuit. He was subsequently professor at Innsbruck, and in 1867 was made Rector of the German College in Rome. In 1874, he was appointed theologian of the Sacred Penitentiary; in 1874 Consultor of the Commission of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, and in 1886, Consultor of the Propaganda. Leo XIII had reserved him *in petto* as Cardinal, January 16, 1893, and proclaimed him, May 18, 1894, with the title of St. Agatha *in Suburra*. He was Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, and Member of the Congregations of the Holy Office, the Consistory, Bishops and Regulars, Rites, Propaganda, Extraordinary Affairs, Studies, and the Codification of Canon Law. He was Protector of the Alexins and of several Congregations of women. As a canonist he was conspicuous for his learning, and was actively engaged in the work of codification. He published several articles in the German Reviews on that and cognate topics. He was very zealous in the defense of sound doctrine, and by many memorable condemnations came into collision with the Modernists. Clearly all this work was too much for a man verging on 80, and hence for the past year he had been compelled to give up some of his many occupations. His death reduces the number of cardinals to 58, and leaves the Society of Jesus without a representative in the Sacred College. The remains were interred in the Jesuit vault of San Lorenzo, side by side with his friend, Cardinal Mazzella.

Seminary Studies.—The Bishops of Lombardy, at their annual conference held at Rho, endorsed the programme adopted by them in 1905, which in some respects differs from that published recently by the Pope for Italian seminaries. On account of the special conditions prevailing in Lombardy, it did not seem expedient to make any change, and hence, in July, a meeting was held to coordinate the two programmes. The

Pope consented to the adaptation, provided the subjects of the papal course and also the four years study of theology were retained. With regard to the year of Propædeutics, when not possible to have it, there is to be special instruction in philosophy in hours outside the time on the schedule.

Two Surprises.—The Pope has surprised the official world in Rome by appointing a diplomat to an episcopal see, and a Dominican monk to a diplomatic post. Mgr. Della Chiesa will be consecrated Archbishop of Bologna, on December 22, by the Holy Father himself, and the Very Rev. Father Fruhwirth, O.P., formerly General of the Dominicans, will be Nuncio to Bavaria. The former, nevertheless, will have to exercise considerable diplomatic skill in Bologna, while the latter seems to have his pathway smoothed for him by the satisfaction manifested at his appointment. Father Fruhwirth was born in Styria, September 13, 1845, and at a General Chapter of his Order in Lyons, was elected Master-General in 1901, remaining in office until 1903.

The Modernists.—On October 27, the *Giornale d' Italia*, the chief organ of the Modernist movement, printed a lengthy summary of a new work of 200 pages, which is intended as an answer to the Pope's Encyclical. The place of the author's name is taken by six stars, which means that it is a composite work of six authors, "with the co-operation of all their brethren." It declares that they cannot remain silent "under the violent accusations of the Supreme Authority of the Church, although he knows them to be faithful subjects, and they are resolved to remain faithful to their dying breath." They proceed to tell the Pope that he is completely wrong from the beginning to the end of his Encyclical, and that "their efforts are directed towards introducing into men's souls the new conscience of the imperishable destinies of Catholicism in the world." It is called "the pronunciamento of the Six Asterisks."

Earthquakes.—On October 24, all Calabria felt a shock that lasted twenty minutes. At one place the tower of the Cathedral fell; the city of Ferruzano is completely destroyed. Many villages which had been destroyed in 1905, and subsequently rebuilt, were again ruined. A deluge of rain followed the earthquake. It is not possible yet to determine exactly the number of deaths, which were given as two or three hundred, and later reaching eight hundred.

Nasi.—On November 6, the trial of former Minister of Public Inctruction Nasi, for forging public documents and defrauding the Treasury out of several million lire, was begun. The Senate had constituted itself into a high court of justice. The Under Secretary of State, Lombardo, was also placed on trial for complicity in the frauds. As Nasi is a Sicilian, and a popular favorite among his countrymen, all Sicily is in a ferment, his henchmen declaring that the trial is political persecution. Such is the answer that Nasi himself made to the charges. He spoke for

THE READER.

Vie de la Mère. Marie Catherine de Saint Augustin. Par le P. L. Hudon, S.J. Bureaux du Messager Canadien, Montreal, Canada.

We are accustomed to look for American mystics among our South American brethren, and to fancy that Rose of Lima and Mary Ann of Jesus are the only examples this part of the world can boast of. Father Hudon shows that there was a remarkable one in the *petit paradis de Quebec,* as this holy woman called her dwelling-place when she landed there from France only a girl of sixteen, and devoted herself to the care of the sick in the days when the Iroquois were scalping white men under the citadel, and she herself, and her associate *filles blanches,* as Bressani, who was carried off to be tortured in New York by the Mohawks, warned the Governor, were in danger of being captured by the savages, who were planning a raid on the convent.

For those interested in New York history it will be a pleasure to hear that for twelve years she was guided in her spiritual life by the great Father Ragueneau, when he returned to Quebec after the failure of the Onondaga mission. Another notable thing in her life is that Father de Brébeuf, who had been killed in Huronia while she was living in Quebec, and whom she had never seen, frequently appeared to her and added his counsels in the work of her perfection. The saintly Bishop Laval also knew her and assisted in her direction. She was not a visionary, or as Garneau, one of the historians of Canada, says, "one of those who were affected by the delirium of devotion which was sweeping over the colony; a victim of the pious chimera, which for a long time affected several pious and romantic intelligences." Garneau's harsh verdict may be explained by the fact that he was a disciple of Michelet, and may be set aside by the contrary testimony of the hard-headed and practical Ragueneau, who was not a man to be easily misled, who knew the holy nun personally, and did not contemplate her through the haze of unbelief which enveloped French writers a century later.

Apart from the higher considerations with which this book deals, it incidentally helps us to a better understanding of many points of history. Thus among other things it is a matter of surprise to read in this narrative that Bishop Laval administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to Mother Mary Catherine in the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, where she was nun, and when she was already twenty-four years of age. She had entered the convent in France at sixteen, and there, we are told, circumstances prevented her being confirmed. Was this symptomatic of conditions that prevailed in France at that time? If so, it explains much of religious life there.

The book is well printed, and presents us with a portrait of the saintly woman, and a new one of Father de Brébeuf.

Letters on Christian Doctrine. By Fr. M. De Zulueta, S.J. Benziger Bros., N. Y.

Father De Zulueta expresses his thanks in the preface of this new book for the cordial reception met with by its predecessor. He will probably have to say the same thing in the next preface about the present publication. His attractive method of explaining Christian doctrine will continue to make him a favorite. Here, for instance, is the way he explains the shades of con-

science as to what is not a scruple: "Ophelia thinks it is a sin to play dance music on a Sunday. That is ignorance. Fidelis declines to go to a doubtful play. That is proper avoidance of a temptation, and a care not to give scandal or bad example. Sophia decides to stop gossiping with her friend Verbosa, in order not to miss a part of Mass of obligation from the beginning to the Epistle. That is a proper care to avoid even venial sin. Sister Mary Jucunda declines to leave a door open in the corridor, the Reverend Mother having expressed her wish that it shall be kept closed. That is proper zeal for perfect religious obedience. All hail to such miscalled 'scruples.'" There are plenty such pleasant examples throughout the book.

The book is concerned exclusively with the Sacraments, but not all of them are given. Father De Zulueta has so much to say upon each topic, that he has not been able to go further than the Sacrament of Penance. The rest are reserved for the future.

The Great Schism of the West. By L. Salembier, Professor at the Catholic University of Lille. Benziger Bros., N. Y.

In his *Historical Sketches,* Newman speaks of "the endemic perennial fidget which possesses us about giving scandal: facts are omitted in great histories, or glosses are put on memorable acts because they are thought not edifying; whereas of all scandals such omissions, such glosses are the greatest."

Professor Salembier is free from this "perennial fidget." He tells the story of the awful calamity of the Schism of Avignon without blinking, and students of history, Catholics as well as Protestant, ought to be grateful to him. For, if at times we are disposed to be gloomy about this or that disaster in the Church, a glance at books like this will be a *sursum corda* for us. The Church survived the awful test to which she was put in this Western Schism.

The preface is a masterly review of the whole situation, and gives us some idea of the extent of Professor Salembier's historical grasp. In this review there is one thing that especially interests Americans, viz.: the sudden disappearance of the "mysterious" Church in Greenland, whose very existence had for a long time been forgotten. "It was established about the twelfth century, and depended on the Bishop of Drontheim in Norway. Every year it paid its Peter's pence in kind. In 1520 the last Bishop of Gardar was consecrated, twenty-eight years after the discovery, or rather rediscovery of America; and then it succumbed to the blows of unknown barbarians, and remains a Church without a historian, like one of those martyrs interred in the catacombs, whose life and name find no record in the annals of Christian antiquity, and is known only by the palm and the phial of blood." This vivid picture is introduced only to show how the disasters of the Church extended to the ultima Thule of the world; for what happened in icy Greenland occurred in the torrid regions of the farthest East. It is worth noting that in the midst of the narrative the learned historian stops to discuss the question so often mooted as to where was the Head of the Church when two or three aspirants were claiming the honor, and when there were saints on both sides. The book is a valuable addition to our libraries of history.

EDUCATION.

The Intermediate Examinations which were so popular in Ireland, or thought to be, are now admitted, after 29 years, to be a failure. The Education Board is charged with the responsibility, in not restraining the Examiners

from ruthlessly scalping the victims, by multiplying the subject matters, till it becomes impossible to grasp them all, adding artificial or trick requirements, and finally by insisting on the curious condition of absolute inexperience of school work on the part of the Examiner, letting him go his own pace, rating the examinees as he wished. The Irish are good natured.

This year the artifical requirements in English Literature were such that pupils whose marks entitle them to prizes are marked as absolute failures. Similar complaints are heard with regard to physics and mathematics, but in French especially, there is widespread disaster. The proportion of failures, in this branch by scholars of the Senior Grade, for instance, bounded up from 12.3, in 1906, to 40, in 1907; and so on proportionately in the other grades. The explanation may be easily found in the test which was set for the Seniors. Whatever notes this examiner gave for translating the passage into French, his own English deserves a very low rating. It is well worth quoting as an example of "English as she is wrote":

"On the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round, before I could find *a convenient place to land in, which was a small creek,* about three times the width of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only intermingled with tufts of grass and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions, and after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there are great numbers." Such is the stuff that is solemnly handed over by a representative of the Government for senior collegians to wrestle with.

There is a complaint of too much education in Germany. The number of students in the universities and advanced technical schools is estimated at 45,000, or 68 for every 100,000 of the population. Thirty years ago it was only 38. The number of students in the technical schools increased from 4,200, in 1901, to 13,269, in 1903. The number of candidates for academic honors rose from 2,700, in 1900, to 8,464, in 1907. The teaching profession is overcrowded; instructors in the gymnasia sometimes being compelled to wait thirty years before obtaining a permanent position. In Bavaria the Minister of Education has endeavored to discourage the overcrowding of the medical and legal professions and the civil service. Meantime, the number of students of theology has, in 30 years, declined 50 per cent. The congestion has helped the Socialists to form what they call "an intellectual proletariate," and large numbers of discontented and disappointed professional men are crowding into the upper ranks of the Social Democracy.

A committee of the British Association, in which we find the names of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Philip Magnus, Sir William Huggins, Principal Griffiths, Dr. H. B. Gray, Messrs. M. C. Stuart, T. E. Pope, M. E. Sadler, H. E. Armstrong, J. Perry, H. A. Miers, A. E. Shipley, and J. Findlay, states its position with regard to the curricula of secondary schools as follows:

"The Committee are led to the conclusion that up to twelve years of age there might be a broad, general course of education for all; that is to say, even for those who are not intended for secondary education. They deprecate the systematic teaching of Latin as an ordinary school subject to boys under twelve, but they are careful to say, that their objection does not extend to its incidental teaching at an earlier age, while they are of the opinion that one modern language should be begun at an early age. They all agree that in

any general system the differentiation between primary and secondary education must be clearly and definitely made at the age of twelve, and they recognize that at this point there must be a further cleavage. There is need for secondary schools of different types, with different curricula or combinations of curricula. Broadly speaking, the secondary schools fall into two different types, viz.: those in which the majority of boys remain until eighteen or nineteen, and then continue their education at places of university rank, and those in which the majority leave at fifteen or sixteen, and then proceed to business.

"They are opposed to anything like State-imposed rigidity in the organization and studies of secondary schools. They advocate a careful training in the use of the mother tongue, and in addition, literary, mathematical, scientific and manual training. A school week might be divided as follows: literary work, 13 hours; mathematical and scientific work, 9 hours; drawing and manual training, 4 hours. For those who commence the study of Latin after twelve years of age, the division should be: literary work, 16 hours; other subjects, 10 hours.

"They strongly oppose overcrowding, and the ill-founded belief that the curriculum should be an abstract of all modern knowledge. Examination and teaching should go hand in hand, the examiners co-operating with the teachers; the examiners being the teachers; and they particularly object to any uniform or centrally administered examination applied to all the schools of the country, because the rivalry between schools would cause the standard of attainment steadily to rise, until the overpressure would become serious, and intellectual vigor and independent thought be killed."

The Revue Internationale de l' Enseignement calls attention to a very important document submitted to the Minister of Public Instruction in Belgium by a Commission on Secondary Education. The Report deals with the position of the classics in secondary education, and bears the signatures of 185 professors from the four Belgian universities, and 1,530 professors of secondary schools or colleges. As the opinion comes from a country which is so eminently practical and progressive, the value of the utterance is self-evident. "We are profoundly convinced," they say, "that for the highest interests of our country, for its intellectual, æsthetic and moral culture, it is important that the youth of the schools, who are destined one day to be the elite of the nation, should remain under the influence of the literary and artistic thought of Greece and Rome, through the study of the classical languages and literature. No interest worthy of respect, *neither the economic nor any other,* can be prejudiced thereby. The abandonment of the system of education, hallowed by the experience of centuries, would be a retrograde step for our country. The great danger is in the utilitarian spirit, with its hostility to all really disinterested study, and its tendency to reduce every problem of education to a question of assignable pecuniary value. Pitiable, indeed, would be the state of a nation, in which all education was reduced to the search for improved methods of growing rich, in which, with a view to material expansion, the growth of knowledge and of mind had been brought to a standstill."

The value of this pronouncement is in the fact that the Commission was composed of a large body of distinguished men drawn from every department of education, not only language and literature, but philosophy, history, law, science, medicine and engineering.

The International Congress on School Hygiene, recently held in London, brought together 1,650 delegates gathered from almost every civilized country. A writer in the *Schoolmaster* says, "it was a great week for theorists. The number of names by which you can describe diseases that arise from bad air and dirt is simply surprising. I ride home wondering whether if all the suggestions made were adopted, the doctor would disappear from the land—and then I remember that the doctors didn't all agree, save in the fact that teachers were generally ignorant or careless of sanitation." That all the schemes are practicable, or useful if practicable, is very much open to question. The sanitation, ventilation and heating of schools should be secured at all costs. Every other step must be based on the training of the teacher, that of the positions taken by pupils being one. The need of suggesting and urging medical treatment in case of defective sight, imperfect hearing, and bad teeth, is evident; but though the Congress called attention to the fact that in many countries medical inspection is in force, evidence of good results does not appear to be noticeable. Medical inspection is a costly farce unless it is followed by medical treatment. The difficulty is in enforcing it. To take it out of the hands of parents, and perhaps in many cases, in defiance of the family doctor, would be monstrous. There was a general agreement about training the teachers in physiology and hygiene; but the difficulty is to find time. In spite of the enthusiasm for pedagogics, one speaker advised sacrificing it to physiology. Some wanted to teach it directly to the pupils; others to have them learn it by its enforcement. Tuberculosis, the doctor said, was more easily caught from a consumptive teacher than from the pupils. In the latter it would not be sufficiently developed.

The bad habit of centering one's gaze on certain localities, possibly led to the error in a recent issue of ascribing to Quebec the glory of having erected the first college in North America. But Mexico is in North America, and the Collegio Máximo de San Pedro y San Pablo was established in the capital of that country in 1573. That antedates the Quebec foundation by 62 years—not by any means a negligible period. Nor was the Collegio Máximo alone. Before the end of the sixteenth century, and consequently still keeping ahead of Quebec, the Jesuits had opened colleges in Pátzcuaro, Valladolid (now Morelia), Oxaca, Puebla, Guadalajara and Zacatecas, and they had a novitiate in Ispotzotlan.

According to the last annual report, Columbia University received in gifts no less than $9,208,362 in six years. The assessed value of its property is $10,000,000; that held for investment is $20,482,260.44. Its income for 1906-7 was $926,549.23 from students' fees, $417,332.32 from rents, $261,269.75 from interest, and $162,220.02 from miscellaneous sources. Nevertheless there was a deficiency last year of no less than $58,109.09, exclusive of the interest charge of $88,049.81, "which gives ground for grave concern. It points once more, and with new emphasis, to the undeniable fact that Columbia University is not sufficiently endowed." The salaries are reported as being "far from what they should be." The debt of the institution is $3,000,000.

The Board of Education, of New York City, has decided that no hymn or carol containing mention of Christ or of Christmas shall henceforth be sung in the public schools of New York. This decision is the result of the agitation caused by Hebrews a year ago against the celebration of Christmas in the class or assembly rooms of the schools. They complained that such cele-

brations were sectarian. The resolution of the Board forbids the singing in public schools of hymns and the reading of religious treatises or books other than the Bible; it prescribes also the elimination of sectarian topics from essays and during exercises at the beginning of the winter vacation, which means Christmas eve.

At the convention of the National Association of State Universities just closed at Washington, a committee was appointed to work in conjunction with the committee of the National Educational Association for the establishment of a national university in Washington. Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, has suggested that there should be some kind of governmental and academic organization at Washington for such purposes as the following:

To deal with international questions of standards and recognition.

To carry on investigations of national importance, of which the work of the national census, the Geological Survey, and the Bureau of Standards is illustrative.

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In short, to be the Federal head of education, science, and the arts in this country.

SCIENCE.

The Agricultural Year Book for 1906.—The present Year Book of the U. S. Department of Agriculture follows, in the main, the style and character of its predecessors, though it is somewhat less bulky than the 1905 volume. There are some 700 pages of report, special articles and statistical appendix, including 65 illustrations; some of these latter, showing fruits and nuts, are delightfully rendered in color with the aid of photographic lithography. Three of the special articles deserve notice.

A. F. Woods, assistant chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, writes on "The Present Status of the Nitrogen Problem." For the maintenance of soil fertility, nitrogen is necessary, nitrogen in a cheap, usable form. The sources of nitrogen supply are the nitrogen already contained in soils, the nitrogen supplied to the soil by decay of organic matter, and the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen.

The soil nitrogen is either inorganic or organic; the inorganic is quickly taken up by the growing plants or washed out by rains. The large deposits are being rapidly exhausted, and the supply will cease in fifty years; over 1,543,120 tons were used in 1905. The organic compounds, by decay of which nitrogen is restored to the soil, are of two classes: nitrogenous or albuminoid, and non-nitrogenous, like the carbohydrates, starch cellulose, sugar, or hydrocarbons, as fats, etc.

The available nitrogen, added to soils through decay of nitrogenous organic matter, can never even approximate the amount taken from the soil in the

production of that organic matter. Consequently other sources must be looked for. There are two classes of bacteria which can fix atmospheric nitrogen, those not associated with any particular crop and the root-nodule forms, found principally with the legumes. Both classes find their food in the decaying carbohydrates. Prof. Woods regards the second class as our greatest supply source. The Department has distributed many cultures free, together with instructions in *Farmers' Bulletin* 240, and excellent results have followed.

The electrical methods of directly oxidizing atmospheric nitrogen and converting the "nitrous fumes" into easily handled nitrates, are being improved rapidly and will help appreciably to avert the universal wheat famine prophesied by Sir Wm. Crookes and Prof. Thompson.

"Cage-Bird Traffic of the United States" contains much interesting information. Three hundred thousand cage-birds, mainly canaries, are annually imported into the United States; during the Christmas season of 1905 one Philadelphia department store sold 4,000 canaries, besides other birds.

Canaries and parrots are the commonest cage-birds. The canary, a native of the Canary Islands and the Azores, comes nowadays from the Hartz Mountains, Germany, the canary trade bringing to the peasants near St. Andreasburg over $300,000 a year.

The parrot comes from India, Africa, Australia, Mexico and South America. The most "intelligent," the best talker, is the gray African parrot, but he cannot stand our climate. Bird dealers use the graphophone as a teacher for the parrot. One of these machines is set going near the parrot cage, repeating over and over again the same phrase, till the poor parrot in self-defense *has* to learn it.

The paper concludes with an interesting description of all our cage-birds, native and imported, and calls attention to the success attending cage-bird breeding in Europe, with a view to interest American dealers and breeders.

"Nuts and Their Uses as Food," by Prof. Jaffa, of the University of California, is of interest to the economist and the maker of the menu. In 1905 we imported 86,238,000 pounds of nuts, shelled and unshelled. California in the same year grew 4,200,000 pounds of almonds and 12,800,000 pounds of walnuts. The peanut crop from Virginia, Georgia and Tennessee amounted to 225,000,000 pounds.

All the common nuts are fully described, and their flavor, composition, digestibility, place in diet, are clearly marked out. Butters, pastes, preserves, flours and meals, candies, coffees, oils and oilcakes, all made from nuts, are discussed from a physiological and economic standpoint. It may be interesting to know that the common peanut supplies energy and protein very cheaply, even compared with such staple foods as bread and beans; and the sale of peanut butter is now reckoned in tons.

Every one ought to know that nuts, when rationally used, "should constitute an integral part of the menu rather than supplement an already abundant meal. Since nuts are so concentrated, eating a considerable quantity, out of hand, at odd times, will mean an over-supply of food if a corresponding reduction is not made in other foods. The distress sometimes experienced when nuts are eaten is undoubtedly often due to improper mastication or to over-indulgence."

A New High-Power Lamp.—The ordinary mercury vapor lamp in this country varies in length from 20 to 45 inches and in power from 300 to 600 candles. A new high-power lamp of the mercury-arc type has been brought out in Germany (*Electrical World*, October 19) and is easily able to compete even with the "flaming arc" for outside illumination.

The vapor tube, the soul of the lamp, is of quartz, not glass, and measures only three and one-quarter inches in length and about three-fifths of an inch in diameter. On account of the very high fusing point of quartz and its ability to stand sudden severe changes in heat, the new lamp is worked at an extremely high temperature, estimated at about 6,000 degrees Cent. in an ordinary 180-volt lamp.

The light radiation is very great, the mean spherical candle power for a 4.2 ampere lamp being close to 3,000. Our ordinary "open" arcs give 450 and the "enclosed" only 150 mean spherical candle power. The new lamp has nearly four times the efficiency (.27 watt per c. p.) of the open arc and eleven times that of the enclosed type. The light, while containing more red rays than the radiation from our low-temperature mercury lamps, has still a bluish green cast.

The high first cost of the 4-ampere lamp, fifty dollars, is mainly due to the quartz tube. Prepared quartz costs about eight dollars an ounce, and each tube takes over four ounces. When the lamp has lived its useful life, more than 1,000 hours, a new tube means an expense of only five dollars, provided the old one is returned.

Corn Bread and Molasses.—These articles of diet frequently form a pair, but in this note they are taken separately. *Chemical Abstracts* furnishes the treatment for both.

From a study of flour and bread made from wheat and corn, Eug. Collin, in *L'Engrais*, condemns the use of corn meal as an adulterant of wheat flour. Wheat flour gives 130 per cent. yield in bread, whereas wheat flour to which 20 per cent. of corn meal has been added will yield 150 per cent. of bread, owing to the larger amount of water retained by the adulterant.

With regard to the use of pure corn meal as food, corn bread for instance, the author cites the many cases, between 50,000 and 100,000, of "pellagra," a troublesome skin disease, among the poor, in Roumania and Italy, who subsist almost entirely on corn, and offers these as a sufficient reason for condemning the use of this cereal as a human food.

This conclusion may seem rather harsh to our southern friends who know what really good corn bread is, so it may be a consolation to hear the report of an investigation of "The Effects on the Human System of Louisiana Manufactured Sirups and Molasses."

Most of these sirups contain sulphur in sulphites; these are added most probably to check and prevent fermentation. To determine the effect of these treated sirups, when fed in normal quantities with normal diet, the Louisiana Agricultural Station experimented on twelve healthy prisoners for thirty-five days. These patients, unconscious of the trial, gained steadily in weight and in the number of red blood corpuscles.

The official conclusion is that "molasses feeding, even when said molasses contains as high as over 900 milligrams per kilo of sulphur as sulphites, can be carried on under ordinary circumstances without prejudicial effect to health."

Lead Pencils and the Red Cedar.—Lead pencils are very small things, but, like little drops of water and little grains of sand, they make something very big when they are put together. Last year 315,000,000 lead pencils were manufactured in the United States, and the number is steadily growing. To supply this demand 7,300,000 cubic feet of wood, including waste, are required, and most of it is the heart-wood of the read cedar. Its softness, straight grain and freedom from defects render it peculiarly suited to this purpose, and no good substitute has ever been found.

Pencil material is becoming so scarce that the cedar mills are now using old rails and small knotty logs which would not be looked at a few years ago. To check the waste, to protect the present supply and to provide for the future, is the object of Circular 102, issued by the Forest Service.

The commercial range of red cedar extends from the Ohio River, on the north, as far east as eastern Tennessee and central Georgia, as far south as Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida, and as far west as eastern Texas and western Arkansas.

The red cedar is quite hardy, subject to very few diseases, but is of moderately slow growth, a 90-year-old tree measuring about 16 inches in diameter (breast-high) and 60 feet in height. Pencil material is the heart-wood, not the sap-wood, and the heart-wood runs from 55 to 80 per cent. of the whole tree. Fire is the cedar's greatest enemy, since the thin bark offers but little resistance to the flames.

The Circular describes the present logging methods and gives valuable directions for the choice of soil, planting, care of seedlings, spacing and thinning. "A Table of Yields and Financial Returns per Acre of Red Cedar at Different Ages" shows that this pencil wood can be grown at a fair profit, the interest on the investment amounting to 5½ per cent.

Another Radio-Active Element, Ionium.—As a result of much careful work, during 1906, in following up the evolution of radium, Mr. B. B. Boltwood, Yale University, suggested that actinium was the intermediate product between uranium and radium and might be regarded as the true parent of radium.

Now, after ten months of experimenting, with the object of determining definitely the radio-active properties and chemical behavior of the radium parent, he is able to give strong evidence (*American Journal of Science,* October) "of the existence in uranium minerals of a new radio-active element which emits both alpha and beta radiations, which produces no emanation, and which resembles thorium in its chemical properties. It is, without doubt, a disintegration product of uranium and is in all probability the immediate parent of radium. The name "Ionium" is proposed for this new substance, a name derived from the word "ion."

Commercial Wireless Messages.—A press despatch, October 17, from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, states that the inauguration of a transatlantic wireless service has been accomplished by the Marconi Canadian Company. The station at Port Morien, a bleak projection of the Cape Breton coast, is fitted with a transmitting system of 24 pine masts, 180 feet in height, arranged in a circle 3,000 feet in diameter. These masts are wired and connected with four central 215-foot towers, from the top of which rise 50-foot sending masts.

Five thousand words were transmitted on October 17 to the station in Ireland, and Mr. Marconi expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the result, adding that for a while the service would be limited. It is reported

that the difficulties of daylight transmission have at last been conquered, so that daylight work is now almost on a par with night sending.

SOCIOLOGY.

A good-natured writer in *The Delineator* tells us that in Washington's time one-third of the population of the United States were babies. That was five generations ago. Now, less than one-quarter of us are little people. When Uncle Sam last counted his family, there were 18,000,000 children. It looks like a vast army, but if we had kept pace with our great-grandmothers, *there should have been seven millions more.* They were not invited to come. Eight to a family was the rule in old Ben Franklin's days. In his own home there were 17 small Franklins, of whom he was number 15. To-day we barely average two. In Massachusetts, of every 100 couples 18 were without a child; that is, one hundred thousand homes without a baby. "A home without a baby!" says the writer; "why, homes were made for babies. Yet, in every sixth home in Massachusetts to-day the baby has no place. In the United States there are 2,000,000 married women who have no child; and the West is as bad as the East. In New York, in 22 apartment houses visited in well-to-do neighborhoods, there were 485 families, but only 54 children, one child to every nine families. Thus in 22 houses in one little section of one city the investigator had found 431 childless homes. The question is often brutally put by landlords: "Have you any children or dogs?" Some raise the rent 50 cents a month for each child. Side by side with the crusade against babies by landlords and others comes the expense of rearing them. According to Professor John Graham Brooks, of Harvard, it costs upper middle-class people $25,000 to raise a boy and half as much to raise a girl. Moreover, we are far from the times when Rachel exclaimed: "Give me children, or I die." "The Teddy bear," says the writer, "supplies the place. Added to all this is the horrible fact that in New York alone there are 150,000 children growing up in unmothered institutions, and doomed to go out into the world with the stigma on them of 'foundlings.'"

The Henry Phipps Institute of Philadelphia for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis is prosecuting its war on the disease with great energy. In every ward where an institution for treatment has been established there has been a notable decrease in the death rate; whereas an increase in wards was noted where no such work had been instituted. Foreign-born citizens occupied nearly one-half the attention of the Institute. The countries sending the heaviest burdens are in order of sequence, Russia, Ireland, Germany, Italy, Austria and Scotland. The same order holds good for children born of immigrants. Only 31.3 per cent. were of native ancestry one generation back. Children born of mixed parentage most frequently become victims when the union of parents was between Irish and native-born, and next between Irish and English. Frequent changes of residence helps to spread the disease.

Independently of the religious results produced in what is called the Far East, by what is called the Seminary of the Foreign Missions by its 36 bishops, 1,384 missionaries, 731 native priests, 2,727 catechists, with their 5,478 churches and chapels, 42 seminaries (which educate 2,247 students) and the 3,955 schools (which have 119,441 pupils), we find some statistics which may be considered under their sociological aspect. There are under the control of these great missionaries 337 orphanages, which shelter 21,461 children, and no less than 447 free dispensaries, and as many as 112 hospitals and leper asylums. These institutions for corporal charity, no doubt, assisted greatly in the grand total of 34,476 baptisms of adults, and of 134,899 pagan children in danger of death.

The tramp is beginning to cause serious alarm. Mr. Arthur Towne, Secretary of the State Probation Commission, reported at the Eighth New York Conference of Charities and Correction, Nov. 12, 13, 14, 1907, that over 31,000 persons, mainly vagrants, were given free lodging in New York State, in town and city lock-ups, during 1906. Seventy-five cities and towns provide for these wanderers; half of these cities feed them free of charge. A large number of places give lodgings to boys, many of them as young as ten or twelve years of age. Only one town exacted work in return. It was urged that the police system of giving free lodgings, as well as a similar practice in jails and almshouses, should be abolished, and that the tramps should be made to pay for their lodgings by some kind of work.

Mr. Towne showed that tramps like to go to jail in winter. Forty-three per cent. of the commitments are between November and February. The police report that if the request to be sent to jail was refused, an offense was committed to force it. In some places constables, who are paid for each arrest, are in collusion with the tramps. In 1906 there were 10,000 vagrants in penitentiaries and jails, while in 1904, which was particularly cold, the number ran up to 14,000. In fact, one-third of the prisoners are merely tramps. There seems to be a general agreement that imprisonment, while being extremely costly, is absolutely useless.

It was contended that ride-stealing on cars is one of the causes of this nuisance, beginning in boyhood. On the N. Y. Central, from New York to Albany, there were 579 arrests for vagrancy and stealing rides during three months of last summer. The majority were between 14 and 17 years of age. This train-riding habit is a more prolific source of the evil than drink.

The Pinkerton Detective Agency reports an average of about 100 bank robberies committed by tramps, called yeggmen, causing an annual loss of $100,000. Fully 90 per cent. of the post-office robberies are by yeggs. Three per cent. of all the fires, according to the Continental Fire Insurance Company, are caused by tramps; chiefly in lumber yards, empty cars and farm property, to the extent of many hundred thousand, if not a million, dollars a year. Among the ten thousand killed and injured every year on railroads throughout the United States, one-half to three-fourths are tramps. Compulsory labor was urged as a cure for the evil.

Among the many causes for vagrancy it may be well to note that the first one on the list is *institutionalism.*

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JULY, 1907

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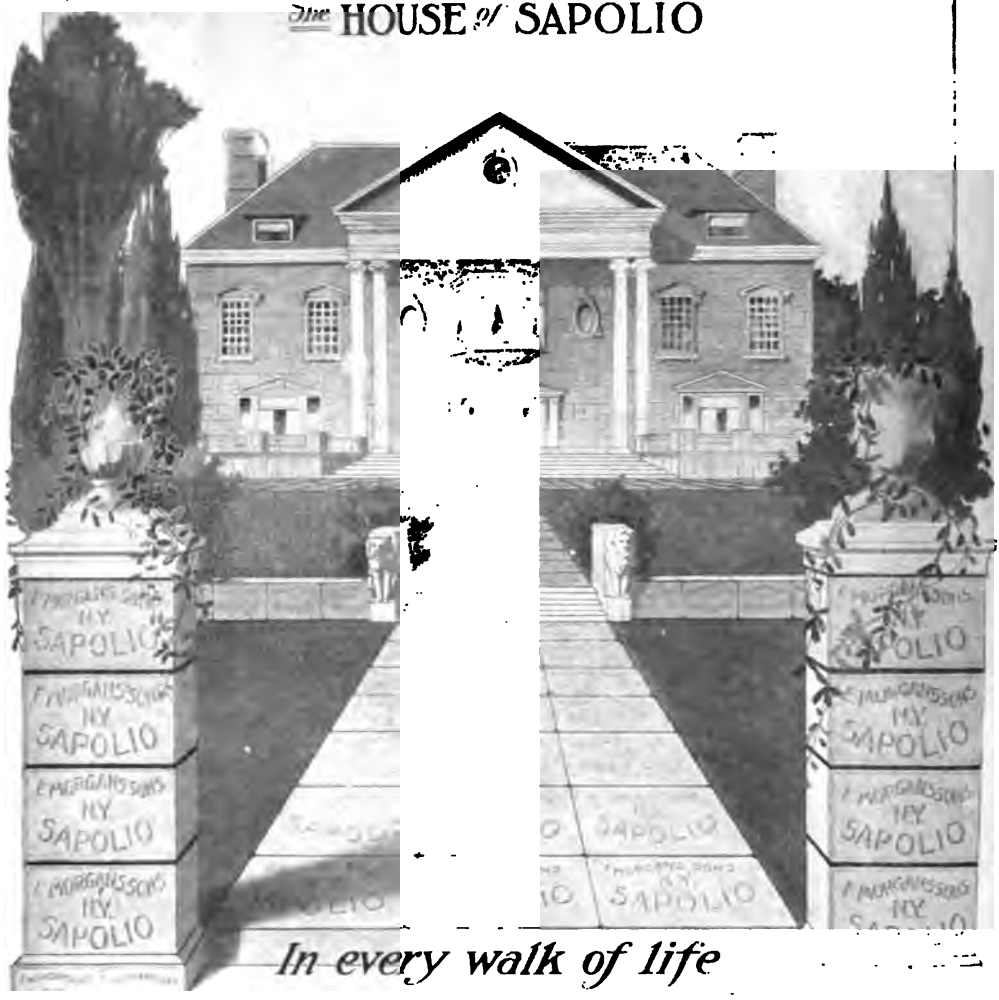

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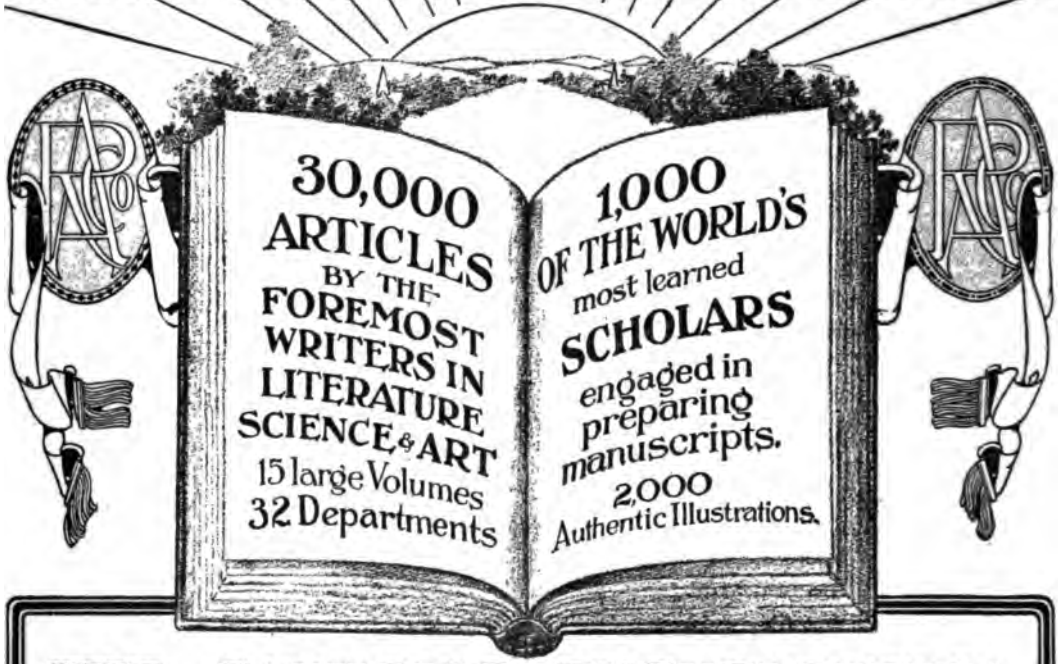

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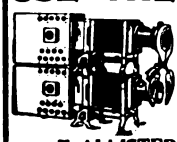

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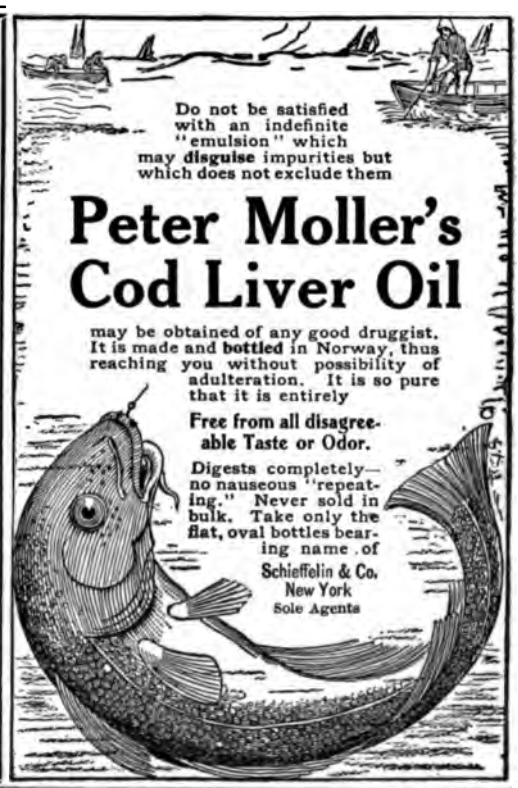

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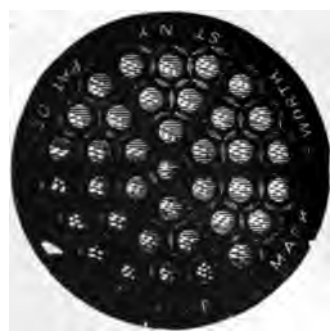

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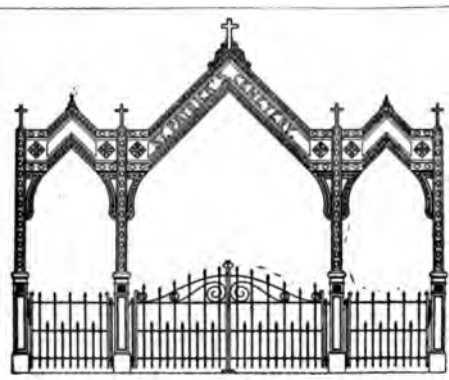

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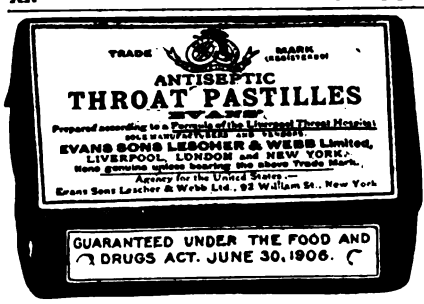
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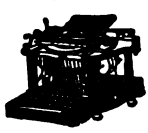

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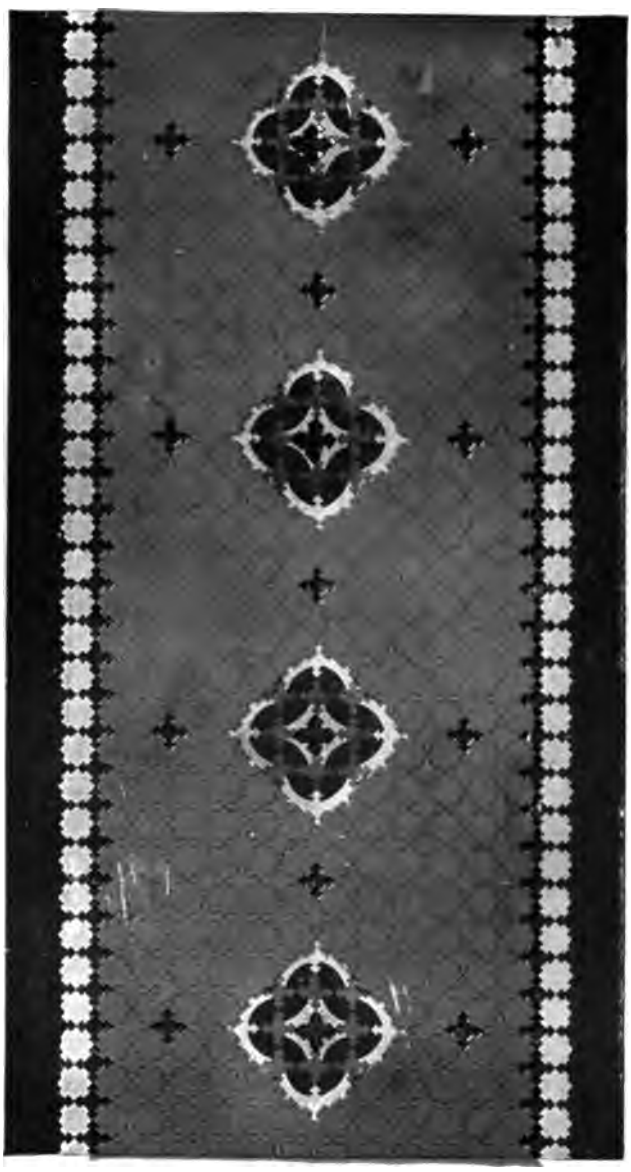

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